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# ONE THOUSAND UNSEEN PASSAGES

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BY

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ENGLISH ESSAYS", "A PRACTICAL HAND-BOOK OF  
MATRICULATION TRANSLATION, ETC., ETC.

TWENTIETH EDITION

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chickens before they were hatched. Being a visionary, apt to receive impressions as if they were realities, he was soon engrossed in a reverie and fancied that the rapidly increasing returns of his trade accumulated into a mine of wealth."

Students generally feel a great temptation to use all idioms that they may happen to know the meaning of. As a general rule, avoid such idioms as *cheek by jowl*, *cark and care*, *by hook or by crook*, *to chop and change*, *rough and tumble*, etc., although you may know their meanings perfectly well. The indiscriminate use of such phrases betrays want of good sense. You will try in vain to find even one such phrase in all the books that your teachers or the Universities recommend you to read. Idioms in connection with verbs, such as, *come by*, *get at*, *take to*, *hold on*, *set to*, *turn up*, *to read between the lines*, *to go on an errand*, *to take one to task*, etc., are however very commonly used. The student may be safely advised to learn them well and use them freely.

Mistakes in spelling are a sure indication of carelessness and inferior merit. The student who reads his books with his eyes open, knows the spelling of a new word at the first glance and never forgets it. Nothing again is so very fatal to success in Examination as bad spelling: for as soon as the examiner sees a word or two mis-spelt, he will, rightly or wrongly, at once form a very low opinion of your merits even before he goes, through the whole of your answer. Remember well that much depends upon the tact of humouring the examiner, and that a prejudiced examiner will never be able to judge you aright. For, like all judges of human affairs, an examiner also is liable to error at every step.

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78

Revise your answer to every question immediately after you write it. A hurried revision of all the answers a few minutes before the striking of the last bell is as bad as no revision at all.

Revise every answer *twice*. At the first revision look to the grammar and sense of your sentences; at the second, carefully examine your spelling, your pen stopping at every word, and your eye marking every letter used in it. Mistakes carelessly committed escape the careless eye unless some special effort is made to detect them.



ed street dogs who came up to him and asked him how he had enjoyed his supper. He replied : "Why, to tell you the truth, I drank so much wine, that I remember nothing. I do not know how I came out of the house."†

## 4

†A shoe-maker was once very much troubled by the mischievous tricks of a monkey who lived in the trees near his shop. The beast's great delight was to watch the shoe-maker at work, and, as soon as his back was turned, to come down, enter the shop, and work with the tools like the shoe-maker. Thus tools were bent or blunted, leather spoiled and customers' shoes damaged. This annoyed the poor man beyond all bearing. At last a bright idea struck him. "This will be your last attempt to imitate me," said he and brought a razor from his inner room. He sat down in full view of the monkey, and pretended to draw the razor across his throat several times. Then he left the shop, leaving the razor lying open. When he returned he found the monkey lying dead in the shop with his throat cut from ear to ear.†

## 5

† When George Washington was a little boy, he became possessed of a hatchet. Boy-like he used to use it. He went into his father's garden and saw a fine cherry tree and began to try his hatchet upon it, and hacked the tree till he had ruined it. His father came into the garden, saw the tree, and cried sternly, "George ! who did this !" He looked at his father, and when he tried to speak, his lips quivered, and he said, "Father, I can't tell a lie. I did it." "Alas !" said the father, "my beautiful tree is ruined, but I would rather lose all the trees I have than have a liar for my son." Now the boy who feared a lie more than his father's displeasure became a hero, the first President of the United States of America and the father of his country.



## 6—Gould

\*Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar met in Burdwan a poor thin boy at the time of the famine of 1865. The boy begged for a pice. There was a bright look in his pale face.

"Suppose I give you four pice," said Vidyasagar.

"Do not jest, sir."

"I am not jesting ; what would you do with four pice ?"

"Buy something to eat with two, give two to my mother."

"And suppose I give you two annas ?"

The boy turned away. Vidyasagar caught him by the arms.

"Tell me."

"I should buy rice with four pice and give the rest to mother."

"And four annas."

"I would use two annas for two days' food, and buy two annas worth of mangoes to sell for four annas, and so go on trading, and thus keep my mother and myself."

Vidyasagar gave him a rupee, and the lad ran off in joy.

Two years afterwards, Vidyasagar again visited Burdwan. A stout strong youth stepped out from a shop and saluted.

"Please, sir, may I ask you to take a seat in my shop ?"

"I do not know you."

With tears in his eyes the lad told how Vidyasagar had helped him two years before, and he was a chapman with a nice little business. Vidyasagar blessed the youth and sat awhile in the shop.

How charming it is to think of Vidyasagar sitting in the dealer's shop and chatting in friendship. The two souls were knit together by the bond of gratitude.

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There is a well-known story of an old farmer calling his three idle sons around him, when on his death-bed, to impart to them an important secret. "My sons," said he, "a great treasure lies hid in the state which I am about to leave to you." The old man gasped. "Where is it hid?" exclaimed the sons in a breath. "I am about to tell you" said the old man, "you will have to dig for it—" but his breath failed him before he could impart the weighty secret, and he died. Forthwith the sons set to work with spade and mattock upon the long neglected fields and they turned up every sod and clod upon the estate. They discovered no treasure, but they learnt to walk, and when the fields were sown, and the harvest came, lo! the yield was prodigious, in consequence of the thorough tillage which they had undergone. Then it was that they discovered the treasure concealed in the estate of which their wise and old father had advised them.†

† There was a farmer who had a little gate which wanted a latch, and therefore could not be fastened. One day a fat pig got out of its sty, and pushing open the gate, ran into the field, and thence wandered into a thick wood. A hue and cry was raised after it. The farmer was in the act of tying up a horse in the stable. His wife was ironing clothes in the kitchen. His daughter was stirring broth over the fire. They all left their respective works to run after the pig. The farmer's sons and his man joined in the chase. But the man sprained his ankle in jumping over a fence. So the chase after the pig had to be given up, and all became busy assisting the poor man who was hurt. When they got back to the house, they found that the broth had boiled over, and two shirts which had been hanging



before the fire were scorched, and that the horse which the farmer had left loose had kicked a fine colt and broken one of its legs. The farmer realised too late that all these had taken place for want of a six penny latch.†

[Give the moral of the passage and write two sentences to explain it.]

### 9—Austin

\*A poor young girl, who was going to sell her clothes, was met by the Emperor whom she did not know, and who had nothing to distinguish him from a private gentleman. As she seemed greatly affected, His Majesty came near her and inquired into the cause of her grief. She told him that her mother was in the greatest distress and that she was going to sell the clothes she had left. She further added, "I do not regret the loss of my clothes, because I would give my very life for my mother : but reflect that after I have sold all, I shall have no means of procuring her any further assistance, and must see her die of want !" "My father," said she, after some moments of silence, "who was an officer, served the Emperor, honourably a long time, and deserved a reward ; but the Emperor, who had no longer need of him, suffered him to die in poverty." The Emperor immediately sent her mother sufficient money for her immediate relief, and ordered his minister to look after the girl's proper education and fix a decent pension on her mother.

### 10—Æsop's Fables (adapted)

† A pedlar, dealing in salt drove his ass to the sea-shore to buy salt. His road home lay across a stream in passing which his ass, taking a false step, fell by accident into the water, and rose up again with his load considerably lighter, as the water melted the salt. The pedlar retraced his steps, and refilled his panniers with a larger quantity of salt than before. When he came again to the stream the ass fell down



on purpose in the same spot, and regaining his feet with the weight of his load much diminished, brayed triumphantly as if he had obtained what he desired. The pedlar saw through his trick, and drove him for the third time to the coast, where he bought a cargo of sponges instead of salt. The ass again playing the knave, when he reached the stream, fell down on purpose, when the sponges becoming swollen with the water, his load was very greatly increased ; and thus his trick recoiled on himself in fitting to his back a doubled burden.

### 11—From *The Novel Reader*

An English poet, staying in Italy for the benefit of his health, received from a friend in England an unpaid letter containing nothing but the words, "I am well. With kind regards—" The poet was annoyed at having to pay double postage for such a small piece of news and determined to serve his friend out. He procured a heavy stone, packed it in a box, and sent it to his friend with these words on it, "carriage paid on delivery." The latter thinking that the contents of the parcel was valuable, gladly paid the heavy charge for carriage. When the box was opened he found to his horror nothing but an ordinary stone, bearing a ticket on which was written : "On receiving the news that you were in good health, the accompanying load rolled off my heart."<sup>†</sup>

### 12—*The same*

A traveller hired an ass to convey him to a distant place. The day being intensely hot, and the sun shining in its strength, the traveller stopped to rest, and sought shelter from the heat under the shade of the ass. As this afforded protection only for one, and as the Muslim traveller and the Hindu owner of the ass both claimed it, a violent dispute arose between them as to which of them had the right to it. The

owner maintained that he let the ass only, and not his shadow. The traveller asserted that he had, with the hire of the ass, hired his shadow also. The quarrel proceeded from words to blows, and while the men fought, the ass galloped off. In quarrelling about the shadow, we often lose the substance.†

[The moral of the story lies in the last sentence. Explain its meaning by two or three short sentences.]

### 13—*The same*

A doctor who devoted himself to the cure of lunatics adopted a very curious plan. He made them stand in a pond, those who were slightly insane, with the water at their knees, and so on in proportion, and those whose minds were most affected were immersed up to the chin.

One of them had somewhat recovered, and was wandering in a field near the doctor's house, when a huntsman rode up to him. They began a conversation, and in the course of it the lunatic asked the value of the animals caught by the hunter in the course of a year, and learned that they might be valued at a hundred pence. Questioning further as to the value of the horse and hounds, he appeared to be much surprised when informed that they cost one thousand marks. Turning eagerly to the hunter he said, "Escape quickly, for if the doctor hears of this, and finds you here, he will make you stand in water up to the very chin."†

### 14

In return for a favour granted to him, an Englishman once offered to the Sultan of Turkey to carry the tower of Galata on his back wherever his Majesty might desire, and stated that in case of failure he was willing to be beheaded. The Sultan, wishing to see such a wonderful sight, as the tower was one of the largest monuments in the capi-

tal appointed a day for the trial, and chose a spot to which the tower should be carried. The strong man, on arrival, slowly took off his coat, and then walked round and round the tower. He seemed in no hurry to begin, and continued pacing up and down. At last the Sultan grew impatient, and sent an officer to ask him when he intended to begin. The Englishman thereupon declared that they were keeping him waiting. He was quite ready to begin, but was waiting for some one to put the tower on his back. The Sultan enjoyed the joke, and the man's head not only remained on his shoulders, but he was also richly rewarded for having made his Majesty laugh.†

*15—C. U. Matric., 1910*

\*Queen Victoria, when a little girl, was taught economical habits by her excellent governess. The Princess had a set allowance for pocket money, and was not permitted to exceed it. Once at the Bazar at Turnbridge Wells, she had expended all her supply of money in a number of presents for relatives and friends. As she was leaving, she remembered another cousin to whom she thought she would like to make a present. She saw a box marked half-a-crown, which she considered to be just the very thing for him. But alas! the money was all gone. The people in the shop said they would just enclose the box with other articles, but her governess said, "No! you see the Princess has not the money, and so of course she cannot buy the box." The shopkeepers then said they would reserve the box, and when the next pocket money came due, the Princess mounted her donkey and was at the Bazar for the coveted box by seven o'clock in the morning.

*16*

† A certain Arab landlord had a pet dog. Very often did the dog lick the feet of his master who in turn patted



and caressed him. Now he had also a horse. The horse thought within himself: "Whenever the master is out of the house, the dog rushes up to him and jumps about him, and at this the master strikes him gently on the back. I will do the same, and a finer animal than I am, I will in this way win back the master's love from him." One morning no sooner had the master ridden on his back than he began to frisk about. The master thought it strange, and took it for an attempt to kick him. He got down and gave the animal a sound thrashing. His cry of agony brought the dog to the spot, who smiled in his sleeve, and began to dance merrily about his master.†

### 17—Gould

\*A lover of his country was Ram Mohan Roy. One evening in 1815, he was talking with an Englishman, Mr. David Hare, and a few friends on the wisest way of uplifting the mind and character of the people of India. Mr. David Hare was a watchmaker who thought of subjects beyond watches. He said: "It would be a good plan to build an English school or college for the instruction of native youth. Indians and Europeans met next year to put this idea into shape, and in 1817, the Hindu College of Calcutta was open amid the blessings of Indians like Ram Mohan Roy and the good wishes of Englishmen like David Hare. And ever since then the building of schools and colleges has gone on, and will go on for the benefit of India's sons and daughters.

### 18—Arvine

General George Washington, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the

tears bursting from her eyes. However he said nothing to her ; but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him. "George, God has promised to bless the children that honour their parents, and I believe He will bless you."

## 19

†A countryman was one day stopped by an excise officer, who took from him two casks of brandy which he was carrying. The officer, thinking how cleverly he had caught a smuggler, carried the barrels to the nearest town, a distance of fifteen miles. As they passed up the main street of the town, the countryman requested the officer to leave the brandy at one of the inns. The excise man refused to do so, and moved off with the casks to the excise officer. The countryman quietly followed and showed the angry officer a licence, which he had all the time carried in his pocket. The excise man thereupon asked why he had not shown it before. "Because," was the man's simple reply "if I had shown it, you would not have carried the barrels so far for me."†

## 20—Gould

\*"Father," said a boy one day, "I saw an immense number of dogs, five hundred to be sure in our street last night." "Surely not so many," said the father. "Well, there were one hundred, I am sure." "It could not be," said the father ; "I don't think there are a hundred dogs in the village." "Well papa, it could not be less than ten." "I will not believe you if you say even ten," said the father ; "for you spoke as confidently of seeing five hundred as of seeing this

small number. You have contradicted yourself twice already ; no, I cannot believe you." "Well papa," said the disconcerted boy, "I saw at least our Dash and another one." This is an example of erroneous reporting through eagerness to make a wonderful case.

### 21—*Brooks*

\*In the battle of Zutphen fought in the cause of liberty against Spain, Sir Sydney displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him, and while mounting the third, was fatally wounded. Being faint with loss of blood and parched with thirst, he called for drink which was instantly brought him. Seeing a poor wounded soldier by his side who looked wistfully at the bottle of water which Sydney was about to drink from, the gallant and generous Sydney handed it to the soldier without drinking, and said, "Brother, thy necessity is greater than mine."

### 22—*Smiles*

Here is a heroic incident related of a French artisan. In front of a lofty house in course of erection at Paris was the usual scaffold, loaded with men and materials. The scaffold, being too weak, suddenly broke down, and the men upon it were precipitated to the ground—all except two, a young man and a middle-aged one, who hung on to a narrow ledge, which trembled under their weight and was evidently on the point of giving way. "Pierre," cried the elder of the two, "let go ; I am the father of a family." "That's right," said Pierre ; and instantly letting go his hold, he fell and was killed on the spot. The father of the family was saved.

### 23

During the American civil war many private citizens became soldiers for the time being, and many on both sides, were taken and imprisoned until the end of the war. One



of these unlucky soldiers had formerly been a tailor, and the commander of the prison barracks where he was confined, being in need of a new uniform, resolved to put his abilities to some use. Accordingly, the finest grey cloth, gold lace and bright buttons were brought to the prisoner, who worked away cheerfully at his fresh employment. On the evening the suit was to be delivered, a bright idea occurred to the tailor, and soon there was seen a young officer walking past the guards at the prison entrance, secretly rejoicing at the clever plan he had adopted to cheat their vigilance and to regain his freedom.

## 24

A Chinese emperor was told that his enemies had raised an insurrection against him in one of his distant provinces. "Come, then, my friends," said he, "follow me, and I will quickly destroy them. He marched against his rebellious subjects, but they submitted on his approach. All now expected that he would take the most signal revenge upon them. Instead of doing so, however, the captives were treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" exclaimed the chief minister, "is this the way you fulfil your promise? You gave your royal word that your enemies should be destroyed; and, behold, you have pardoned them all and even bestowed favours upon some of them." "I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies and I have kept my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer; I have made friends of them." Like this emperor, let us learn to overcome evil with good, and destroy our enemies by changing them into friends by kindness.

## 25

Three men travelling together along a road found a purse, containing a large sum of money, which they agreed to divide equally among themselves. They were

much pleased with their good fortune; but as they continued their journey, they began to feel hungry, and one of them proposed that they should have something to eat. Another of them volunteered to go in search of food. Having procured some, he resolved to put some poison in it to kill his two companions, and thus get the treasure to himself. During his absence, the other two had agreed to murder him on his return, and then divide the money between them. When he came back, bringing the food, they killed him, and then sat down to partake of the poisoned meat. In a short time, they both died from the effects of the poison. In this way none of them profited by their discovery, and the treasure was found and carried off by the next traveller who happened to pass that way.

## 26

A mastiff belonging to a tanner, had taken a great dislike to one of its master's workmen. Being much annoyed at this, and fearing that the animal would one day bite him, the man asked his employer to try to remove the dog's dislike to him. This the master managed to do in the following manner. One day, as if by accident he pushed the dog into a steep well in the tanyard, and allowed it to struggle there for some time. When the dog seemed to be getting exhausted and at the point of drowning, he told the man to pull it out. The animal on being extricated, after shaking himself, fawned upon his deliverer, and seemed to thank him for having saved his life. Ever afterwards the dog showed great affection for the workman and often accompanied him a mile or two on his way home.†

27--C. U. *Matric.*, 1911

\*In the present day it is not necessary that generals or great officers should fight with their own hands, because it is their duty to direct the movements and exertions of the

followers. The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the enemy, and men seldom mingle and fight hand to hand. But in the ancient times, kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle and fight like ordinary men with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence that they should be strong men and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful that he came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain.

## 28

Sir William Napier was one day taking a long walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl, above five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it, when with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up to his face and said, "But yee can mend it, can't yee?" He explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a six-pence to buy another. However on opening his purse he saw that it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day and to bring the sixpence with him. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see, but he wrote to decline accepting the invitation on the plea of a pre-engagement, saying to us, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

29—From *M. E. Weekly*

\*Settling down as a married man, George Stephenson continued to devote his leisure hours to study or to some



handicraft employment. From making and mending shoes, he proceeded to mend clocks, and became known among his neighbours as a wonderfully clever clock-doctor. It is said that he was led into this kind of employment by an accident. His chimney having gone on fire, the neighbours in putting it out, deluged the house with water, and damaged the eight-day clock. Handy at machinery, and wishing to save money, George determined to set the clock to rights. He took it to pieces, cleaned it, reorganized it, and made it go as well as ever. There was a triumph! After this, he was often employed as a repairer of clocks, by which he added a little to his income.

## 30

A farmer was taking the grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse. On the way, the horse stumbled, and one of the sacks fell to the ground. As it was too heavy for him to lift, he stood waiting till he found somebody to help him. Presently he saw a rider coming towards him. But the farmer saw that he was none other than the nobleman who lived at the top of the hill. It was impossible to ask help from one of his rank. But the nobleman was a gentleman too, and he dismounted. "I see you have had something of a mishap, friend;" he said, "it is fortunate that I come along just now, for help is not always handy on these roads." So saying, he took one end of the sack, the farmer took the other, and the load was once more placed on the horse's back.

"My lord," said the farmer, lifting his cap, "how can I thank you?" "Easily enough, my good fellow," said the nobleman. "Whenever you see any one in a difficulty, help him all you can, and that will be thanking me." ‡

## 31

The *Arethusa*, an English warship, being about to go into action, two of the sailors, Jack and Simon, agreed to,

take care of each other. Soon a ball shot off Jack's leg, and he called upon Simon to carry him to the doctor, according to their agreement. Simon had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back, before a second ball shot off the poor fellow's head. Through the noise and bustle of the battle, Simon did not notice this new misfortune, and kept on his way. Lieutenant Hope, seeing him with the headless trunk, asked where he was going. "To the doctor," said Simon. "You stupid fellow!" said the officer, "What is the use of taking to the doctor a man who has lost his head?" "Lost his head!" exclaimed Simon, throwing down the body, "Why so he has! He told me that it was his leg that he had lost, but I was a fool to believe him, for he was always a liar!"†

## 32

Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, had heard that a corporal in his regiment of body-guards, who was well-known as a remarkably handsome and brave young man, wore a watch-chain suspended from a leaden bullet in his watch-pocket. The king had the curiosity to inquire into the circumstance himself, and chancing to meet him one day addressed him thus: "Corporal, I hear that you are a brave fellow; but you must be economical too, seeing that you have saved money enough from your pay to buy yourself a watch." "Sire," replied the soldier, "I flatter myself that I am brave; but as to my watch, it is of little consequence." The king, pulling out a gold watch set with diamonds, said: "By my watch it is five o'clock. What time is it by yours?" The corporal, pulling out his bullet with a trembling hand replied: "My watch neither tells me five nor six, but shows me plainly the death I may die in your Majesty's service." "Well, then," returned the monarch, "that you may likewise see the hour among the twelve in which you may die in my

service, I will give you mine." So saying, he handed the soldier his valuable gold watch as a present. †

## 33

Frederick the Great of Prussia, during his last illness endured many restless nights, which he endeavoured to soothe by conversing with the servant who sat up with him. On one of these occasions, he inquired of the honest young Pomeranian from whence he came. "From a little village in Pomerania." "Are your parents living?" "An aged mother." "How does she maintain herself?" "By spinning." "How much does she gain daily by it?" "Sixpence." "But she cannot live well on that?" "In Pomerania it is cheap living." "Did you ever send her anything?" "Oh yes; I have sent her at different times a few dollars." That was bravely done; you are a good boy. You have a deal of trouble with me. Have patience. I shall endeavour to lay something by for you, if you behave well." The monarch kept his word; for, a few nights later, the Pomeranian received several pieces of gold, and heard to his great joy and surprise that one hundred dollars had been settled on his mother during her life.

## 34

†A rich nobleman who lived in a beautiful castle near Pisa was going to give a great feast. The weather had been so stormy that no fish could be caught. On the morning of the banquet, however, a poor fisherman appeared with a splendid turbot. The nobleman was very glad, and asked him to fix his own price for it. The fisherman answered, "The price is a hundred lashes on my back." The nobleman said, "I would prefer giving you money, but as we must have the fish, we will humour your fancy." When the fisherman had received fifty strokes, he called out, "Stop! I have a partner, and he must have his share." "What!" exclaimed the



astonished nobleman, "are there two such fools in the world? Send for the other madcap." "The other madcap," said the fisherman, "is your own porter. He would not let me in till I had promised to give him one-half of the price I got for the turbot." When the greedy porter had received fifty lashes, he was dismissed, and the clever fisherman was well rewarded.†

## 35

A Spanish traveller met an Indian in the middle of a desert. They were both on horseback. But the Spaniard was afraid that his horse would not be able to carry him to the end of his journey, as it was very lame. So he overpowered the Indian, and compelled him to part with his vigorous steed in exchange for his lame one. The Indian followed him to the nearest town, and lodged a complaint against him. The Spaniard, being summoned to appear before the judge and bring the horse with him, swore that the Indian was an imposter, that the horse was his own and he had reared it himself. There being no proof to the contrary, the judge was about to dismiss the case, when the Indian cried: "The horse is mine and I will prove it." He thereupon suddenly threw his cloak over the animal's head, and thus addressed the judge: "This man declares that he has had his horse since it was quite young; make him tell which of his eyes is blind." The Spaniard, not wishing to appear to have any doubts on the point, at once said: "The right eye." The Indian then uncovered the horse's head, and said: "Neither the right nor the left; he is not blind at all." The judge, convinced by a proof so ingenious and strong, ordered the horse to be restored to its rightful owner.‡

## 36

†A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the tailor, "What an unhappy poor

creature am I ! If people should ever take it in their heads to live without clothes, I am undone ; I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replied the conjurer ; but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me ; for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land ; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not do without clothes but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away : it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins ; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

### 37—*Southey*

Nelson, as a child, was not of a strong body. Yet he gave proofs of that resolute heart and nobleness of mind which, during the whole of his glorious career so eminently distinguished him. One day he strayed from his grandmother's house in company of a cow-boy. The dinner-hour elapsed ; he was absent and could not be found. The alarm of the family became very great, for they apprehended that he might have been carried off by the gipsies. At length, after search had been made for him in various directions, he was discovered alone, sitting composedly by the side of a brook which he could not get over. "I wonder, child," said the old lady when she saw him, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear, grandmamma," replied the future hero, "I never saw fear ; what is it ?"

### 38

A merchant was once travelling through a part of Russia which was very thinly populated. On the road he stopped one night at the hut of a peasant with whom he

took up his quarters. In the morning, after having resumed his journey, he found that he had lost his purse, containing about one hundred pieces of gold. The peasant's son, while out hunting found the purse : but instead of lifting it, he went and told his father about its discovery. He was equally unwilling to touch it, and told his son to cover it with some bushes to see if the owner would turn up. A few months after this the traveller returned, and stayed at the same hut, but the peasant did not recognize him. While talking together, the merchant happened to mention the loss he had sustained on his former journey. The peasant listened very attentively, and when he had heard all the particulars of the loss, he said, "My son will show you the spot where it lies. No hand has touched it but one which covered it, that you might recover what you have lost. They went together to the place where the money was, and the traveller was filled with joy on recovering the money, which he had never expected to find. ‡

### 39—Goldsmith

Whang the miller, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor ; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him ; but though they were small they were certain ; while his mill stood and went he was sure of eating ; and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires ; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence. One day as he was indulging in these wishes, he was informed that a neighbour of his had found a pan of money underground, having dreamt of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while



neighbour Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning."

## 40

† Muhammad was sleeping one day alone at the foot of a tree, at a distance from his camp, when he was awakened by a noise, and beheld Durther, a hostile warrior, standing over him with a drawn sword. "O Muhammad," cried he, "who is there now to save thee?" "God," replied the prophet. The wild Beduin was suddenly awed, and dropped his sword, which was instantly seized upon by Muhammad. Brandishing the weapon he exclaimed in return, "Who is there now to save thee, O Durther?" "Alas, no one!" replied the soldier. "Then learn from me to be merciful." So saying, he returned the sword. The Arab's heart was overcome, and in after years, he proved one of the staunchest adherents of the prophet.

## 41

Mahomed is said to have been led to put the prohibition against the use of wine in the Quoran by an incident which occurred to himself. Passing through a village, one day, he was delighted at the merriment of a crowd of persons, enjoying themselves with drinking at a wedding party; but being obliged to return by the same way next morning, he was shocked to see the ground, where they had been, drenched with blood; and, asking the cause, he was told that the company had drunk to excess, and getting into a brawl, fell to slaughtering each other. From that day his mind was made up,—the mandate went forth that no child of the Faithful should touch wine, on pain of being shut out from the joys of Paradise.

## 42

Sir Isaac Newton was once so deeply engaged in the study of a difficult problem, that he would not leave it to go-

to breakfast with the family. His housekeeper, fearing that so long fasting would injure his health, sent a servant to boil him an egg in his study, adding that she was to remain there till her master had eaten it. Sir Isaac, however, would not allow her to stay, but sent her away. She left the egg by the side of Sir Isaac's watch on the table, asking him to let it boil for three minutes. Some time afterwards, on going to see if he had eaten the egg, she found Sir Isaac standing by the fire with the egg in his hand and the watch boiling in the sauce-pan.

#### 43—*Arvine*

Sir Isaac Newton's temper, it is said, was so mild that no accident could disturb it : a remarkable instance of which is related as follows : Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog which he called Diamond. Being one evening called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find that Diamond had overturned a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years, which were soon in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, from Newton's advanced age was irreparable ; but without at all punishing the dog he exclaimed : "O Diamond, Diamond ! You little know the mischief you have done !"

#### 44—*Buck*

\*In December, 1790, died at Paris, literally of want. Mr. Ostervald, a well-known banker. This man felt the violence of the disease of avarice (for surely it is rather a disease than a passion of the mind) so strongly, that, within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat, for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "'Tis true," said he, "I should not dislike the soup, but I have no appetite for the meat; what

then is to become of that ?" At the time that he refused this nourishment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, there was tied round his body a silken bag which contained eight hundred assignats of one thousand livres each ; he died possessed of one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

## 45

Frederick the Great amused himself daily by mixing with the people, and often going into coffee-houses *incognito* at Paris, where soon after his arrival one day, he met with a person with whom he played at chess. The Emperor lost his game, and wished to play another ; but the gentleman desired to be excused, saying, he must go to the opera to see the Emperor. "What do you expect to see in the Emperor ?" says he ; "there is nothing worth seeing in him, I can assure you ; he is just like any other man." "No matter," says the gentleman, "I have long had an irresistible curiosity to see him ; he is a very great man, and I will not be disappointed." "And is that really your only motive," said the Emperor, "for going to the opera ?" "It really is," replied the gentleman. "Well, then, if that is the case, says the Emperor," "we may as well play another game now, for you see him before you."

## 46

In the American War of Independence, a corporal and a party of soldiers were told off to raise a heavy beam, for a battery that was being repaired. There were too few men for the work ; but the corporal full of his own dignity, did nothing but stand by and shout orders. Presently an officer not in uniform rode up. "Hullo !" he said to the corporal, "Why don't you lend your men a hand to get that beam up ?" "Don't you know that I am a corporal ?" was the reply. "Are you ?" said the officer, who then dismounted,



and joined the men. He worked till the sweat streamed down his face. When the beam had been raised and put in its place, he turned to the corporal, and made him a low bow. "Good day, Mr. Corporal. Next time when you have too few men for this kind of work, send for the Commander-in-chief, I shall be happy to help you again." It was Washington himself.

## 47

There once lived a contented cobbler who passed his time in working and singing from morning till night. A neighbour of his, a wealthy banker, said to him one day, "How much a year do you earn, my good friend?" The cobbler, laughing, replied, "How much a year, Sir! I never reckon in that way, living as I do from hand to mouth; but somehow each day brings its meal and I am happy." The banker then said, "I have resolved to place you above the fear of want. Take these hundred crowns, preserve them carefully and use them in time of need." The cobbler, who had never seen so much money at one time in his life before, hurried home, and buried his treasure in the earth for safety; but, alas! he buried his happiness with it too. There was now no more singing; his mirth fled the moment he acquired his riches, for he was continually haunted by the fear of losing them. Sleep forsook his dwelling; and cares, suspicions, and false alarms were his constant companions. At length, unable to bear the distracting anxieties of wealth no longer, the poor man ran to the banker's house. "Give me back," cried he, "the unbroken slumbers and the quiet contentment of my former life, and take back your money." So saying, he returned the hundred crowns to the banker with many thanks for his kind intentions.

## 48—Smiles

†I remember a sergeant, who, on picket before Sebastapool'

the rest of the picket killed and himself battered about the head, stumbled back to camp, and on his way picked up a wounded man and brought him in on his shoulders to the lines, where he fell down insensible. When after many hours, he recovered his senses, his first words were to ask after his comrade. "Is he alive?" "Comrade indeed; yes, he is alive—it is the general." At that moment, the general, badly wounded, appeared at the bedside. "Oh, general, it is you, is it, I brought in? I'm so glad; I didn't know your honour. But,—if I'd known it was you, I'd have saved you, all the same." This is the true soldier's spirit.†

#### 49—C. U. *Matric.*, 1910

\*Shylock the Jew lived at Venice; he was an usurer who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock being a hard-hearted man exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between the covetous Jew and the generous merchant, Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange) he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

#### 50—C. U. *Matric.*, 1912

\*One day, when the prince Siddhartha with a large retinue drove through the eastern gate of the city on the way to one of his parks, he met on the road an old man broken and decrepit. One could see the veins and muscles over the whole of his body, his teeth chattered, he was covered with wrinkles, bald, and hardly able to utter hollow and

unmelodious sounds. He was bent on his stick and all his limbs and joints trembled. "Who is that man?" said the prince to his coachman. "He is small and weak, his flesh and his blood are dried up, his muscles stick to his skin, his head is white, his teeth chatter, his body is wasted away; leaning on his stick, he is hardly able to walk, stumbling at every step. Is there something peculiar in his family, or is this the common lot of all created beings?"

"Sir," replied the coachman, "that man is sinking under old age, suffering has destroyed his strength, and he is despised by his relations. He is without support and useless, and people have abandoned him like a dead tree in a forest. But this is not peculiar to his family. In every creature, youth is defeated by old age. Your father, your mother, all your friends, will come to this state; this is the appointed end of all creatures.

### 51—*Loaring*

According to ancient history, a knot was made in the harness of a chariot by Gordias, King of Phrygia, which knot was so intricate as to baffle every attempt to untie it, or even to find out where it began or ended. The oracle of the day having declared that he who succeeded in solving the complication should be the conqueror of the world. Alexander the Great determined to effect it if possible. Aware that if he failed his followers would be dispirited, he determined to separate it with his sword, and with one blow he cut the knot which was fraught with such interest to the world. The expression, "cutting the Gordian knot," has consequently been used to signify eluding any difficulty or task by bold unusual means.

### 52—*Sydney Smith*

A London merchant, while he was staying in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the



next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery : his friend desired he would buy one for him at the same time, which of course was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, and the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of £20,000: Upon his arrival in London, he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. "I bought them both the same day, mine and yours, and flung them into a drawer of my bureau and I never thought of them afterwards." "But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other? And why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket more than you?" "Why, at the time I put them into the drawer, I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours ; and upon re-opening the drawer, I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket."

### 53—*Macduff*

"I am strong and vigorous," says one ; "I have health of body and activity of mind but I am doomed to chill penury!" "I have wealth," says another "my cup is full, kind fortune has smiled upon me ; but I am condemned to drag about with me a suffering frame ; my golden treasures are often a mockery to me for I cannot enjoy them !" "I have both health and wealth," says another ; "but yonder grave has plundered me of what wealth and health never can purchase back ; wealth, if I lose it now, may come back again : health if it leaves me now, may again smile upon me ; but my children ! my children ! Those treasured barks in the sea of life that have gone down, no power can raise them again, or bring them to my side."

### 54

Sir Walter Scott was a man full of the milk of human

kindness. Everybody loved him. He was never five minutes in a room, ere the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lispig, had found out his kindness for all their generation. Scott related to Captain Basil Hall an incident of his boyhood which showed the tenderness of his nature. One day a dog came towards him, he took up a big stone, threw it and hit the dog. The poor creature had strength enough left to crawl up to him and lick his feet, although he saw its leg was broken. The incident, he said, had given him the bitterest remorse in his after-life ; but he added. "An early circumstance of that kind, properly reflected on, is calculated to have the best effect on one's character throughout life."

### 55—*Croxall*

\*Charles XII was frequently on his horse for twenty-four hours at once ; and thus he traversed most of his dominions. His officers were all tired out ; consequently for most part he performed these journeyings entirely alone. On one of these excursions his poor horse fell dead under him. Without any uneasiness the monarch left the dead horse and marched off with the saddle, bridle and pistols on his back. At the next inn he found a horse in the stable to his mind, and was just making off, when the owner came out and called him to account for stealing his property. The monarch replied that he took the horse because he was tired of carrying the saddle himself. This did not satisfy the owner. They drew sword, and would have shed blood, royal or plebeian, had not the guard rode up and informed the owner that his sword was raised against his king.

### 56—*Goldsmith*

\*In danger some are so confounded by fright that they are quite unable to do anything for their own protection or relief. The danger is thus greatly increased, and they may be hurt or killed when others would escape. In all dangers it is of

the greatest consequence not to give way to alarm. We ought to try to keep ourselves calm and watchful so as to be able to do all that can be done to escape the impending evil. This is called preserving our presence of mind—a quality which is always admirable.

A man once reaping in a field cut his arm dreadfully with his sickle and divided an artery. The poor man bled profusely; and the people about him, both man and woman, were so much stupefied with fright that some ran one way, some another, and some stood stockstill. In short he would have soon bled to death, had not a stout brisk-hearted girl, who came up, slipped off her garter, and bound it tight above the wound, by which means the bleeding was stopped till proper help could be procured.

### 57—*Alcott*

A merchant of London having a dispute with a Quaker concerning a business account, determined to institute a lawsuit against him. Desirous of amicably settling the matter, the Quaker called at the house of the merchant, when he became so enraged that he vehemently declared to his servant that he would not see him. The Quaker mildly said to him: "Well, friend, may God put thee in a better mind." The merchant was subdued by the kindness of the reply; and after careful consideration, became convinced that he was wrong. He sent for the Quaker, and after making an humble apology, he said, "How were you able to bear my abuse with so much patience?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art; but I knew that to indulge my temper was sinful, and also very foolish. I observed that men in a passion always spoke very loudly and I thought if I could control my voice, I should keep down my passions. I therefore made it a rule never to let it rise above a certain key, and by a careful observance of

this rule, I have with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper.

### 58—*Wanley*

Alphonso, king of Sicily and Naples, in travelling privately through Campania, came up to a muleteer, whose beast had stuck in the mud, and who was unable with all his strength to draw it out. The poor man had sought assistance from every one that passed, but in vain. He now sought assistance from the king, not knowing who he was. Alphonso dismounted from his horse instantly, and brought it upon safe ground. The muleteer learning that it was the king who had assisted them, fell on his knees and asked his pardon; but Alphonso assured him that he had committed no offence. This goodness of the king was the means of reconciling many who had formerly opposed him.

### 59

In a lunatic asylum was a strange sort of a madcap who was under the impression that he was dead, and therefore refused to take any food. It was obvious to all that the issue must soon be fatal, if they could not find a plan to disabuse him of his absurd notion. The resident physician of the establishment bethought him of the following stratagem to save the madman's life: he got six of his attendants dressed up in white shrouds and their faces and hands rubbed with chalk, so as to look like dead men. He then made them march in single file, with deathlike silence, into a room adjoining that of the patient, where they sat down to a hearty meal. When the madman saw them, he cried presently to an attendant, "Hollo! who are these?" "Dead men," was the reply. "What?" said he, do dead men eat?" "To be sure they do, as you see," answered the attendant. "If that is the case, then," cried he, "I'll join them, for I'm starving." In this way the



spell was instantly broken, and the patient saved from death by voluntary starvation.†

## 60

It was said of M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva, that he had never been out of temper. His female servant had been in his house for thirty years, and during that time she had never seen him in a passion. Some persons anxious to put him to the proof, promised this woman a sum of money if she would endeavour to make him angry. She consented : and knowing that he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she on the day appointed neglected to make it. M. Abauret observed it, and next morning spoke of the circumstance to her. He said nothing more, but on the same day she again neglected to make the bed. The same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher ; and she again made some excuse in a cooler manner than before. On the third day he said to her, "You have not yet made my bed ; you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, and you probably found that it fatigued you. But after all, it is of no consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is." She threw herself at his feet, and avowed all to him.

## 61

On one occasion Frederick the Great of Prussia had ordered that all lights in his camp should be put out at a certain hour so as to prevent his whereabouts from being betrayed to the enemy, and that any one disobeying the order was to be put to death. The king passed through the camp one night to see if his orders were obeyed, and saw a light in one of the tents. He entered in and found an officer sitting at a table, about to seal his letter. Asked how he dared to disregard his order, the officer said that he had been writing a letter to his wife. "Stop !" said the king ; "before you seal that letter, add these words to it : "By the time you receive this letter,

I shall be shot for not obeying the king's order." This act of the king appears to be cruel ; but the disobedience of the officer was a serious crime, risking as it did the lives of thousands. The officer was shot dead, and the rest of the army never dared to disobey the king's commands.

## 62

†A large dog was running about on a road near a country village, and a carriage went over one of his paws. He howled most piteously, and some farriers who were at work in a shop close by, came out to see what the matter was. One of them, noticing that the poor animal was badly wounded, dressed his wound, wrapped it up and then let him go. The dog went home and did not stir out for some days. At length, his paw being still very painful, he returned to the farrier's, and holding it up, moaned to shew that it pained him. The farrier dressed it again, and the dog, after licking his hand as a sign of gratitude, returned home ; and in a few days the injured paw was whole. Some months afterwards, the same dog was frolicking with another, and a similar accident happened to his companion. Taking him at once by the ear, he led him away to the farrier's shop, where he himself had been so well doctored. The workmen were much amused at the sagacity of the animal, and paid as much attention to the new patient as they had done to the former one, and with as good results.

## 63

†Dr. Stukely, a noted antiquary, one day by appointment paid a visit to Sir Isaac Newton. The servant said he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there ; but as it was near his dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. In a short time, a boiled chicken under a cover was brought in for dinner. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The Doctor then ate the fowl, and

covering up the empty dish, desired the servant to get another dressed for his master. Before that was ready, this great man came down. He apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service. I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and, without emotion, turned about to the Doctor with a smile. "See," he says, "what we studious people are! I forgot that I had dined!"

#### 64—*Thomas Day*

It once happened that a Venetian ship had taken many of the Turks prisoners, and, according to their barbarous custom, these unhappy persons were sold to different persons in the city. By accident, one of the slaves lived opposite the house of a rich Venetian who had an only son of about the age of twelve years. It happened that the little boy used frequently to stop as he passed near Hamet (for that was the name of the slave), and gaze at him very attentively. Hamet always saluted him with the greatest courtesy and testified the utmost pleasure in his company. At length the little boy took such a fancy to the slave that he used to visit him several times in the day and brought him such little presents as he had it in his power to make, and which he thought would be of use to him. But the child could not help remarking that Hamet was frequently extremely sorrowful; and he often surprised him on a sudden when tears were trickling down his face, although he did his utmost to conceal them. At length the boy spoke of it to his father and begged him, if he could, to make poor Hamet happy. So the father went to him next day and was struck with the extraordinary appearance of mildness and honesty in his countenance. The merchant immediately paid down the price of his liberty and set him free.

65—*Arvine*

Alfred the Great, who died in the year 900, was of a most remarkable disposition, and we would hope, of genuine piety. During his retreat at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after his defeat by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle and requested alms. His queen informed Alfred that they had but one loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone in search of food, though with little hope of success. The king replied—"Give the poor Christian one-half of the loaf. He that could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make the half loaf suffice for more than our necessity." The poor man was accordingly relieved, and Alfred's people shortly after returned with a store of fresh provisions.

## 66

Abauzit devoted much study to the barometer and its variations, with the object of deducing the general laws which regulated atmospheric pressure. During twenty-seven years he made numerous observations daily, recording them on sheets prepared for the purpose. One day, when a new servant was installed in the house, she immediately proceeded to display her zeal by putting things to rights." Abauzit's study, amongst other rooms, was made tidy and set in order. When he entered it, he asked of the servant, "What have you done with the paper that was round the barometer?" "Oh, sir," was the reply, "it was so dirty that I burnt it and put in its place this paper, which you will see is quite new." Abauzit crossed his arms, and after some movements of internal struggle, he said in a tone of calmness and resignation: "You have destroyed the result of twenty-seven



years' labour ; in future touch nothing whatever in this room."

**67—Joseph Holt**

Some years ago, Mr. Cox, a farmer, appointed Joseph Holt to superintend the convicts who worked on his estate. Mr. Holt, who was a man of good sense and considerable benevolence, resolved to try if he could manage the men by some better means than the fear of the lash. He therefore began to feed them a little better than formerly ; he paid them for all they did beyond their stated tasks ; and when any one stole from him, he called them together, and said : "There is a thief amongst you ; till he is discovered, I stop all your extra allowance ; it is therefore your interest to find him out ; let him be found out accordingly and punished by yourselves, for I do not wish that any man should be flogged." The convicts saw that this was just ; and that Mr. Holt wished to use them well. They therefore found out and punished the thief amongst themselves. By this means theft and all such improper behaviour ceased in this band of convicts. There was never afterwards the least use of the lash amongst them, and they were all as comfortable and happy as it was possible for men to be happy in such a situation.

**68—Pat. Univ. Matric., 1925**

A lad, who was apprenticed to a jeweller in a country town, was sent by his master to the house of a rich customer with a valuable ring. His way lay across a large park through which there flowed a small stream. As the boy crossed the plank bridge which was thrown across the stream, he foolishly took the ring out of his box to examine it. While he was doing so, the ring slipped out of his hand, and fell into the muddy bank of the rivulet. He searched long and arduously for the ring, and when the sun was setting, he was still looking for it. At last darkness came on and made any further search hopeless. The poor boy was so afraid of

his master that he durst not return home ; he ran away to sea, and after many years as a sailor, settled in America. There he made a large fortune and finally determined to return to his native country. He bought the state through which flowed the stream in which he had dropped the ring as a lad, and settled down in it. One day he took a walk with a friend along the bank of the stream which caused him to leave the country, and when he came to the place where he dropped the ring, he pushed his stick into the mud, exclaiming : "I can swear that is the exact spot where the ring fell." As he withdrew the stick, the ring was at the end of it.

## 69

†A Dutch captain was once returning from Ireland with a cargo mainly consisting of butter, and had anchored not far from the Isle of Wight. There, he was warned not to venture to sea, as pirates were cruising about in the Channel. But there was great scarcity of butter in Zealand, and the Captain thought he could hardly afford to lose time. He had not been out long when a pirate was seen bearing down on him. The men were at their wits' end, but our Captain knew what to do. He ordered his men to take off their shoes and stockings, and bring up a score or so of butter-barrels. In a few minutes these were knocked to pieces, and the butter thickly spread all over the deck and sides of the ship. Every rope and spar was smeared with butter, and even with their bare feet the sailors could scarcely stand on their legs. The pirate came alongside, and the Captain pretended to surrender. The crew jumped on board their prize, fully armed, but immediately began to tumble over each other on the buttered decks like so many rats. Not one of them could stand on his legs, and, as these bad men are generally superstitious, an idea seized them that the ship was possessed by a devil. They therefore hurried back into their own ship, and our

cunning Captain got safely into port at the expense of a few pounds of butter.

### 70—*Croxall*

\*Pliny relates that the people of a certain district in Italy were much surprised at the fine appearance and great fertility of a farm belonging to one amongst them named Cresin. As their own lands were poor and barren, they conceived that Cresin must employ some magical arts in order to make his ground yield such abundance. Accordingly, they brought him before a judge and accused him of being an enchanter. Cresin, called upon for his defence, brought forward a stout girl, his daughter, and also his implements of husbandry and the cattle which drew his plough. "This girl," said he, "pulls all the weeds that grow on my farm. I manure it carefully to enable the ground to bear good crops. You see that all my implements are in the best order and that my cattle, which I take pains to feed well, are the stoutest in the country." "Behold" said he, "all the magic I used in the management of my farm! Any one of my neighbours may have as good crops as I if he will use the same means." The judges said they never had heard better pleading, and dismissed Cresin with many commendations of his industry.

### 71

A young student was taking a walk one day in the country with his professor. As they went along, they saw lying in the path a pair of shoes which evidently belonged to a poor man working in a field close by, who had nearly finished his day's work. "Let us play the man a trick;" said the student to the professor, "we will hide his shoes and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and wait to see his perplexity on missing them." "My young friend," answered the professor, "We should never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich. Put a crown into each

shoe, and then we will hide ourselves and watch how the discovery affects him." The student did so. The poor man soon came to the spot and slipped his foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down to see what it was, and found the crown. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. As he proceeded to put on the other shoe, his surprise was doubled on finding the other crown. His feelings now overcame him; he fell on his knees looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing. The student stood there, deeply affected, and his eyes filled with tears. "Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

## 72

†Sir James Thornhill, a famous painter, was employed in decorating the interior of the dome of St. Paul's cathedral. One day, while he was painting, he wished to see how his work looked at a distance. For this purpose he moved backward from it along the scaffolding, until he reached the edge. If he had taken another step, he would have fallen over and been dashed to pieces on the pavement below. His servant at this moment observed his danger, and in an instant threw a pot of paint at the picture. The painter immediately rushed forward to chastise the man for spoiling his painting. When the reason for this strange act was explained however, Sir James could not thank him enough, or sufficiently admire his ready ingenuity. If the servant had called out to tell him of his danger, the startled painter would likely have lost his footing and been killed. By destroying his workmanship, the servant gave the painter a motive to return from the edge of the scaffold in his desire to save the picture.



73—*C. U. Matric., 1910*

\*After we had resided in Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the Governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong athletic man, and being used to the climate (for he had resided there for five years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could ; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance. Near the bank of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind. On turning about I was terribly frightened at the sight of a lion which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done ? I had not even a moment for reflection ; my piece was only charged with swan-shot and I had no other about me ; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also.

74—*Smiles*

†Sarah Martin was the daughter of poor parents, and was left an orphan at an early age. She earned her living by going out to families as dress-maker, at a shilling a day. But she thought of higher things than dressmaking. She felt deeply for the wretchedness of the depraved life which the prisoners led in the English gaols, and spent much of her time in trying to reclaim them. She read the Scriptures to them, and endeavoured to lead them to the society whose laws they had violated. By attending to his prison work, her dressmaking business fell off ; and the question arose with her, whether in order to recover business, she was to suspend her prison work. But her decision had already been made, "I had counted the cost," she said, "and my mind was made

up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privations so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord in thus administering to others."

### 75—*Smiles*

\*Once on a time, when the Adige suddenly overflowed its banks, the bridge of Verona was carried away, with the exception of the central arch on which stood a house whose inhabitants supplicated help from the windows while the foundations were visibly giving way. "I will give a hundred French louis", said the Count Spolverini, who stood by, "to any person who will venture to deliver those unfortunate people." A young peasant came forth from the crowd, seized a boat, and pushed into the stream. He gained the pier, received the whole family into the boat and made for the shore, where he landed them in safety. "Here is your money my brave young fellow," said the Count. "No." was the answer of the young man, "I do not sell my life! Give the money to this poor family who have need of it."

### 76—*C. U. Matric., 1910*

\*In his early days, Fitzgerald made experiments in diet and gradually settled down into vegetarianism. He felt at first a loss of physical power, but this passed off, and he believed he gained in lightness of spirit. He lived practically on bread and fruit, with sometimes cheese or butter. But he was not a bigoted vegetarian. To avoid an appearance of singularity he would eat meat at other houses, and provided it in plenty for his guests. He was abstemious, but not a total abstainer.

### 77

In the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy was stationed in Lagos Bay. He heard that some Spanish galleons had

lately arrived in the harbour of Vigo, and that they were protected by seventeen men-of-war. Sir George Rooke was then commanding in the Mediterranean. Captain Hardy immediately set sail to tell him, though he had never been ordered to do so. The admiral steered for Vigo, and took or destroyed the whole fleet. After the battle, Sir George sent for Captain Hardy, and said to him, "You have done a great service to your Queen and country, but I should shoot you here and now, because you quitted Lagos though you were ordered to stay there." The Captain replied, "I should be unworthy to serve in the navy if I were unwilling to risk my life for the honour and glory of England." This answer pleased the admiral so much that he sent news of the victory to the Queen by Hardy, and commended him to her favour. She knighted the gallant sailor, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

### 78—Goldsmith

\*Few wild animals seek their prey in the daytime ; they are then generally deterred by their fears of man in the inhabited countries and by the excessive heat of the sun in those extensive forests that lie towards the south, and in which they reign the undisputed tyrants. As soon as the morning, therefore, appears, the carnivorous animals retire to their dens ; and the elephant, the horse, the deer and all the hare kinds, those inoffensive tenants of the plain, make their appearance. But again, at nightfall, the state of hostility begins ; the whole forest then echoes to a variety of different howlings. Nothing can be more terrible than an African landscape at the close of evening.

### 79

General Kosciusko, the hero of Poland, was a very benevolent man. He once wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman at Solothnon, and not willing to

put temptation in the way of a servant, he employed a young man, name Zeltner, to carry the present, and desired him to take the horse on which he himself usually rode. Zeltner, on his return, said he never would ride that horse again, unless the general would give him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko inquiring what he meant, he said, "As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks for alms, the horse immediately stands still, and will not stir till something is given to the petitioner ; and as I had no money about me I was obliged to feign giving something, in order to satisfy the horse."

### 80—Adams

\*After providing for the expenses of his household on the most liberal scale he devoted the remainder of his income to works of beneficence, and unless he had also devoted all his leisure time, he would have considered his duty only half discharged. Frequently would he deprive himself of the slumber which his years required, to watch beside the sufferer's couch and administer consolation to those in sorrow. On one occasion he wrote to a friend in London, stating that he had not spent the whole of his year's income, and would be glad to be told of some worthy object of charity. In reply his friend informed him of several persons confined in prison for small debts. He paid the entire amount, and swept that miserable abode of its wretched tenants. Most of his donations were enclosed in blank covers with no other signature appended than that of "A Friend." A lady once applied to him on behalf of an orphan, saying, "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Nay," replied Reynolds, "thou art wrong. We don't thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and to thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."



## 81

† Peter the Great frequently surprised his magistrates by his unexpected presence in the cities of the empire. Having arrived, without previous notice, at Olonez, he went first to the regency, and inquired of the governor how many suits were depending in the court of Chancery. "None, Sire," replied the Governor. "None ? How happens that ?" "Why," replied the Governor, "I endeavour to prevent lawsuits, and by conciliating the parties, I act in such a manner that no traces of difference remain in the archives. If I am wrong, your indulgence will excuse me." "I wish," replied the Czar, "that all Governors would act upon the same principle. Go on ; God and your sovereign are equally satisfied."

## 82—Hodgins

It is related that during the first few days of the reign of Queen Victoria, then a girl between nineteen and twenty years of age, some sentences of a court martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion. She read it, paused and looked up to the officer who laid it before her, and said : "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man ?" "Nothing : he has deserted three times," answered the officer. "Think again, your Grace," was the reply. "And" said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstances to his friends (for he was none other than the Duke of Wellington) "seeing her Majesty so earnest about it, I said, "He is certainly a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke as to his good character, and he may be a good man for aught I know to the contrary." "Oh, thank you a thousand times !" exclaimed the youthful Queen, and hastily writing PARDONED in large letters on the fatal page, she sent it across the table with a hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion.

83—*Arvine*

Damon, a Pythagorean philosopher, was condemned to death by Dionysius, the execution of this sentence being, however, suspended in consequence of his obtaining leave to go home to settle his domestic affairs—a favour which the tyrant granted on condition of his returning by a stated day to suffer the penalty of death. The promise was given, but not reckoned sufficient. He dies on the spot unless he finds a hostage—a friend who will pledge himself to die in his room. At this juncture, Pythias steps forward, and, delivering himself up to the hands of the tyrant, becomes Damon's surety to await his friend's return, or suffer in his stead. At length the day arrives and the hour; but no Damon. Pythias must be his substitute; and he is ready. Thanking the gods for the adverse winds that retarded the ship in which Damon sailed, he proposes to die, a sacrifice on the altar of friendship; and had fallen, but that before the blow descends, Damon rushes panting on the scene. Now a strange and friendly strife begins. Each is eager to die for the other; and each appealing to Dionysius, claims the bloody sword as his right and privilege. Though inured to scenes of cruelty, the tyrant cannot look unmoved on such a scene as this. Touched by this rare exhibition of affection, he is melted; not only remits the punishment, but entreats them to permit him thereafter to share his friendship and enjoy their confidence.

## 84

Queen Caroline, queen of George IV, is well-known for the attention she paid to forming the character of her children. The Princess royal was accustomed, on going to bed, to employ one of the ladies of the court in reading aloud to her, till she should drop asleep. It happened one evening that the lady who was appointed to perform this

office being indisposed, could not, without great inconvenience, endure the fatigue of standing; yet the Princess was inattentive to her situation, and suffered her to continue reading till she fell down in a swoon.

The Queen was informed of this the next morning. Her Majesty said nothing upon the subject; but at night, when she was in bed, sent for the Princess, and saying that she wished to be lulled to rest, commanded her Royal Highness to read aloud. After some time the Princess began to be tired of standing, and paused, in hope of receiving an order to seat herself. "Proceed," said Her Majesty. In a short time a second stop seemed to plead for rest. "Read on," said the Queen. Again the Princess stopped; again she received an order to proceed; till at last, faint and breathless she was forced to complain. Then did this excellent parent exhort her daughter to forbear indulging herself in ease while she suffered her attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue—an illustrious example to mothers how to create and improve occasions for forming the dispositions of their children.

### 85—*C. U. Matric., 1911*

\*In this life there are no gains without pains. Life indeed would be dull if there were no difficulties. Games lose their zest if there is no real struggle, if the result is a foregone conclusion. Both winner and loser enjoy a game most if it is closely contested to the last. No victory is a real triumph unless the foe is worthy of the steel. Whether we like it or not, life is one continuous competitive examination.

### 86

Timur was a king of most resolute mind, and never drew back from accomplishing any task to which he had put his hand. He would encourage his followers at times of diffi-

culty by relating a story of his earlier days. Once, he said, in despair of eluding his enemies, he entered a ruined building and remained there alone for some hours. To while away the time, he occupied himself in watching the efforts of an ant, which was endeavouring to carry a grain of corn, seemingly heavier than itself, to the top of a wall. He had the curiosity to count the number of attempts the invincible little creature made. Sixty-nine times the grain fell to the ground, but at the seventieth time the ant succeeded in carrying it to its destination. He was encouraged by this example, and never forgot the lesson in after years.

### 87—*Arrive*

†A poor woman understanding that Dr. Goldsmith had studied medicine, and hearing of his humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her some medicine for her husband who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly and, after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking in sickness and poverty. The doctor told him that they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require: be patient and of good cheer." He sent his servant with his prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained superior remedy to anything Galen and his tribe could administer.

### 88—*From Evenings at Home*

The mistress of a family was awakened during the night by flames bursting through the wainscot into her chamber. She flew to the staircase; and in her confusion, instead



of going upstairs to call her children, who slept together in the nursery overhead, and who might all have escaped by the top of the house, she ran down, and with much danger made her way through the fire into the street. When she had got thither, the thought of her poor children rushed into her mind, but it was too late. The stairs had caught fire, so that nobody could get near them, and they were burnt in their beds. Another lady was awakened one night by the cracking of fire and saw it shining under her chamber floor. Her husband would immediately have opened the door, but she prevented him since the smoke and flames would then have burst in upon them. The children, with a maid slept in a room opening out to theirs. She went and awakened them; and tying together the sheets and blankets, she let down the maid from the window first and then let down the children one by one to her. Last of all she descended herself. A few minutes after, the floor fell in, and all the house was in flames.

### 89—*Smiles*

\*Philip, King of Macedon, was told that calumnies were spread abroad against him by the Athenian orators. He was too great-minded to express himself in a spiteful manner against his detractors. He only said, "It shall be my care by my life and action to prove them liars." Being advised to banish one of his subjects who railed at him, "Let us first see," said he, "whether I have given him occasion." Finding on inquiry that the man had done some services without receiving a reward, he at once acknowledged that the fault had been his own and immediately ordered him a proper gratuity.

### 90 "

\*Wellington, being once afflicted by deafness, consulted

an aurist, who, after trying all remedies in vain, injected into the ear a strong solution of caustic. It caused the most intense pain, but the patient bore it with his usual equanimity. The family physician calling one day, found that a furious inflammation was going on, which, if not immediately checked, must shortly reach the brain and kill him. Vigorous remedies were at once applied, and the inflammation was checked. But the hearing of that ear was completely destroyed. When the aurist heard of the danger his patient had run, he hastened to Apsley House to express his grief and mortification. But the Duke merely said: "Do not say a word more about it—you did all for the best." The aurist feared it would be his ruin when it became known that he had been the cause of so much suffering and danger to his Grace. "But nobody need know anything about it." "Then your Grace will allow me to attend you as usual, which will show the public that you have not withdrawn your confidence from me?" "No," replied the Duke kindly but firmly; "I can't do that for that would be a lie." He would not act a falsehood any more than he would speak one.

### 91—Goldsmith

\*Nevertheless with all the powers which carnivorous animals are possessed of, they generally lead a life of famine and fatigue. Their prey has such a variety of methods of escaping that they sometimes continue without food for a fortnight together; but nature has endowed them with a degree of patience equal to the severity of their state, so that as their subsistence is precarious, their appetites are complying.

### 92

A man, who had reached a great age and amassed much wealth, feeling that his end was near, divided his property among his three sons. Thereafter he set aside a jewel of

great value, which he determined to give to that one of his sons who should within three months perform the most noble act. "Father," said the eldest one day, "A person lately intrusted me with a large sum of money. As he was quite a stranger to me, and had no acknowledgment from me in writing, I might easily have appropriated the money; but when he asked it back from me, I gave him the whole and refused his offers of remuneration." The father replied, "Yours was an act of justice." The second son said, "I was walking along the edge of a lake when a child fell in. At the risk of my life I plunged in, and brought it safely to its distressed mother on the shore. Was that not a noble act, father?" "No, my son, it was but the instinct of human kindness." The youngest son then said: "One dark night, I found my mortal enemy asleep on the edge of a precipice. The slightest movement on waking or during sleep would have plunged him down the fearful abyss. I took care to rouse him with proper caution, and directed him to a place of safety." "My dearest son," said the father, "the jewel is thine."

### 93—*Shimmelpenninck*

There was once a slave named Æsop. A courtier to whom the king had praised Æsop for his obedience, answered, "Well may he love thee, for thou load'st him with all he can desire; but try him with some painful thing and then thou wilt see what his love is worth." Now in the king's garden there grew a nauseous lemon, the stench of which was such that few could bear to approach it. The king told him to go and cut one of the lemons and eat every bit of it. The wily courtier said to him, "How can you bear to swallow such a nauseous fruit?" He answered, "My dear master has done nothing but load me with benefits every day of my life, and shall I not, for his sake eat one bitter fruit without complaint or asking the reason why?"

94—*Arvine*

Two gardeners who were neighbours, had their crops of early peas killed by frost ; one of them came to condole with the other on this misfortune. "Ah !" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbour ! I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop already ; what are these ?" "These !" cried the other gardener, "Why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What ! coming up already ?" cried the fretter. "Yes, while you were fretting, I was working." "What ! don't you fret when you have a loss ?" "Yes ; but I always put it off until I have repaired the mischief." "Why, then you have no need to fret at all."

95—*Rogers*

†So it is one man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with his eyes shut ; and upon this difference lies all the superiority of knowledge which one man acquires over another. I have known sailors who have been in all quarters of the globe and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless youth is whirled through Europe without giving a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble.

## 96

Tradition says that Foo-tsze, the Chinese philosopher, was in his youth of so impatient a temper that he could not endure the drudgery of learning, and determined to give up literary pursuits for some manual employment. One day, as he was returning home with a full determination to go to school no longer, he happened to pass by a half-



witted old woman, who was rubbing a small bar of iron on a whetstone. When the young student asked her the reason of this strange employment, she replied, "Why, Sir, I have lost my knitting needle, and just thought I would rub down this bar to make me another." The words acted like magic on the young philosopher, who returned to his books with tenfold diligence; and whenever he felt impatient and despondent, would say to himself: "If a half-witted old woman has resolution enough to rub down a bar of iron into a needle, it would be disgraceful in me to have less perseverance, when the highest honours of the empire are before me.

97—*Todd*

\*I once saw a little boy, on a public occasion, while thousands were gazing at him with unaffected astonishment, climb the lightning rod of the lofty spire of a meeting house. The wind blew high, and the rod shook and trembled; but up he went, till he had reached the vane, 195 feet high. All every moment, expected to see him fall. But what was our astonishment to see him mount the vane, and place his little feet upon it, throwing his arms aloft in the air, and turning round as the wind turned his shaking foothold. He stood there till weary and came down at his leisure. Here was a mind capable, I doubt not, of high enterprise. And yet he has never been heard of since. And why not? Either his mind has not been cultivated, or else his genius has been bent out of its proper channel. I will just add that the poor boy was fined for setting so dangerous an example before the boys who saw him: but I could not help wishing that, while they sought to restrain him from such physical daring, they had been as careful to direct his fearless genius in a proper channel.

98

†Adanson, the French botanist, was about seventy years old when the Revolution broke out, and amidst the shock he

lost everything—his fortune, his place, and his gardens. But his patience, courage, and resignation never forsook him. He became reduced to the greatest straits, and even wanted food and clothing ; yet his ardour for investigation remained the same. Once when the Institute sent him an invitation, he being one of its oldest members, his answer was that he regretted he could not attend for want of shoes. "It was a touching sight," said Cuvier, "to see the poor old man, bent over the embers of a decaying fire, trying to trace characters with a feeble hand on the little bit of paper which he held, forgetting all the pains of life in some new idea in natural history, which came to him like some beneficent fairy to cheer him in his loneliness."

### 99—Tupper

\*Giotto, the great painter from Nature, was the son of a labourer of Vespignano, a village situated fifteen miles from Florence. Every one admired his precocious intelligence when a child. His father was pressed to send him to school, but was too poor to dispense with his services, to say nothing of fees and other expenses. "My son shall be a labourer like myself," said the peasant. "The earth is a good mother who will not let any one want who has good arms and a stout heart." His father was right, but God had too richly endowed the young Giotto to permit him to pass his life as an obscure shepherd. As to himself, it was with great joy that he heard he was not to be shut up in school. While his goats browsed upon the mountains, Giotto lost himself in the contemplation of the country which spread away at his feet.

### 100—Buck

As Canute, the great King of England, was walking on the sea-shore at Hampton, accompanied by his courtiers, who

offered him the grossest flattery, comparing him to the greatest heroes of antiquity, and asserting that his power was more than human, he ordered a chair to be placed on the beach, while the tide was coming in. Sitting down with a majestic air, he thus addressed himself to the sea: "Thou sea, thou art a part of my dominions, and the land where I sit is mine; no one ever broke my commands with impunity. I therefore charge thee to come no further upon my land, and not presume to wet either my feet or my robe, who am thy sovereign." But the sea, rolling on as before, and without any respect, not only wet the skirts of his robe, but likewise splashed his thighs. On which he rose up suddenly, and, addressing himself to his attendants, upbraided them for their ridiculous flattery, and very judiciously expatiated on the narrow and limited power of the greatest monarch on earth.

### 101—*Buck*

Frederic, King of Prussia, once rang the bell of his cabinet, but nobody answered. He opened the door of his ante-chamber, and found his page fast asleep upon a chair. He went up to awake him, but coming nearer, he observed a paper in his pocket. This excited his curiosity. He pulled it out and found that it was a letter from his mother, the contents of which were nearly as follows:—She returned her son many thanks for the money he had sent her. God would certainly reward him for it, and if he continued to serve God and his king faithfully, he could not fail of success and prosperity. Upon reading this, the king stepped softly into his closet, fetched a rouleau of ducats and put it with the letter into the page's pocket. He then rang so long till the page awoke and came into his closet. "You have been asleep, I suppose?" said the king. The page could not deny it, stammered out an excuse, put (in his embarrassment) his hand in his pocket, and felt the rouleau of ducats. He

immediately pulled it out, turned pale, and looked at the king with tears in his eyes. "Oh, somebody has contrived my ruin. I know nothing of the money," said he. "What God bestows," replied the king, "He bestows in sleep. Send the money to your mother, give my respect to her, and inform her that I will take care of both her and you."

### 102—Smiles

\*Richard Arkwright, like most of our great mechanicians, sprang from the ranks. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of thirteen children. He was never at school; the only education he received he gave to himself; and to the last was only able to write with difficulty. When a boy, he was apprenticed to a barber, and after learning the business, he set up for himself in Bolton, where he occupied an underground cellar over which he put up the sign, "Come to the subterraneous barber—he shaves for a penny." The other barbers found their customers leaving them, and reduced their prices to his standard, when Arkwright, determined to push his trade, announced his determination to give "A clean shave for a half-penny." After a few years he quitted his cellar and became an itinerant dealer in hair. At that time wigs were worn, and wigmaking formed an important branch of barbering business.

### 103—Lord Avebury

Sir John Herschel tells an amusing anecdote illustrating the pleasure derived from a book, not assuredly of the first order. In a certain village, the blacksmith, having got hold of Richardson's novel, *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, used to sit on his anvil in the long summer evenings and read it aloud to a large and attentive audience. It is by no means a short book, but they fairly listened to it all. At length when the happy turn of fortune arrived, which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and

happily together according to the most approved rules, the congregation was so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells a-ringing.

## 104

It is strange that the man who did most for the progress of electricity in the nineteenth century was the son of a London blacksmith. That man was Michael Faraday. He did not get much schooling, and what he did get was not more than reading, writing and Arithmetic. His spare time was passed at home or in the streets. At the age of thirteen, he was engaged as an errand-boy to a book-binder, but the trade did not suit him at all, and all the time he could spare from it, he spent in making chemical and electrical experiments; when he could get somebody to pay his admission fee, he would attend lectures on these subjects.

105—*Smiles*

\*The fashion of wig-wearing having undergone a change, distress fell upon the wig-makers, of whom Arkwright was one; but he being of a mechanical turn of mind was induced to turn machine. Many attempts were made about that time to invent a spring machine, and our barber (i. e. Arkwright) determined to launch his little bark on the sea of invention with the rest. Like other self-taught men of the same bias, he had already been devoting his spare time to the invention of a perpetual-motion machine; and from that the transition to a spinning machine was easy. He followed his experiments so assiduously that he neglected his business, lost the little money he had saved, and was reduced to great poverty. His wife was impatient at what she conceived to be a wanton waste of time and money, and in a moment of sudden wrath, she seized upon and destroyed his models,



hoping thus to remove the cause of his family privations. Arkwright was a stubborn and enthusiastic man, and he was provoked beyond measure by this conduct of his wife from whom he immediately separated.

### 106

Even when parents are ill-tempered and unreasonable, they should be treated with respect and forbearance by their children. Olympius, mother of Alexander the Great, was a woman of ambitious disposition, and occasioned much trouble to her son. Nevertheless, when pursuing his conquest in Asia, he sent her many splendid presents out of the spoils which he had taken, as tokens of his affection. He only begged that she would not meddle with state affairs, but allow his kingdom to be managed peaceably by his governor, Antipater. When she sent him a sharp reply to his request, he bore it submissively, and did not use sharp language in return. On one occasion when she had been unusually troublesome, Antipater sent him letters, complaining of her in very grievous terms. Alexander only said, "Antipater doth not know that one single tear of my mother's is able to blot out six hundred of his epistles."

### 107—Smiles

\*One night, about eleven o'clock, Keats returned home in a state of strange physical excitement—it might have appeared to those who did not know him, one of fierce intoxication. He told his friend he had been outside the stage-coach, had received a severe chill, was a little fevered, but added, "I don't feel it now." He was easily persuaded to go to bed, and as he leapt into the cold sheets, before his head was on the pillow, he slightly coughed and said, "That is blood from my mouth; bring me the candle; let me see this blood." He gazed steadfastly for some moments at the ruddy stain, and then, looking in his friend's face with an

expression of sudden calmness never to be forgotten, said, "That drop is my death-warrant, I must die !"

### 108

Too little sleep is inevitably fatal to your health and happiness. As a general rule, eight hours of sleep is necessary for every young man. There is a difference, however, in the amount of sleep required by different persons of the same age. A nervous man does not usually need as much sleep as a phlegmatic man, for the reason that some men accomplish more sleep in the same time than others. Some therefore can do with less sleep than others ; but whatever may be the amount which experience teaches you that you may need, that amount you should take. A great many men have destroyed the usefulness of their lives through ignorance of this indispensable law of recuperation. God has made sleep to be a sponge by which to rub out fatigue. A man's roots are planted at night, as in soil, and out of it he comes every day with fresh growth and bloom.

### 109—Smiles

\*When Charles Lamb was released for life from his daily drudgery of desk-work at the India Office, he felt himself the happiest of men. "I would not go back to my prison," he said to his friend, "ten years longer for ten thousand pounds." He also wrote in the same ecstatic mood to Bernard Barton : "I have scarce steadiness of head to compose a letter," he said. "I am free ! free as air ! I will live another fifty years. Would I could sell you some of my leisure ! Positively the best thing a man can do is—Nothing ; and next to that, perhaps, Good Works." Two years, two long and tedious years passed ; and Charles Lamb's feeling had undergone an entire change. He now discovered that official, even humdrum work—"the appointed round, the daily task"—had been good for him, though he knew it not.

Time had formerly been his friend ; it had now become his enemy.

### 110—Buck

\*When Cyrus conducted Lysander, the famous Lacedæmonian general, through his gardens, Lysander was struck with the charming prospect ; and still more so, when he was told that the plan and order of all were drawn by Cyrus himself, and many of the trees planted with his own hands. "What !" said Lysander, viewing him from head to foot, "is it possible with these purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees ?" "Does that surprise you ?" said Cyrus, "I protest with the utmost sincerity, that when my health admits, I never sit down to table without having made myself sweat with some fatigue or other, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some toilsome employment, in which I apply with pleasure and without sparing myself."

### 111—Southey

A poor boy was employed at the house of a lady of rank as a menial servant. One day, finding himself in the lady's dressing room and perceiving no one there, he waited a few moments to take a view of the beautiful things in the apartment. A gold watch, richly set with diamonds, caught his attention, and he could not forbear taking it in his hand. Immediately the wish arose in his mind, "Ah ! if I had such a one !" After a pause, he said to himself, "But if I take it I shall be a thief." "And yet," continued he, "nobody sees me. Nobody ! but does not God see me, who is present everywhere ?" Overcome by this thoughts, laying down the watch, he said, "No ! I had much rather be poor and keep my good conscience than be rich and become a rogue."

## SECTION II

### HARD PROSE PASSAGES FOR SUBSTANCE-WRITING

#### 112—Southey

†An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound in the battle of Trafalgar before Captain Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to express the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered. "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. "Come nearer to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty (the surgeon) could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied, it is impossible; my backbone is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting hastened upon deck.

#### 113—Goldsmith

\*Beasts of prey seldom devour each other: nor can anything but the greatest hunger induce them to do so. What they chiefly seek after is the deer or the goat, those harmless creatures that seem made to embellish nature.

They are either pursued or surprised, and afford the most agreeable repast to their destroyers. The most usual method with even the fiercest animals is to hide or crouch near some path frequented by their prey, or some water where cattle come to drink, and seize them at once with a bound.

## 114

\*Socrates, meeting a gentleman of rank in the street, saluted him, but the gentleman took no notice of it. His friends observing what had passed, told the philosopher "that they had a good mind to resent it." But he very calmly made answer: "If you meet any person on the road in a worse habit of body than yourself, would you think that you had reason to be enraged at him on that account? if not, then what greater reason can you have for being incensed at a man of worse habit of mind than that of any of yourselves?" But without going out of his house, he found enough to exercise his patience to the fullest extent. Xantippe, his wife, put it to the severest proof by her captious, passionate, violent disposition. She was once so exasperated with rage against him that she tore off his cloak in the open street. Whereupon his friends told him that such treatment was insufferable and that he ought to give her a good drubbing for it. "Yes, a fine piece of sport indeed," says he, "while she and I were buffeting each other, you in your turns, I suppose, would animate us on to the combat: while one cried out, 'Well done, Socrates,' another would say, 'Well hit, Xantippe!'"

## 115

\*England was visited by a terrible tempest in the year 1658. In the midst of the confusion and havoc that it wrought, a boy living in Lincolnshire went out into the open air, and began to leap to and fro, at one time with the wind at his back, and at another time with his face to it. With the



wind opposed to his face, he could not expect to jump as far as when the storm was at his back. He laid down pegs to mark the length of his leaps, both when he went with it and when he went against it, trying thus to get some idea of the force of the tempest. This was certainly a very queer way of measuring the strength of the wind, but it shewed that the boy was of a scientific turn of mind, and that his inquiring mind led him, even in early life, to make experiments in science. This boy afterwards became the immortal Sir Isaac Newton, the greatest scientist of whom Britain, or even the world, can boast.

### 116—*Macnaghten*

Babar is said by Elphinstone to have been "the most remarkable prince that ever reigned in Asia." To a simple heart he added great courage, and a perseverance amounting to genius. His life is a strange one; but the manner of his death, as historically related, is stranger still. We are told that when Humayun lay ill, and seemed likely to die, Babar resolved to sacrifice himself in order to save his son. So he walked three times round his bed praying all the while earnestly; and at last he exclaimed, "I have taken it away." The force of will, thus exercised in the father, may have led to a healing faith in the son. This much is undoubtedly true, that from that time Humayun began to recover and Babar to decline.

### 117—*C. U. Matric., 1914*

\*One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey, but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors nature is company enough for me. I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I am not for criticising hedges and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. I like solitude, I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude. Give me the clear blue sky

over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and three hours' march to dinner.

### 118

†As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be quite certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of the birds, altered his course from due west towards the quarter whither they pointed their flight. But after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen ; their fears revived with additional force ; impatience, rage and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost ; the officers who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men ; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe.

### 119—Buck

The enamel which cover the cheapest earthenware was not discovered by Bernard Palissy, until after fifteen years of toil. After incredible hardships he made a little advance ; then he devoted eight months to manufacturing ware upon which to experiment, and many weary days to building with his own hands the furnace in which to make it. Six days and six nights he stood by the fire to note the experiments and feed the furnace ; when, alas, his fuel was exhausted. In his desperation he thrust into the fire the dresser, stools, tables and the boarding from his house ! He rapaid the assistance of a potter with his garments, leaving himself almost

naked. Not only he had to bear continuous disappointments in his experiments, which were almost more than mortal could endure, but to submit to the reproaches of his wife and friends who deemed him a fitting inmate of a lunatic asylum.

### 120

†A voluminous author was one day expatiating on the advantages of employing an amanuensis, and thus saving time and the trouble of writing. "How do you manage it?" said Goldsmith. "Why, I walk about the room, and dictate to a clever man, who puts down very carefully all that I tell him so that I have nothing more to do than just to look over the manuscript, and then send it to the press. Goldsmith was delighted with the information, and desired his friend to send the amanuensis the next morning. The scribe accordingly waited upon the poet with the implements of pen, ink and paper placed in order before him. Goldsmith paced the room with great solemnity several times, for some time; but after racking his brains to no purpose he put his hand into his pocket, and presenting the amanuensis with a guinea, said, "It won't do, my friend, I find that my head and hand must go together.

### 121—Todd

\*A lesson is easily spoilt by being interrupted, every now and then, with some question raised on that or some other subject. You can not study to advantage if any conversation is allowed in the room. But what if you find a word in your lesson, whose meaning or whose parsing you cannot determine? What is to be done? May you not ask your friend? I reply, No. Keep the room silent. If you wish to review and compare together, then begin a half-hour earlier and leave off half an hour before concluding; and in this time go over the lesson together. Have the words about which you doubted just marked with a pencil, and then settle their meaning and their relations. The review should not.

take place till you have each exhausted your efforts upon the lesson, and until you have definitely settled every word and every sentence.

## 122

†Pope who, whatever his other qualities might be, certainly was not much troubled with good nature, was one evening at Button's coffee-house, where he and a set of literati had got poring over a manuscript of the Greek comic poet Aristophanes, in which they found a passage they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged that he might be permitted to look at the passage. "Oh", says Pope, sarcastically, "by all means ; pray let the young gentleman look at it ;" upon which the officer took up the book and considering a while, said that a note of interrogation was only wanted to make the whole intelligible,—which was really the case. "And pray, master," says Pope, piqued perhaps at being outdone by a redcoat, "what is a note of interrogation ?" "A note of interrogation," replied the youth with a look of the utmost contempt, "is a little crooked thing that asks questions !" It is said, however, that Pope was so delighted with the wit that he forgave the sarcasm on his own person.

123—*Arivne*

†When Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was making great preparations for his intended expedition into Italy, Cineas, the philosopher, took a favourable opportunity of addressing him thus : "The Romans, sir, are reported to be a warlike and victorious people ; but if God permits us to overcome them, what use shall we make of the victory ?" "Thou askest," said Pyrrhus, "a thing that is self-evident. The Romans, once conquered, no city will resist us ; we shall then be masters of all Italy." Cineas added, "And having subdued Italy what shall we do next ?" Pyrrhus, not yet aware of his

intentions, replied, "Sicily next stretches out her arms to receive us." "That is very probable," said Cineas. "but will the possession of Sicily put an end to the war?" "God grant us success in that," answered Pyrrhus, "and we shall make these the forerunners of greater things, for then Lybia and Carthage will soon be ours: and these things being completed, none of our enemies can offer any further resistance." "Very true," added Cineas, "for then we may easily regain Macedonia, and make an absolute conquest of Greece, and, when all these are in our possession, what shall we do then?" Pyrrhus smiling answered—"Why then, my dear friend, we will live at ease, drink all day long, and amuse ourselves with cheerful conversation." "Well, sir," said Cineas, "and why may we not do all this now, and without the labour and hazard of an enterprise so laborious and uncertain?" Pyrrhus, however, unwilling to take the advice of the philosopher, ardently engaged in these ambitious pursuits and at last perished in them.

## 124

†The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he performed his part, that the maritime war after the battle of Trafalgar was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from



any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him ; the general sorrow was of a higher character.

*125—Macnaghten*

†Alexander, bent on invading India, in the year 327 B.C., found on the far north-western frontier, some Indian ascetics whom he and his Greeks called "gymnosophists." They wore no clothes, and were regardless of men and human affairs. They showed no fear of Alexander. On the contrary they openly defied him ; so that he, enraged by their opposition, caused some of them to be hanged. One of them, however, even bolder than the rest, stamped on the ground with his foot, and when Alexander asked what this meant, he answered, "Every man, O King, has a right to the ground whereon he stands ; and thou differest from other men only in this, that thou art a restless adventurer, and hast left thy native land for the sake of worrying others as well as thyself. But soon thou shalt die, and shall have no more land than suffices to bury thy body."

*126—Cunningham*

Akbar was not only the ornament of the Moghul dynasty, but incomparably the greatest of all the Mahomedan rulers of India. Few princes ever exhibited greater military genius or personal courage. He never fought a battle he did not win or besieged a town he did not take ; yet he had no passion for war, and as soon as he had turned the tide of victory by his skill and energy, he was happy to leave his generals to complete the work, and to hasten back to the more agreeable labour of the cabinet. The glories of his reign rest not so much on the extent of his conquests though achieved by his personal talent, as on the admirable institutions by which his empire was consolidated. The superiority of his civil administration was owing not to his own genius alone, but also to the able statesmen he had the wisdom to collect around him.

127—*M. E. Weekly*

\*One arm of the Danube separates the city of Vienna from a suburban part called Leopold-stadt. A thaw inundated this part, and the ice carried away the bridge of communication with the capital. The population of Leopold-stadt began to be in the greatest distress for want of provisions. A number of boats were collected and loaded with bread; but no one felt hardy enough to risk the passage, which was rendered extremely dangerous by large bodies of ice. Francis II, who was then emperor, stood at the water's edge; he begged, exhorted, threatened, and promised the highest recompenses, but all in vain; whilst, on the other shore, his subjects famishing with hunger, stretched forth their hands, and supplicated relief. At last the monarch leaped singly into a boat loaded with bread, and applied himself to the oars. The example of the sovereign, sudden as electricity, inflamed the spectators, who threw themselves in crowds into the boats. They all did gain the suburbs in safety, and the starving population thereof were saved.

128—*Smiles*

†“I sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me;” so said Benjamin Disraeli to the House of Commons. when the members would not hear him speak. Derision was all he got for his maiden speech, but that did not daunt him; and the time came, sure enough, when the House not only listened to him, but even acknowledged his mastery over it. Disraeli had learnt what many another man learns, that because he failed at first it did not follow that ultimate success was unattainable. Perseverance, industry, correction of faults of style, and the baffled speaker came to be able to hold the House spell-bound with his eloquence and rhetoric. It must have needed great resolution to face the

House of Commons again after that first terrible rebuff; but after the attempt had once more been made, the rest was comparatively easy.

### 129—*Matric. Test Paper*

Nothing can equal the beauty of the night in these arid wilds doubly grateful after the heat and glare of the day. We, the sons of a colder climate, accustomed to see the starry firmament fairly glimmering through a misty haze, can have no idea of the magnificence of its luminous world brightly sparkling through an atmosphere of incomparable clearness. Gazing at these isles of light the soul rises on the wings of adoration to Him who made them. The desert is the image of the Infinite; no place is more apt to awaken religious feelings; and no time is fitter for devotion than its still and solitary night. He, who in the desert does not hear the voice of God, knows not the Almighty, ranks far below the wandering Arab, who, after the toil of the sultry day, reverently bows his forehead in prayer over the sand of the desert.

### 130—*J. S. C. Abbott*

†During the siege of Toulon, Napoleon, having occasion to send a despatch from the trenches, called for some one who would write, that he might dictate an order. A young private stepped out from the ranks, and resting the paper upon the breastwork began to write as Napoleon dictated. While thus employed, a cannon-ball from the enemy's battery struck the ground but a few feet from them, covering their person with the earth. "Thank you," said the soldier gaily; "we shall need no more sand upon this page." The instinctive fearlessness thus displayed arrested the attention of Napoleon. He fixed his keen and piercing eye upon him for a moment, and then said, "Young man, what can I do for you?" The soldier blushed deeply but promptly replied,

"Everything!" And then touching his left shoulder with his hand he added, "you can change this worsted into an epaulet." A few days after, Napoleon sent for the same soldier, "to reconnoitre the enemy's trenches, and suggested that he should disguise his dress. "Never," replied the soldier, "do you take me for a spy? I will go in my uniform though I should never return." He set out immediately and fortunately escaped unhurt. These two incidents revealed his character, and Napoleon recommended him for promotion. This was Junot, afterwards Duke of Abrantes.

### 131—Todd

Should you be so unfortunate as to suppose you are a genius, and that "things will come to you," it would be well to undeceive yourself as soon as possible. Make up your mind that industry must be the price of all you obtain, and at once begin to pay down. "Diligence in employments of less consequence is the most successful introduction to greater enterprises." It is a matter of unaffected amazement to see what industry will accomplish. We are astonished at the volumes which the men of former ages used to write. But the term 'industry' is the key to the whole secret. He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe.

### 132—Cotton

Children should learn to be honest, sincere and open-hearted to their parents. An artful, hypocritical child is one of the most unpromising characters in the world. You should have no secrets which you are unwilling to disclose to your parents. If you have done wrong you should openly confess it and ask that forgiveness which a parent's heart is ready to bestow. If you wish to undertake anything, ask their consent. Never begin anything in the hope that you can conceal your design. If you once strive to impose on your parents, you will be

led on, from one step to another, to invent falsehood, to practise artifice, till you will become contemptible and hateful. You will soon be detested and then none will trust you. Sincerity in a child will make up for many faults. Of children he is the worst who watches the eyes of his parents, pretends to obey as long as they see him, but as soon as they have turned away does what they have forbidden.

### 133—C. U. *Matric.*, 1912

\*It is sometimes said that the pleasure of giving is peculiar to the rich, and no doubt the pleasure of giving is one of the greatest and purest which wealth can bestow. Still the poor also may be liberal and generous. The widow's mite so far as the widow at any rate is concerned, counts for as much as the rich man's gold. Moreover, as regards kindness and sympathy which are far more valuable than money, the poor can give as much as, perhaps even more than, the rich. Money is not wealth. There are those whom we look down upon as poor who may be in reality as rich as any millionaire. That which is of most value in life can neither be bought nor sold. A proverb says: "A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world." When he dies, men will ask what property he has left behind, but Angels will inquire "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

### 134—*Matric. Test paper*

A love of the country in which we are born and brought up is one of the affections of our nature. It is felt by the natives of almost every land, however rude they may be or however worthless the country may appear to other people. This affection is not without its use when it is kept within rational bounds. But the love of country, while thus good in moderation, becomes "absurd and mischievous, when carried to excess or not governed by reason. We must not allow it to blind us to our defects as a nation, or to errors



calling for correction in our social policy. We must not, because we love our country, hate or despise other countries and their inhabitants ; that would be as bad as if every man were to think so highly of himself as to believe that no other person had equal honour or virtue.

*135—C. U. Matric., 1926*

The mystery of Napoleon's career was this, that under all difficulties and discouragements, he pressed on. It solves the problem of all heroes. It is the rule by which to weigh rightly all wonderful successes and triumphal marches to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all, old and young, high and low, fortunate and unfortunate so-called.

Never despair ; never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way ; however great the difficulties, and repeated the failures, 'Press on !'

If fortune has played false with you to-day, do you play true for yourself to-morrow. If your riches have taken wings and left you, do not weep your life away ; but be up and doing, and retrieve the loss by new energy and new action. If an unfortunate bargain has deranged your business, do not fold your arms, give up all as lost ; but stir yourself, and work all the more vigorously.

If those whom you have trusted have betrayed you, do, not be discouraged, do not idly weep, but 'press on !' find others ; or, what is better, learn to live within yourself. Let the foolishness of yesterday make you wise to-day. If another has been false to you, do not increase the evil—by being false to yourself. Do not say the world has lost its poetry and beauty ; it is not so ; and even if so, make your own poetry and beauty—by a brave, a true, and, above all, a religious life.

*136—Matric. Test Paper*

Much certainty of the happiness and purity of our lives

depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and friends. If badly chosen they will inevitably drag us down; if well, they will raise us up. Yet many people seem to trust in this matter to the chapter of accidents. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom we are brought into contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter. Some seem to make a friend, or try to do so because he lives near, because he is in the same business, travels on the same lines of railway, or for some other trivial reason. There cannot be a greater mistake. These are only idols and images of friendship.

### 137—Wanley

\*Diogenes used to roll in burning sand in summer, and embrace marble statues in winter, and his dwelling was a huge earthen tub. All these extravagances were of course a protest against the over refinement and elegance, the softness and polish in which the Greek cities were losing their freedom and courage. Alexander was struck with the stories of the fearlessness and sharp sayings of Diogenes now nearly eighty years of age, and went to see him. The old philosopher was basking in the sunshine before his tub, and as he took no notice of the youth who stood before him, his visitor introduced himself, "I am Alexander, the king." "And I am Diogenes, the cynic," was the answer in a tone of perfect equality. Alexander, on taking leave, asked what he could do for the philosopher. "Only to stand out of my sunshine," was the famous answer.

### 138—J. S. C. Abbott

\*The night after the battle of Bassano, the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the sanguinary scene. Napoleon who seldom exhibited any hilarity or even exhilaration of spirits in the hour of victory, rode, accompanied by his

staff, over the plain covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, and, silent and thoughtful, seemed lost in painful reverie. It was midnight. The confusion and the uproar of the battle had passed away and the deep silence of the calm moon-lit night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and dying. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon, as if frantically imploring his aid, and then rushed back again to the mangled corpse, licking the blood from his face and hands, and howling most piteously. Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and involuntarily stopped his horse to contemplate it. Turning to his officers, with his hand pointed towards the faithful dog, he said with evident emotion,—“There, gentlemen, that dog teaches us a lesson of humanity !”

### 139—Smiles

†That Sir Walter Scott should have sprained his foot in running round the room when a child, may seem unworthy of notice in his biography ; yet *Ivanhoe*, *Old Mortality*, and all the *Waverley Novels* depended upon it. When his son intimated a desire to enter the army, Scott wrote to Southey, “I have no title to combat a choice which would have been my own, had not my lameness prevented.” So that, had not Scott been lame, he might have fought all through the Peninsular War, and had his breast covered with medals ; but we should probably have had none of those works of his which have made his name immortal, and shed so much glory upon his country. Talleyrand also was kept out of the army by his lameness ; but directing his attention to the study of books, and eventually of men, he at length took rank amongst the greatest diplomatists of his time.

### 140—Canon Ryle

†The Arabians have a proverb which says, “He is the best

orator who can turn men's ears into eyes." Whitefield seems to have had a peculiar faculty of doing this. He dramatized his subject so thoroughly that it seemed to move and walk before his hearer's eyes. He used to draw such vivid pictures of the things he was handling, that his hearers could believe that they actually saw and heard them. On one occasion, Lord Chesterfield was among the hearers. The great preacher, in describing the miserable condition of an unconverted sinner, illustrated the subject by describing a blind beggar. The night was dark and the road dangerous. The poor mendicant was deserted by his dog near the edge of a precipice, and had nothing to aid him in groping his way but his staff. Whitefield so warmed with the subject and enforced it with such graphic power, that the whole auditory was kept in breathless silence, as if it saw the movements of the poor old man ; and at length, when the beggar was about to take the fatal step which would have hurled him down the precipice to certain destruction, Lord Chesterfield actually made a rush forward to save him, exclaiming, "He is gone ! he is gone !" The noble lord had been so entirely carried away by the preacher that he forgot that the whole was a picture.

### 141—*Franklin*

\*In the conduct of my newspaper, carefully excluded all libelling and personal abuse, which has of late years become so disgraceful to our country. When I was solicited to insert anything of that kind, and the writers pleaded, as they generally did, the liberty of the press ; and that a newspaper was like a stage-coach, in which anyone who would pay had a right to a place ; my answer was, that I could print the piece separately if desired, and the author might have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself ; but that I would not take upon me to spread his detraction : and

having contracted with my subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their paper with private altercation in which they had no concern, without doing them manifest injustice.

### 142—Macnaghten

Courage is stimulated by discipline as well as by pride and emulation. I think you have read the story of the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, which foundered off the south coast of Africa in the year 1852. The ship began to sink ; and, as it was not possible for all to escape at once, the commander, Colonel Seton, ordered the soldiers to form on deck, and help the women and children into the boats. This order they obeyed as quietly and calmly as if they had been parading on land. All was activity, but there was no hurry, no panic, no despair. Boat after boat was sent off to shore, till all, or nearly all, the women and children were saved. But no boat remained for the officers and men, who stood patiently shoulder to shoulder, and in half an hour from the time when she struck, the *Birkenhead* went to the bottom, and the waves closed over a band of the truest heroes the world has ever seen.

### 143—Foster

\*Shakespeare had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely ; and in order to revenge that ill usage he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, he lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to



that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London.

#### 144—Cobbett

\*Waterdrinkers are sometimes laughed at; but it has always seemed to me that they are amongst the most welcome of guests, and that, too, though the host be by no means of a niggardly turn. The truth is, they give no trouble; they occasion no anxiety to please them; they are sure not to make their sittings inconveniently long; and, which is the greatest thing of all, their example teaches moderation to the rest of the company. Your notorious 'lovers of good cheer' are, on the contrary, not to be invited without due reflection; to entertain one of them is a serious business; and as people are not apt voluntarily to undertake such pieces of business, the well known lovers of good eating and drinking are left, very generally, to enjoy it by themselves and at their own expense.

#### 145—Smiles

\*Sometimes a book containing a noble exemplar of life, taken up at random, merely with the object of reading as pastime, has been known to call forth energies whose existence had not before been suspected. Alfieri was first drawn with passion to literature by reading "Plutarch's Lives." Loyola, when a soldier serving at the siege of Pampluna, and laid up by a dangerous wound in his leg, asked for a book to divert his thoughts: the "Lives of the Saints," was brought to him, and its perusal so inflamed his mind, that he determined thenceforth to devote himself to the founding of a religious order. Luther in like manner, was inspired to undertake the great labours of his life by a perusal of "Life and Writings of John Huss."

#### 146

Christopher Columbus was once invited by Ferdinand and Isabella to dine with them. One of the invited

guests being jealous of the many marks of honour conferred upon the Genoese, asked him if he thought that, if he were not born, no other person would have succeeded in discovering the New Hemisphere of the world. Columbus made no reply. For he feared that if he were to make reply, he would either overrate or underrate the importance of his own endeavours. But he held up an egg in his finger and requested the invited guests to make it stand on one of its ends. No one thought he could do it. Then Columbus broke one end of the egg, and making it stand on that broken end, explained to his opponent: "Indeed it requires very little skill to do such an easy thing. But nobody could even think of it until someone had first shown the way." He then attributed to God whatever credit attached to his discovery, and thanked Him for his being chosen as an instrument in the achievement of the great task.

### 147—Zschokke

\*Among the manifold misfortunes that may befall humanity, the loss of health is one of the severest. All the joys that life can give cannot outweigh the sufferings of the sick. Give the sick man everything and leave him his sufferings, and he will feel that half the world is lost to him. Lay him on a soft silken couch, he will nevertheless groan sleepless under the pressure of his sufferings; while the miserable beggar blessed with health, sleeps sweetly on the hard ground. Spread his tables with dainty meats and choice drinks, and he will thrust back the hand that proffers them, and envy the poor man who thoroughly enjoys the dry crust. Surround him with the pomp of kings; let his chair be a throne, and his crutch a world-swaying sceptre; he will look with contemptuous eye on marble, on gold and on purple, and would deem himself happy, could he enjoy, even were it under a thatched roof, the health of the meanest of his servants.

*148—Matric. Test Paper*

True happiness is never found in torpor of the faculties, but in their action and useful employment. It is indolence that exhausts, not action, in which there is life, health and pleasure. The spirits may be exhausted and wearied by employment, but they are utterly wasted by idleness. Hence a wise physician was accustomed to regard occupation as one of his most valuable remedial measures. "Nothing is so injurious," said Dr. Marshall Hall, "as unoccupied time." An Archbishop of Mayence used to say that "the human heart is like a millstone: if you put wheat under it, it grinds the wheat into flour: if you put no wheat, it grinds on, but then it is itself it wears away."

*149—Ruskin*

\*It is impossible for a well-educated, intellectual or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts just as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthy-minded people like making money—ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money: it is something better than money. A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay—very properly so, and justly grumbles when you keep him long without it—still his main notion of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them.

*150—Matric. Test Paper*

With what caution does the hen provide herself with a nest in places unfrequented and free from noise and disturbance! when she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! when she leaves them to provide for her

necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool and become incapable of producing an animal ! But at the same time the hen that has all this seeming ingenuity, is devoid of the least glimmerings of thought or common sense in other respects. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner ; she is insensible of any increase or diminution of the number of those that she lays ; she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species. Her instinct seems to guide her only to that extent which is necessary for the species.

### 151—*Stretch*

Cambyzes, king of Persia, was remarkable for the severity of his government, and his inexorable regard to justice. This prince had a particular favourite, whom he made a judge ; and this judge reckoned himself so secure in the credit of his master, that, without ceremony, causes were bought and sold in the courts of judicature as openly as provisions in the market. But when Cambyzes was informed of these proceedings, enraged to find his friendship so ungratefully abused, the honour of his government prostituted, and the liberty and property of his objects sacrificed to the avarice of this wretched minion, he ordered him to be seized and publicly degraded after which he commanded his skin to be stripped over his ears, and the seat of government to be covered with it, as a warning to others. At the same time to convince the world that his severity proceeded only from the love of justice, he permitted his son to succeed his father in office.

### 152—*Macnaghten*

He who, before the face of his master, makes an outside show of doing his duty, and, as soon as his master's back it turned, does what he knows would grieve him ; who keeps

one kind of behaviour for college and another for home, who behaves respectfully towards his masters, but rudely and unkindly towards his companions, this boy's life is an acted life, a lie which is untrue before men and God. Of course, in your dealings with your friends you will not behave in exactly the same way as you behave in your dealings with your masters. You will of course naturally behave among your equals with an ease and familiarity which you could not assume in the presence of your elders in authority; and such difference of behaviour will be perfectly true as well as perfectly natural and right. But if you do in the presence of your companions an act which you know to be wrong in itself, and which you would fear to do in the presence of your masters, if you do in secret a wicked thing which you would be ashamed to do openly, and then appear before the world as though you had not done it; then this, I say, is to act a lie.

### 153—Buck

\*Of Mr. Henderson it is observed that the oldest of his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected: it was a state of mind he retained under all circumstances. During his residence at Oxford, a student of a neighbouring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson: Some mutual friends introduced him, and having chosen the subject, they conversed for some time with equal candour and moderation; but Henderson's antagonist perceiving his confutation inevitable (forgetting the character of a gentleman and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance) threw a glass of wine in his face. Henderson, without altering his features, or changing his position, gently wiped his face and then coolly replied, "This, Sir, is a digression; now for the argument."



*154—Matric. Test Paper*

As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labour than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, this great difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that another shall reap what the farmer sows ; but no man can be deprived, whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruit of his own studies, and the liberal and extended acquisitions of knowledge which he makes are all for his own use. Labour, therefore, my dear boy, and improve the time. In youth our steps are light and our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid up ; but if we neglect our spring, our summers will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and winter of our old age unrespected and desolate.

*155—Cobbett*

\*But all other considerations aside, health, the most valuable of earthly possessions, and without which the rest are worth nothing, bids us, not only to refrain from excess of eating and drinking, but bids us to stop short of what might be indulged in without any apparent impropriety. The words of ECCLESIASTICUS ought to be read once a week by every young person in the world, and particularly by every young man in this country at this time. "Eat modestly that which is set before thee, and devour not, lest thou be hated. When thou sittest among many, reach not thine hand first of all. How little is sufficient for man well taught ! A wholesome sleep cometh of a temperate belly. Such a man riseth up in the morning, and is well at ease with himself. By surfeit have many perished. He that dieteth himself prolongeth his life." How true are these words ! How well worthy of a constant place in our memories !

*156—Cobbett*

When people get into the habit of sitting up merely for the purpose of talking, it is no easy matter to break themselves of it: and if they do not go to bed early, they cannot rise early. Young people require more sleep than those that are grown up; there must be the number of hours, and that number cannot well be, on an average, less than eight; and, if it be more in winter time, it is all the better; for an hour in bed is better than an hour spent over fire and candle in an idle gossip. People never should sit talking till they do not know what to talk about. It is said by the country-people that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than two are worth after midnight, and this I believe to be a fact; but it is useless to go to bed early, if the time be not well employed after rising.

*157—Lubbock*

Macaulay had wealth and fame, rank and power, and yet he tells us in his biography that he owed the happiest hours of his life to books. In a charming letter to a little girl he says, "Thank you for your very pretty letter, I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books, for when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts and cakes, toys and plays and sights in the world. If any one would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wines and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I should not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

*158—Metric. Test Paper*

To work and at the same time not to care for the results, to help a man and never to think that he ought to be grate-

ful to you, or to do good works and never to have the slightest desire to see whether they bring you name and fame—this is the most difficult thing to do in this world. Even the most arrant coward becomes a brave man when the world begins to praise him. A fool can do heroic deeds when the approbation of society is on him. But for a man to do good works constantly, without courting or caring for the approbation of his fellowmen is indeed the highest sacrifice that a man can perform.

### 159—Smiles

It is difficult to like a man who, though he may not pull your nose, habitually wounds your self-respect, and takes a pride in saying disagreeable things to you. There are others who are dreadfully condescending, and cannot avoid seizing upon every small opportunity of making their greatness felt. When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of Surgeon to St. Bartholomew Hospital, he called upon such a person—a rich grocer, one of the governors. The great man behind the counter seeing the great Surgeon enter, immediately assumed the grand air towards the supposed applicant for his vote. "I presume, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life." Abernethy, who hated humbugs, and felt nettled at the tone, replied, "No I don't; I want a penny worth of figs; come, look sharp and wrap them up; I want to be off!"

### 160—Smiles

\*The men who have most moved the world have not been so much men of genius strictly so called, as men of intense mediocre abilities and untiring perseverance, not so often the gifted, of naturally bright and shining qualities, as those who have applied themselves diligently to their work, in whatsoever line that might be. "Alas!" said a widow, speaking of her brilliant but careless son, "he has not the gift of

continuance." Wanting in perseverance, such volatile natures are outstripped in the race of life by the diligent and even dull. Says the Italian proverb: Who goes slowly goes long and goes far.

### 161—Macaulay

\*Burke's knowledge of India was such as few even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country, have attained, and such as certainly was never attained by public men who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws and the usages of the East with an industry such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility. Others have perhaps been equally laborious and have collected an equal mass of materials. But the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts and on tables of figures was peculiar to himself.

### 162—Smiles

†When Burke lay ill at Beaconsfield, Fox, from whom he had become separated by political differences arising out of the French revolution, went down to see his old friend. But Burke would not grant him an interview; he positively refused to see him. On his return to town, Fox told his friend, Coke, the result of his journey; and when Coke lamented Burke's obstinacy, Fox only replied, good-naturedly: "Ah! never mind Tom; I always find every Irishman has got a potato in his head." Yet Fox, with his usual generosity, when he heard of Burke's impending death, wrote a most kind and cordial letter to Mrs. Burke, expressive of his grief and sympathy; and when Burke was no more, Fox was the first to propose that he should be interred with public honours in Westminster Abbey—which only Burke's own express wish that he should be buried at Beaconsfield, prevented being carried out.

## 163

†One hears with perfect amazement of the number of slaves in the wealthy houses of Rome. A thousand slaves was no extravagant number, and the vast majority of them were idle, uneducated and corrupt. Treated as little better than animals, they lost much of the dignity of men. Their masters possessed over them the power of life and death, and it is shocking to read of the cruelty with which they were often treated. An accidental murmur, a cough, a sneeze, was punished with rods. Mute, motionless, fasting, the slaves had to stand by while their masters supped. A brutal and stupid barbarity often turned a house into the shambles of an executioner, sounding with scourges, chains and yells. Even women inflicted upon their female slaves punishments of the most cruel atrocity for faults of the most venial character.

164—From "*The Times of India*"

Melik Khas was a born leader and he soon distinguished himself as a leader and a soldier, and enriched the coffers of his master, Sultan Mahumud of Ghazni, with the booty and plunder from the Hindu Temples, and earned for himself the sobriquet of "Destroyer of Idols." \* \* \* But soon the voice of slander was raised against him. It was rumoured that the slave being drunk with his successive victories, intended to strike at the throne of his master. The Sultan wishing to set his doubts at rest, sent for Melik, but he sent word that he was engaged in an important conflict with a neighbouring prince, and could not therefore obey his master's behest. This lent colour to the rumours, and the Sultan yielding to the persuasions of his courtiers, took the field against Melik Khas. In the battle that ensued, the Sultan's army fell to pieces before the able generalship of Melik Khas, and the Sultan was taken prisoner. Melik Khas then proceeded in a triumphant procession to the



palace of the Sultan. On reaching the palace, he released the Sultan, and taking him up to the throne, he placed him on it, and fell down at his feet. The Sultan was touched with the devotion of the faithful slave and bestowed upon him the city of Lahore.

### 165—*Smiles*

†How magnanimous was the conduct of Laplace to the young philosopher Biot, when the latter had read to the French Academy his thesis on Higher Mathematics. The assembled savants, at his close, felicitated the reader on the originality of his researches. Laplace praised him for the clearness of his demonstrations, and invited Biot to accompany him home. Arrived there, Laplace took from a closet in his study a paper, yellow with age, and handed it to the young philosopher. To Biot's surprise, he found that it contained the solutions, worked out, for which he had just gained so much applause. With rare magnanimity Laplace withheld all knowledge of the circumstance from the public, and the incident would have remained a secret, had not Biot himself published it some fifty years afterwards.

### 166—*Smiles*

A proper consideration of the value of time will inspire habits of punctuality. "Punctuality," said Louis XIV, "is the politeness of kings;" it is also the duty of gentlemen and the necessity of men of business. Nothing begets confidence in a man sooner than the practice of this virtue, and nothing shakes confidence sooner than the want of it. He who holds to his appointment and does not keep you waiting for him shows that he has regard for your time as well as for his own. Thus punctuality is one of the modes by which we testify our personal respect for those whom we are called upon to meet in the business of life. It is also conscientious in a measure; for an appointment is a contract,

express or implied, and he who does not keep it, breaks faith as well as dishonestly uses other people's time, and thus inevitably loses character. We naturally come to the conclusion that the person who is careless about time will be careless about business, and he is not the one to be trusted with the transaction of matters of importance.

### 167—*Smiles*

\*Samuel Johnson was rude and often gruff in manner. But he had been brought up in a rough school. Poverty in early life had made him acquainted with strange companions. He had wandered in the streets with Savage for nights together, unable between them to raise money enough to pay for a bed. When his indomitable courage and industry at length secured for him a footing in society, he still bore upon him the scars of his early sorrows and struggles. He was by nature strong and robust, and his experience made him unaccommodating and self-asserting. When he was once asked why he was not invited to dine out as Garrick was, he answered, "Because great lords and ladies did not like to have their mouths stopped:" and Johnson was a notorious month-stopper, though what he said was always worth listening to. Johnson's companions spoke of him as "Ursa Major;" but, as Goldsmith generously said of him, "No man alive has a more tender heart; he has nothing of the bear about him but his skin."

### 168—*Chesterfield*

Some take no thought of the value of money until they have come to an end of it, and many do the same with their time. The hours are allowed to flow by unemployed, and then when life is fast waning, they bethink themselves of the duty of making a wiser use of it. But the habit of listlessness and idleness may already have become confirmed and they are unable to break the bonds with which

they have permitted themselves to become bound. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone for ever.

169—*Todd*

As to judging of your character, do not forget that every man is almost sure to overrate his own importance. Our friends flatter us and our own hearts still more. Our faults are not seen, or if seen, passed over, or softened down by both of these parties. The judgment of our enemies, though more severe upon us, is more likely to be correct. They at least open our eyes to defects which we are in danger of never seeing. Another thing is to be noticed. The world praises you for this or that thing which you do. If, on examination, you find the motives of that action wrong or sinful, are you then judging correctly, if you estimate your character by their judgment? Many of our virtues are of a doubtful nature, and we are in danger of placing such to the credit side of the ledger.

170—*Adams*

\*Only the weak, the cowardly, or the idle, seek to excuse themselves by prating of difficulties that cannot be overcome or obstacles that cannot be removed. The engineer, when he cannot carry his railway across or around a mountain, tunnels through it. "Impossibilities!" cried Lord Chatham, "I trample upon impossibilities!" "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau. "Talk not to me of that blockhead of a word." If a man's faith in himself and his mission be real and earnest, he cannot fail to gain a certain measure of success. If he do not satisfy the world, he will at least satisfy the voice of conscience. When we look back upon the history of humanity, we see nothing else but a record of

what has been achieved by men of strong will. "The world is no longer clay," says Emerson, "but rather iron in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady rugged blows."

*171—Smiles*

†While it has been the lot of many great men, in times of difficulty and danger, to be cheered and supported by their wives, More had no such consolation. His helpmate did anything but cheer and console him during his imprisonment in the tower. She could not conceive that there was any sufficient reason for his continuing to be there, when by merely doing what the King required of him, he might at once enjoy his liberty, his orchard, his gallery, and the society of his wife and children. "I marvel," said she to him one day, "that you, who have been always hitherto taken for wise, should now so play the fool as to lie here in this close filthy prison, and be content to be shut up amongst mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, if you would but do as the bishops have done." But More saw his duty from a different point of view. He gently put her aside, saying cheerfully, "Is not this house as nigh heaven as my own?" to which she contemptuously rejoined: "Tilly vally—tilly vally!"

*172—Smiles*

A right-minded man will shrink from seeming to be what he is not, or pretending to be richer than he really is, or assuming a style of living that his circumstances will not justify. He will have courage to live honestly within his means, rather than live dishonestly upon the means of other people; for he who incurs debts in striving to maintain a style of living beyond his income, is in spirit as dishonest as the man who openly picks your pocket. To many this may seem an extreme view, but it will bear the strictest test. The honourable man, on the other hand, if frugal of

his means, and pays his way honestly. He does not seek to pass himself off as richer than he is or by running into debt open an account with ruin. As that man is not poor whose means are small but whose desires are controlled, so that man is rich whose means are more than sufficient for his wants.

### 173—*Chesterfield*

A man of sense may be in haste, but can never be in a hurry, because he knows whatever he does in a hurry he must necessarily do very ill. He may be in haste to despatch an affair ; but he will take care not to let that haste hinder his doing it well. Little minds are in a hurry when the object proves (as it commonly does) too big for them ; they run, they worry, they puzzle, confound and perplex themselves ; they want to do everything at once, and never do it at all. But a man of sense takes the time necessary for doing the thing he is about, well ; and his haste to despatch a business only appears by the continuity of his application to it ; he pursues it with a cool steadiness and finishes it before he begins any other.

### 174—*Macaulay*

†Frederic the Great of Prussia allowed his subjects a great liberty of speaking and writing. Confident in the irresistible strength derived from a great army, the king looked down upon malcontents and libellers with a wise disdain ; and gave little encouragement to spies and informers. \* \* \* He once saw a crowd staring at something on a wall. He rode up and found that the object of curiosity was a scurrilous placard against himself. The placard had been posted up so high that it was not easy to read it. Frederic ordered his attendants to take it down and put it lower. "My people and I," he said, "have come to an agreement which satisfies us both. They are



to say what they please, and I am to do what I please." No person would have dared to publish in London satires on George the Second approaching to the atrocity of those satires on Frederic, which the booksellers at Berlin sold with impunity. One bookseller sent to his palace a copy of the most stinging lampoon that perhaps was ever written in the world, the *Memoirs of Voltaire*, and asked for his Majesty's orders. "Do not advertize it in an offensive manner," said the king. "but sell it by all means. I hope it will pay you well."

*175—Carlyle*

Advices, I believe, to young men—and to all men—are very seldom much valued. There is a great deal of advising, and very little faithful performing. And talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether. I would not therefore go much into advising; but there is one advice I must give you. It is, in fact, the summary of all advices, and you have heard it a thousand times, I daresay; but I must, nevertheless, let you hear it the thousand and first time, for it is most intensely true that above all things, the interest of your life depends upon your being diligent now, while it is called today, in this place where you have come to get education. Diligent! That includes all virtues in it that a student can have; I mean to include in it all qualities that lead into the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is the seed-time of life, in which, if you do not sow or if you sow tares instead of wheat you cannot expect to reap well afterwards and you will arrive at indeed little; while in the course of years when you come to look back, and if you have not done what you have heard from your wise advisers, you will bitterly repent when it is too late.

176—*Adams*

†We see no reason to doubt the truth of the essayist's assertion that some men are born with a genius for money-making, with the instinct of accumulation. Like Midas, they turn to gold everything which they touch ; and everything so converted they hasten to put away in their treasury. The faculty of converting shillings into sovereigns, and sovereigns into bank-notes by means of shrewd bargains and felicitous investments would seem to be as strongly marked in some men as the love of and capacity for music in others or the genius of poetry in our Miltons and Shakespeares. The faculty buds at school, where the boy has always a stock of petty acquisitions quite dazzling to the eye of his less enterprising comrades. It can no more be crushed out than the musical sympathies of a Beethoven or the scientific fertility of a Faraday. Like them, an Astor, a Baring, a Rothschild has each his sphere in the world, his "talent" to cultivate, his work to do.

177—*Annie Besant*

\*Swami Vivekanand, speaking in America, told a somewhat graphic story, in order to impress upon his hearers how little as a rule people really longed after God. He told of a young man who came to a religious teacher and said that he wanted to find God. The sage smiled and said nothing. The young man returned time after time, ever repeating the intensity of his desire, his longing to find God. After many days the sage told him to accompany him as he went to the river to take his morning bath ; and when both were in the river, the sage took hold of the young man and plunged him under the surface of the water and held him there. The young man struggled and struggled to shake off his hold. Finally he raised him out of the water, and said to him, "My son, what did you long for most when under the water?"

"A breath of air," gasped the youth. "Thus must the would-be disciple long after God if he would find Him. If you have this longing after God, verily He shall be found by you."

### 178—*Smiles*

†In the case of Johnson's life, it was the seeing eye of Boswell that enabled him to note and treasure up those minute details of habit and conversation in which so much of the interest of biography consists. He lets us know how Johnson looked, what dress he wore, what was his talk, what were his prejudices. He painted him with all his scars, and a wonderful portrait it is, perhaps the most complete picture of a great man ever limned in words. Others there are who have bequeathed great works to posterity, but of whose lives next to nothing is known. What should we not give to have a Boswell's account of Shakespeare? We positively know more of Socrates, of Horace, of Cicero, of Augustine, than we do of Shakespeare. We do not know what was his religion, what were his experiences, what were his relation to his contemporaries. The men of his own time do not seem to have recognized his greatness; and Ben Jonson, the court poet, whose blank verse Shakespeare was content to commit to memory and recite as an actor, stood higher in popular estimation.

### 179—*Cunningham*

The English leaders of the native army, in its earlier days appear to have wielded a strange spell over their followers. Romantic stories are told of the devotion with which the native soldier regarded his European officer, and the chivalrous loyalty with which he obeyed him. On one occasion the Sepoys had stood by Clive against a mutiny of English officers and troops. On another they had, when food was running short, given up their own rations in order that the Europeans of the garrison, less inured than themselves to privation,

might not feel the pinch of hunger. An honourable record of meritorious service had embodied itself in the tradition that the Sepoy, if properly led, would go anywhere and do anything that his officer enjoined. The officers, on the other hand, were proud of their men, careful of their well-being, and confident in their loyalty—a confidence which, in many instances, was not to be shaken by the clearest evidence.

### 180

The Spartans were a very strange people—strange because they put honesty before cleverness, health before wealth, courage before cunning, and strength before all. They lived in the south of Greece over twenty centuries ago, but their fame is known throughout the West to-day. This is because they wanted to be fine men and not rich men, because they wanted to do things and not have things, and because they wanted what was good for mind, body and soul, and not what was pleasant. To this day we call a man Spartan if we wish to say that he knows how to deny himself what he wants, that he is strong in character, and that he “eats to live” rather than “lives to eat.” The Spartans were better than the other Greeks because they had better aims. When the rest of Greece was trying to get rich and to live in luxury and splendour, Sparta was trying to get strong and to live in such a way as should be the very best for mind, body and soul.

### 181—*Carlyle*

†I daresay you know, very many of you, that it is now eight hundred years since Universities were first set up in Europe. Abelard and other people had risen up with doctrines in them the people wished to hear of and students flocked towards them from all parts of the world. There was no getting the thing recorded as you may now. You had to hear them speaking to you orally, or, else you could

not learn at all what it was they wanted to say. And so they gathered together, the various people who had anything to teach, and formed themselves gradually under the patronage of kings and other potentates who were anxious about the culture of their populations, nobly anxious for their benefit, and became a University. But all that is greatly altered by the invention of printing, which took place about midway between us and the origin of Universities. A man has not now to go a long way to where a professor is actually speaking, because in most cases he can get his doctrine out of him through a book and can read it, and read it again and study it. I do not know that I know of any way in which the whole facts of a subject may be more completely taken in, if our studies are moulded in conformity with it. Nevertheless, Universities have, and will continue to have, an indispensable value in society—a very high value. I consider the very highest interests of man are vitally intrusted to them.

## 182

†The habits of study acquired at Universities are of the highest importance in after-life. At the season when you are in young years, the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to order it to form itself into. The mind is in a fluid state, but it hardens up gradually to the consistency of rock or iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man, but as he has begun, so it will proceed and go on to the last. By diligence, I mean among other things, honesty in all your inquiries into what you are about. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. Keep, I mean to say, an accurate separation of what you have really come to know in your own minds, and what is still unknown. Leave all that on the hypothetical side of the barrier as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all ;



and be careful not to stamp a thing as known when you do not really know it. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence.

### *183—Metric. Test Paper*

It is a fact that earnest and serious diligence does succeed. Such a labourer is worthy of his hire at least. Prosperity is the natural reward of industry. This is true of peoples as well as of individuals. The earth bringeth forth fruit of herself while man sleeps and rises, but before that there must have been the preparatory toil, ploughing, sowing and weeding ; and when nature has done all, there must still be labour, the labour of harvest, reaping and gathering and winnowing. Nothing thrives in the sluggard's garden. If a man will do nothing for his farm, his farm will do nothing for him. Human life and the whole order of society are maintained by labour and those who will not work have no real place in the social scheme. The world's means of subsistence is won only by labour.

### *184—Lubbock*

To get the greatest amount, I will not merely say of benefit, but even of enjoyment, from books, we must read for improvement rather than for amusement. Light and entertaining books are valuable, just as sugar is an important article of food, especially for children, but we cannot live upon it.

Moreover there are books that are no books, and to read which is mere waste of time ; while there are others so bad, that we cannot read them without pollution ; which, if they were men we should kick into the street. There are cases in which it is well to be warned against the temptations and

dangers of life, but anything which familiarizes us with evil, it itself an evil.

So also there are others, happily many others, which no one can read without being the better for them. By useful literature we do not mean that only which will help a man in his business or profession. That is useful no doubt, but by no means the highest use of books. The best books elevate us into a region of disinterested thought where personal objects fade into insignificance, and the troubles and the anxieties of the world are forgotten.

### 185—*Todd*

Never set up any pretensions for a genius. But few such are born into the world ; and of those few, though envied greatly, and imitated as greatly, but very few indeed leave the world wiser or better than they found it. The object of hard study is not to draw out geniuses, but to take minds such as are formed in a common mould, and fit them for active and decisive usefulness. Nothing is so much coveted by a youngman as the reputation of being a genius ; and many seem to feel that the want of patience for laborious application and deep research is a true mark of genius ; while a real genius like Sir Isaac Newton, with great modesty, says, that the great and only difference between his mind and the minds of others consisted solely in its having more patience. You may have a good mind, a sound judgment, or a vivid imagination or a wide reach of thought and of views ; but believe me, you probably are not a genius and can never become distinguished without severe application.

### 186—*Webster Smith*

To men of any spirit the opposition of Nature constitutes a challenge which cannot be ignored. The sense of battle

rouses a fierce joy in them that no mere adverse reasoning can ever destroy, and the very idea of impossibility is foreign to their natures. This spirit taught men to fly, regardless of the laws of gravity. It taught them to rush along the ground at speeds exceeding three miles—now almost four miles—in a minute. It taught them to jump down through thousands of feet of space aided by nothing better than something resembling a large umbrella.

The same spirit actuates mountain-climbers. No sooner do they perceive a peak than they must climb it. Although there are good scientific reasons for climbing mountains, they are not very strong ones; the moral reasons are far stronger. It is a noble thing to endeavour to surmount difficulties and to penetrate into realms where ordinary men dare not venture.

### *187—C. U. Matric., 1927*

Self-reliance is the pilgrim's best staff, the worker's best tool. It is the master key that unlocks all the difficulties of life. "Help yourself and Heaven will help you" is a maxim which receives daily confirmation. He who begins with crutches will generally end with crutches. Help from within always strengthens, but help from without invariably enfeebles the recipient. It is not in the sheltered garden but in the rugged Alpine cliff where the storms beat most violently, that the toughest plants are reared. It is not by the use of corks, bladders and life-buoys that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging courageously into the waves and buffeting them.

To wait until some charitable man passes by—to stand with arms folded, sighing for a helping hand—is not the part of any manly mind. The habit of depending upon others should be vigorously resisted, since it tends to

weaken the intellectual faculties and paralyze the judgment. The struggle against adverse circumstances has, on the contrary, a bracing and strengthening effect, like that of the pure mountain air on an enfeebled frame.

This is the lesson which, now-a-days, is not taught in the schools. To us it seems the vice of modern systems of education that they lay down too many "royal roads to knowledge". Those impediments which formerly compelled the student to think and labour for himself are now most carefully removed, and he glides so smoothly along the well-beaten highway that he pauses not to heed the flowers on either side. The race of thorough and complete scholars is dying out. Our young men are employed to such an extent with manuals that explain everything, and guides that go everywhere, that they find no occasion for thought. Why spend an hour in grappling with an obscure passage when it is cleared up beautifully in an obliging 'note'? In a word, why take any trouble at all when so many are willing to relieve you of it?

### 188—Macnaghten

Courage must be guided by prudence. Blind fearlessness which rushes on danger, with no good or useful purpose in view, is not courage, but *bravado*. The soldier who recklessly rushes from his ranks alone, against a host with the certainty of being killed—without the possibility of doing any good, will be condemned as a desperate madman; but if, like Horatius in the ballad, a man has a hope, however forlorn, of arresting a host by his personal valour, then he shows true courage in facing the risk, and in dying, if need be, for others' good. But vain waste of life is not courage at all. And so, also, in the ordinary affairs of life to tilt with blind zeal against everything which is not in

accordance with our wishes, to be constantly finding fault, and asking for reforms without due consideration, this is the conduct of "fools" who "rush in where angels fear to tread"; this is not courage, but meddlesome folly. So, moral courage, like physical courage, must be attended by careful thought; we must think before we act; "to have a right judgment is necessary in all things. and courage without a right judgment is recklessness. This is what we mean by the proverb, Prudence is the better part of valour.

### 189—Macnaghten

Moral courage is of the mind, while physical courage is of the body; but mind and body are so closely connected that I think it impossible to separate the one sort of courage from the other. In many instances of human daring, moral courage is combined with physical,—to a resolute endurance of physical suffering is added a consciousness of duty. But while physical courage in a human being implies, at the least, some moral courage, moral courage implies much more. For there are things—there are many things—more difficult to bear than bodily pain; and moral courage, in defence of the right, dares to bear them all. This moral courage is the courage which braces us always to do our duty; always, in spite of all opposition, of all derision, of all loss or trouble, to think, say, and do what we know to be right. This is the noblest form of courage, and yet it is the courage most commonly required; it is the courage which every day, almost every hour, demands of us all.

### 190—Ruskin

And therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I know I am right in this), that you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and



assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay letter by letter. The study of books is called literature, and a man versed in it is called, a man of letters, instead of a man of books or of words. You might read all the books of the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly "illiterate", uneducated person : but if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, that is to say, with real accuracy, you are for evermore, in some measure, an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated man may, perhaps, not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read few books ; but whatever language he knows, he knows precisely.

### 191

The inhabitants of great cities have recourse to gymnastics as a substitute for the sports of the country. These exercises have one advantage—they can be directed scientifically so as to strengthen the limbs that need development ; but no city gymnasium can offer the invigorating breezes of the mountain. We require not only exercise but exposure—daily exposure to the health-giving inclemencies of the weather. The postman who brings my letters walks eight thousand miles a year and enjoys the most perfect regularity of health. There are workmen in factories who go through quite as much bodily exertion, but they have not his fine condition. He is as merry as a lark, and announces himself every morning like a bearer of joyful tidings. What the postman does from necessity an old gentleman did as regularly, though more moderately, for the preservation of his health and faculties. He went out every day ; and he never consulted the weather, so he never had to consult the physicians.

*192—Macnaghten*

To speak the truth under all circumstances—this is moral courage. When we are conscious that we have done wrong, then not to be afraid of the shame, but fearlessly to confess the fault—this is moral courage. Not to be ashamed of comparative poverty, comparative weakness, comparative ignorance ; not to be ashamed, in general, of our inferiority to others ; but under all circumstances to do our best, simply, candidly, honestly, without regard to the favour of man and with regard only to duty and God—this is moral courage. To bear with calm unruffled spirit, pain, disappointment and bereavement, braving the worst and hoping the best, seeing the sun behind the cloud—this is moral courage. It is written in the recently published life of a Punjab officer Reynell Taylor, that he was “a hero absolutely fearless, not only in battle and bodily exposure, but in every daily occupation of life ; he feared God and nothing else.” To fear God and nothing else—this is moral courage.

*193—Macnaghten*

There are two kinds of courage. There is the buoyant courage of the man who is blest by Heaven with a sanguine temperament ; the man who will not see danger ; who is able to walk about with a smiling countenance and with a cheerful heart amidst mines and powder magazines. But there is another and a higher courage still. There is the cool, deliberate courage of the responsible ruler who is determined to shut his eyes to nothing, to explore all the ramifications of the danger, to realise to himself and to take care that others should realise also, so far as it is necessary for them to do so, the full magnitude of the stake at issue, and then, having counted the cost beforehand and reckoned the possibility or even the probability of failure, sits

down, determined by every means in his power to make the probable improbable and the possible impossible. It is the prerogative of such a man, only of such a man, to "look ahead to take a statesmanlike view, and careless of what others may say or think of him, looking for neither praise nor blame with dogged determination, to do the right, whatever comes of it, and to fall, if need be at his post.

## 194

Perseverance is a prime quality in every pursuit. Yours is too, the time of life to acquire this inestimable habit. Men fell much oftner from want of perseverance than from want of talent and of good disposition: as the race was not to the hare but to the tortoise, so the meed of success in study is to him who is not in haste, but to him who proceeds with a steady and even step. It is not to a want of taste or desire or of disposition to learn that we have to ascribe the rareness of good scholars so much as to the want of patient perseverance. Grammar is a branch of knowledge; like all other things of high value, it is of difficult acquirement; the study is dry; the subject is intricate; it engages not the passions; and, if the *great end* be not kept constantly in view, if you lose, for a moment, sight of the ample reward, indifference begins, that is followed by weariness, and disgust and despair close the book. To guard against this result be not in *haste*; *keep steadily* on; and, when you find weariness approaching rouse yourself and remember, that if you give up, all that you have done has been done in vain. This is a matter of great moment: for out of every ten, who undertake the task, there are, perhaps, nine who abandon it in despair; and this too, merely for the want of resolution to overcome the first approaches of weariness.

## 195

\*Perseverance is the very hinge of all our virtues. On looking over the world the cause of nine-tenths of the lamentable failures which occur in men's undertakings and darken and degrade so much of their history, lies not in the want of talents or the will to use them but in the vacillating and desultory mode of using them, in flying from object to object, in starting away from each little disgust and thus applying the force which might conquer any one difficulty to a series of difficulties so large that no human force could conquer them. The smallest brook on earth, by continuing to run, hallowed out for itself a considerable valley to flow in. Without it all the rest are little better than fairy gold, which glitters in your purse, but when taken to the market proves to be slate or cinders.

196—*Jeremey Taylor*

Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the outquarters of an army. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer; it causes the thoughts to be troubled and broken, so that there cannot be that attention which presents our prayer in a right line to God; and the good man who yields to such an infirmity must be content to lose his prayer; and he can recover it only when his anger is removed and his spirit becalmed.

197—*Smiles*

"A merry heart," says Solomon, "maketh a cheerful countenance," and elsewhere, "A merry heart doth good like medicine." Cheerfulness is indispensable to manly life;

and is in many respects the source of success. The spirit must be kept elastic, in order to scare away fantasies and overcome the difficulties that have to be encountered in great undertakings. In fact, cheerfulness means a contented spirit, a pure heart, and a kind loving disposition. It means also humility and charity, generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. It is not so much by great deeds that good is to be done, as by the little civil courtesies of life, the daily quiet virtues, and the Christian temper and sympathy. "Little rivulets are of more use than warring cataracts, the former flow in gentle, quiet beauty, the latter carry before them ruin and destruction. It is the same with the acts of our daily lives.

### 198

You should make a special point of asking God every morning to give you, before all else, that true spirit of meekness which He would have his children possess. You must also make a firm resolution to practise yourself in this virtue, especially in your intercourse with those persons to whom you owe it. You must make it your main object to conquer yourself in this matter; call it to mind a hundred times during the day, commending your efforts to God. It seems to me that no more than this is needed in order to subject your soul entirely to His will, and then you will become more gentle day by day, trusting wholly in His goodness. You will be very happy, my dearest child, if you can do this, for God will dwell in your heart; and where he reigns all is peace. But if you should fail, and commit some of your old faults, do not be disheartened, but rise up and go on again as though you had not fallen.



### SECTION III

#### HARDER PROSE PASSAGES

##### 199—*Smiles*

How a man uses money—makes it, saves it, and spends it—is perhaps one of the best tests of practical wisdom. Although money ought by no means to be regarded as a chief end of man's life, neither is it a trifling matter, to be held in philosophic contempt, representing, as it does to so large an extent, the means of physical comfort and social well-being. Indeed, some of the finest qualities of human nature are intimately related to the right use of money, such as generosity, honesty, justice and self-sacrifice. On the other hand, there are their counterparts of avarice, fraud, injustice and selfishness, as displayed by the inordinate lovers of gain; and the vices of thriftlessness, extravagance, and improvidence on the part of those who misuse and abuse the means entrusted to them. So then, as is wisely observed by Henry Taylor in his thoughtful 'Notes from Life,' "a right measure and manner in getting, giving, saving, spending, taking, lending, borrowing and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man."

##### 200—*Irving*

\*There is a something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feeling of infancy. Who that has languished even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother that "looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring

tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience ; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment ; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity :—and if misfortune overtake him he will be the dearer to her from misfortune ; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him inspite of his disgrace ; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

## 201

Columbus was naturally irascible and impetuous and keenly sensible to injury and injustice ; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the generosity and benevolence of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, braved in his authority, foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person, by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that, too, at times when suffering under anguish of body and anxiety of mind, enough to exasperate the most patient, yet he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate. Nor can the reader of his eventful life fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget, on the least sign of repentance and atonement. He has been exalted for his skill in controlling others, but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

## 202

\*Men of business are accustomed to quote the maxim that time is money, but it is much more : the proper im-

provement of it is self-culture. self-improvement, and growth of character. An hour wasted daily in trifles or in indolence, would, if devoted to self-improvement, make an ignorant man wise in a few years, and employed in good works, would make life fruitful. Fifteen minutes a day devoted to self-improvement, will be felt at the end of the year. Good thoughts and carefully gathered experience take up no room, and are carried about with us as companions everywhere, without cost or incumbrance. An economical use of time is the true mode of securing leisure : it enables us to get through business and carry it forward, instead of being driven by it. On the other hand, the miscalculation of time involves us in perpetual hurry, confusion, and difficulties.

### 203—*Macaulay*

\*The man who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed his scheme, at a time when the ablest servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline, and guided by the tactics, of the West. He saw also that the native of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies such as Saxe or Frederic would be proud to command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which an European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern the motions, and to speak through the mouth of some glittering puppet dignified by the title of Nabob or Nizam. The

arts both of war and policy which were, a few years later employed with such signal success by the English, were first understood and practised by this ingenious and aspiring Frenchman.

### 204—Todd

The most effectual means of security against weariness, disgust or despair, threatening to interfere with your studies, is to lay down a rule to write or read a certain fixed quantity *every day*, Sunday excepted. Our minds are not always in the same state ; they have not, at all times, the same elasticity ; to-day we are full of hope on the very same grounds which, tomorrow, afford us no hope at all : every human being is liable to those flows and ebbs of the mind ; but if reason interfere, and bid you overcome *the fits of lassitude* and almost mechanically to go on without the stimulus of hope, the buoyant fit speedily returns ; you congratulate yourself that you did not yield to the temptation to abandon your pursuit, and you proceed with more vigour than ever. Five or six triumphs over temptation to indolence or despair lay the foundation of certain success ; and what is of still more importance, fix in you the habit of perseverance.

### 205—Webster Smith

The monasteries of Tibet, although brightly painted,—usually in red and gilt or some other gaudy mixture—were by no means clean. They often contained hundreds of monks in a marvellous condition of filth, wearing long greasy robes, and markedly Chinese in aspect, but very simple, child-like, and easy to get on when once their confidence had been won. Their personal habits took a lot of getting used to. No Tibetan, be he monk or otherwise, loves water. The majority never wash at all while those who do wash, indulge in this luxury so rarely as to be indistinguishable

from the rest. The stale smell of unclean bodies, combined with the fumes of incense, the stench from rotten fat, and the still worse smell from open drains and masses of garbage so tainted the air that, in a head wind, a monastery might be sensed long before it came into sight.

### 206—*C. U. Matric., 1916*

\*The most singular animal known in the Himalayas is the musk-deer, a creature timid and wild to excess; it lives secluded from the sight of man, and indeed of every other animal but its own species, inhabiting the most inaccessible heights and living among precipices that defy the approach of human foot, in a neighbourhood where the cold is intense and the snows are eternal. It is seldom seen at a height lower than 12,000 feet above the sea, though sometimes forced to quit the heights in search of pasture, which is scanty in proportion as the snowy regions are approached. The musk-deer when full-grown is about the size of a calf six months old. The animal is extremely active and so shy that it is difficult to be met with and no less difficult to be secured when killed. The musk is contained in a small bag under the belly. The musk-deer is so rare that whenever one is seen the whole population of the district quit their homes to join the chase.

### 207—*Todd*

As to keeping out of debt you will perhaps say that your circumstances are such that you must relinquish your studies at once and for ever, or be in debt. What shall you do in such a case? I reply, if you must meet an evil and carry a burden on your back for years, make every effort to have it as light as possible. You must be in debt, we will suppose. Try then and see how little you can be in debt and possibly get along. In this case, in order to have the mind as free as you can, borrow your money at one place, and in sums so large



that you need have no small debts upon which you think and over which you ache every time you walk out. Keep a small book, in which you register all the items of your expense, and frequently look it over, and see if there be an item registered which you might have saved by the most rigid economy.

208—*C. U. Matric., 1918*

\*The principal source of gratification derived by the European traveller, on his sojourn in a country village in Hindustan, is the diversity of new and attractive objects, which are continually presented to view in his excursions through the neighbouring hamlets. The truth of this was never perhaps more fully developed to the mind of the traveller than on the following occasion. It was about the hour of twelve or one, when we found ourselves in the midst of a forest, on our return from shooting. Suddenly there appeared in front of us a bevy of elephants, about fifty in number; they were proceeding to join some of the Company's infantry regiments, having halted in a plain of the forest, interspersed with lofty trees, the leaves of which were of singular extension, and formed a complete shelter from the sun's rays. Some of the elephants were of an enormous size. They appeared perfectly tame, suffering me to approach close to them, while they were occupied in helping themselves with their trunks to the leaves of trees, furnished by their keepers. The appearance of so many of these colossal animals feeding themselves, and tossing immense boughs in the air with their huge trunks, was a superb spectacle. Some were on the ground, apparently dozing; others busily engaged in cooling themselves by spirting water through their trunks over their bodies, in fondling one another, or beating off the flies with the flaps of their ears. The bright glare

of the atmosphere—the wild grandeur displayed in the surrounding landscape;—the novel group of men and animals before me; altogether conveyed to my mind an enviable sensation of delight.

### 209—*Irving*

\*The great error in Rip's constitution was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He could carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

### 210—*C. U. Matric., 1924*

\*Early in the beginning of that year, the eagle eye of Sir George Campbell discovered from the watch-tower of Belvedere the approach of a formidable enemy in the north-western corner of the territories over which he bore sway. He looked at the sky, and behold, it was brass. He looked at the earth, and behold, it was flint. With characteristic energy he blew the note of alarm. Day after day, week after week, month after month, millions of the population looked up anxiously to the skies, to discover a cloud of the size of even a man's hand. But not a speck

was seen in the blue canopy. The heavens had been completely shut up. When there was no doubt that famine would be sore in a part, at least, of Bengal, the supreme and the local governments made extraordinary exertions to store up food for starving millions. And yet it is a singular fact, that there are people in India, both Englishmen and Indians, who thought that the famine was a hoax, that it was 'got up' by Sir George Campbell, and that the show was kept up by his able successor, Sir Richard Temple.

### 211—*Smiles*

The life of Professor Wilson was a marvel of cheerful labouriousness ; exhibiting the power of the soul to triumph over the body, and almost to set it at defiance. Sometimes he was compelled to desist from labours by sheer debility, occasioned by loss of blood from the lungs ; but after a few weeks' rest and change of air, he would return to his work, saying, "The water is rising to the well again !" Though disease had fastened on his lungs, and was spreading there, and though suffering from a distressing cough, he went on lecturing as usual. To add to his troubles, when one day endeavouring to recover himself from a stumble occasioned by his lameness, he overstrained his arm, and broke the bone near his shoulder. But he recovered from his illness in the most extraordinary way. The reed bent but did not break : the storm passed, and it stood erect as before.

### 212—*C. U. Matric., 1929*

\*Young people naturally and commendably seek the society of those of their own age, but be careful in choosing your companions : and lay this down as a rule never to be departed from, that no youth, nor man, ought to be called your friend who is addicted to indecent talk or who is fond of low society. Either of these argues a depraved taste, and even a depraved heart,—an absence of all principle and all trust-

worthiness ; and, I have remarked it all my life long, that young men addicted to these vices never succeed in the end, whatever advantages they may have, whether in fortune or in talent. Fond mothers and fathers are but too apt to be over-lenient to such offenders ; and so long as youth lasts and fortune smiles, the punishment is deferred ; but it comes at last : it is sure to come ; and the gay and dissolute youth is a dejected and miserable man.

### 213—*Macnaghten*

The idea of courage, as well as of valour or manliness, in general, is associated with that physical strength which rather belongs to men than to women. Nevertheless history gives us abundant instances of bravery in women who, in courage, if not in strength, have often been leaders of men. You will remember Sultana Rezia who led her own forces to battle, who was as vigorous in council as in war. and was endowed with such princely virtue that those who scrutinize her actions most severely will find in her no fault but that she was a woman. Think, too, of the famous Chand Bibi of Ahmadnagar who, in Akbar's reign when Prince Murad was leading his troops against her own, flew to the breach in full armour, with a veil over her face and a naked sword in her hand, and having thus checked the first assault of the Moghuls, she continued her exertions till every power within the place was called forth against them. She so kindled the enthusiasm of the garrison by her activity and energy that the Moghuls, though still superior in the field, were glad to accept an honourable peace.

### 214—*D. Swift*

Although you usually called reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe the maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Liliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient

proof that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons has claim to certain privileges according to his quality or condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use : he likewise acquires the title of *Snilpall* or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and one each side, to signify circumspection : with a bag of gold open in her right hand, a sword sheathed in her left, to show that she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

### 215—Cobbet

As to gaming it is always criminal, either in itself, or in its tendency. The basis of it is covetousness ; a desire to take from others something, for which you have given, and intend to give, no equivalent. No gambler was yet a happy man, and few gamblers have escaped being miserable ; and, observe, *to game for nothing* is still gaming, and naturally leads to gaming for something. It is sacrificing time, and that too, for the worst of purposes. I have kept house for nearly forty years : I have entertained as many friends as most people : and I have never had cards, dice, nor any implement of gaming, under my roof. The hours that young men spend in this way are hours *murdered* ; precious hours, that ought to be spent either in reading or in writing, or in rest preparatory to the duties of the dawn.

### 216—Smiles

No man has ever attained real eminence who did not toil ; for sustained toil a resolute will is essential. The person.



who is readily wearied can only be preserved from mediocrity by the possession of remarkable powers; and these last but few possess. "How much I could do if I tried!" is the pose of many persons; especially young persons who think it is grand to be possessed of capacities, which are of little worth if not cultivated. What would be thought of a man who had a garden overgrown with weeds, and pointed to the luxuriance of their growth as an evidence of the excellent quality of the soil, adding, "See what it would grow if I cultivated it!" All would think him a fool; and yet many young persons pride themselves upon their mind-gardens being in a neglected state.

### 217—Smiles

The person who is negligent of time and its employment is usually found to be a general disturber of others' peace and serenity. Everybody with whom the unpunctual man has to do, is thrown from time to time into a state of fever; he is systematically late, regular only in his irregularity. He arrives at his appointment after time; gets to the railway station after the train has started; posts his letters when the box has closed. Thus business is thrown into confusion, and everybody concerned is thrown out of temper. It will generally be found that the men who are thus habitually behind time are as habitually behind success; and the world generally casts them aside to swell the ranks of grumblers and the railers against fortune.

### 218—Todd

The reader will be pleased with the following notice of Mr. Brewer, afterwards a valuable minister of the gospel. While a student he was always known to be punctual in attending the lectures at the tutor's house. The students boarded in neighbouring families, and at stated hour met for recitation. One morning the clock struck seven, and all

rose up for prayer, according to custom. The tutor, looking round, and observing that Mr. Brewer was absent, paused awhile. Seeing him now enter the room, he thus addressed him : "Sir, the clock has struck and we were ready to begin ; but as you were absent, we supposed it was too fast, and therefore waited." The clock was actually too fast by some minutes.

### 219—C. U. Matric., 1910

\*The good servant prefers his employer to himself. The good employer considers the welfare of his servant more than his own profit. From the sweeping of a floor to the governing of a country—from the baking of a loaf to the watching by the sick-bed of a friend—there is the same rule everywhere. Let the thought of self intrude, let the worker but pause to consider how much reward his work will bring to him and the power of his genius will be gone from him.

### 220—Cobett

Extravagance in dress is to be avoided, particularly in youths and young men. This sort of extravagance, this waste of money on the decoration of the body, arises solely from vanity of the most contemptible sort. It arises from the notion that all the people in the street, for instance, will be *looking at you* as soon as you walk out, and that they will in a greater or less degree, think the better of you on account of your fine dress. Never was notion more false. All the sensible people that happen to see you will think nothing at all about you ; those who are filled with the same vain notion as you are, will perceive your attempt to impose on them, and will despise you accordingly ; rich people will wholly dis-regard you ; and you will be envied and hated by those who have the same vanity that you have, without the means of gratifying it.

## 221—Todd

One of the greatest minds, which this or any other country ever produced, has been known to be so engrossed in thinking on a particular subject that his horse has waded through the corner of a pond ; yet, though the water covered the saddle, he was wholly insensible to the cause of his being wet. I mention this, not to recommend such an abstraction, but to show that he who has his attention, and the power of fixing it when he pleases, will be successful in study. Need I say here that you can never command the attention if you are in the habit of yielding to your appetites and passions ? "No man," says one who knew, "whose appetites are his masters can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influence, must first become superior to his own passions."

## 222—Col. Tod

To commemorate the desolation of Chitore which the bardic historian represent as a 'widow' despoiled of the ornaments to her loveliness, Pratap interdicted to himself and his successors every article of luxury or pomp, until the insignia of her glory should be redeemed. The gold and silver dishes were laid aside for *patras* made of leaves ; their beds henceforth of straw, and their beards untouched. But in order more distinctly to mark their fallen fortune and stimulate them to its recovery, he commanded that martial *nakaras* which always sounded in the van of battles or processions should follow in the rear. This last sign of the depressions of Mewar still survives ; the beard is yet untouched by the shears and even in the subterfuge by which the patriot king's behest is set aside we have a tribute to his memory ; for though his descendant eats off gold and silver and sleeps upon a bed, he places leaves beneath the one and straw under the other.

## 223—Cobbett

It is a great mistake to suppose that we can derive any advantage by extravagance in dress. Men are estimated by other men according to their capacity and willingness to be in some way or other useful ; and though, with the foolish and vain part of women, fine clothes do something, yet the greater part of the sex are much too penetrating to draw their conclusions solely from the outside show of a man ; they look deeper, and find other criterions whereby to judge. And, after all, if the fine clothes obtain you a wife, will they bring you, in that wife, frugality, good sense, and that sort of attachment that is likely to be lasting ? Natural beauty of person is quite another thing : this always has, it always will and must have, some weight even with men, and great weight with women. But this does not want to be set off by expensive clothes.

## 224—Todd

Franklin rose high, and his name is engraven deep and fair, on the roll of immortality ; but he began his greatness by making an almanac ; he continued to make it for years, and rose, step by step, till he was acknowledged as the head of modern philosophers. That great man who returned to his study, and finding that his little dog had turned over the table and burned up the papers on which he had been engaged for years, yet calmly said, "You have done me a great mischief, Diamond," showed a soul truly great ; and his greatness in this instance consisted in his patience. Without a murmur he sat down, and began to do over the same great labour. He lived to complete it ; and it was the admiration of the learned world. Yet how few have the patience thus to sit down and labour day by day for years ! Franklin also fully cultivated this trait of character, and it was to this that he owed his greatness.

225—*C. U. Matric., 1919*

\*The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of continental armies; yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the enemy fired on them. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men are not going to charge! Alas, it was but too true. Their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed by those who, without power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing into the arms of death. At the distance of one thousand to hundred yards the whole line of the enemy poured forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by immediate gaps in our ranks, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain.

226—*Smiles*

But while homes which are the nurseries of character may be the best of schools, they may also be the worst. Between childhood and manhood how incalculable is the mischief which ignorance in the home has the power to cause! Between the drawing of the first breath and the last, how vast is the moral suffering and disease occasioned by incompetent mothers and nurses. Commit a child to the care of a worthless ignorant woman and no culture in after life will remedy the evil you have done. Let the mother be idle, vicious, and a slattern; let her home be pervaded by cavilling, petulance and discontent, and it will become a dwelling of misery—a place to fly from rather than to fly to; and the children whose misfortune it is to be brought up there will be morally dwarfed and deformed—the cause of misery to themselves as well as to others.



## 227

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation.. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind.. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind he appeared with a careful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes, he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. Sometimes, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if by their dastardly behaviour they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they had meditated, but prevailed upon them to accompany their Admiral for some time longer.

## 228—Cobbett

The love of what is called 'good eating and drinking', if very unamiable in grown up persons, is perfectly hateful in a *youth*, and, if he indulges in the propensity, he is already half-ruined. To warn you against acts of fraud, robbery, and violence, is not my province; that is the business of those who make and administer the *law*. I am not talking to you against acts which the jailor and the hangman punish; nor against those moral offences which all men condemn; but against indulgences, which, by men in general, are deemed not harmless, but meritorious, but

which the observation of my whole life has taught me to regard as destructive to human happiness, and against which all ought to be cautioned even in their boyish days. I have been a great observer, and can truly say, that I have never known a man, 'fond of good eating and drinking', as it is called, I have never known such a man (and hundreds I have known) who was worthy of respect.

## 229

Young men, it is upon you that the future hope and happiness of your country rest. Realise this great responsibility. Your future and your country's future depend on how you use every minute of this the seed time of your life. The good seeds that you now sow will not in vain be buried in the soil of the past. Every little thought or deed is an indestructible force that leaves a permanent impress upon time and no power in the universe can stop it from bearing fruit in due course. To imbibe all that was best in your forefathers, improve upon it, and pass it on to your progeny; to uphold the fair name of your countrymen in other lands and to elevate their knowledge and character at home; to uproot the pernicious weeds that still linger in your public institutions and threaten to grow wild and choke their lives:—this is your life's work. Begin it at once if you mean to do it well, and God will bless you.

## 230—C. U. Matric., 1913

\*It is always a great pleasure to me to pass an evening at your father's house. But on the last occasion that pleasure was very much heightened because you were once more with us. I watched your mother's eyes as she sat in her place in the drawing room. They followed you almost without ceasing, and there was the sweetest, happiest expression on her dear face that betrayed her tender maternal love for you and her just maternal pride. Your father

was equally happy in his own way ; he was much more gay and talkative than I have seen him for two or three anxious years. He told amusing stories ; he entered playfully into the jests of others ; he had pleasant projects for the future. I sat quietly in my corner slyly observing my old friends, and amusing myself by discovering the hidden sources of the happiness that was clearly visible. They were gladdened by the first successes of your manhood ; by the evidence of your strength ; by the realisation of hopes long cherished.

### 231—*Todd*

If the taste of a young man improves as it should during the progress of study, he will be in danger, when he makes purchases, of consulting his taste and fancy rather than his judgment or his means. Pay as little to gratify your taste as you please, at present. You can at any future time do that. Buy nothing because it is offered cheap. The question should be, not, Is this article worth and more than worth its price ? but, Can I not possibly get along without it ? For this purpose keep away from places where things are to be sold, such as auction rooms and the like. "He who buys what he does not need will often need what he cannot buy". Nor can you expect to purchase anything like all that you want—all that would add to your comfort. We must not only deny ourselves, many things which would be pleasant, but also many which, at first view, seem essential.

### 232—*Todd*

Wise men tell us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the numerous items of expenditure too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is prodigality of life ; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction

upon past years must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground. An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that time was his estate; an estate, indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence to be overrun by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

### 233—Todd

Never be ashamed to have it known that you are poor, provided that your poverty is owing to no mismanagement of yours. The remarks, that "it is the eyes of other people which cost us so much", is so true, that, to attract those eyes, some will be extravagant. No one ever stands high in the estimation of others who goes beyond his means to adorn his person; and while the student should, in all respects, study to be a gentleman in his deportment, it is no more desirable for him to rely upon dress for character than it is for a lady to adorn her face with chalk which the rain will wash off, or with paints which the sun will melt away. Therefore, keep out of debt as far as possible. Nothing weighs down the spirits of a student more than a load of accumulating debts. To say nothing of independent feeling which he can no more enjoy than an empty bag can stand upright, there is an agony about it which haunts the soul day and night.

### 234—Irving

\*Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled disposition, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with the least thought or trouble and would rather starve

on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon and night her tongue was incessantly going and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

### 235—*Irving*

\*Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to its contents, as drawled out by Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper little learned man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in



the dictionary! and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

236—*C. U. Matric., 1917*

\*The Santals preserve two features of an early stage of civilisation. Though now for the most part settled cultivators, they excel in clearing forest and have special skill in converting jungle and waste land into fertile rice fields. When through their own labour the spread of cultivation has effected denudation, they select a new site, however prosperous they may have been on the old, and retire into the backwoods, where their harmonious flutes sound sweeter, their drums find deeper echoes, and their bows and arrows may once more be utilized. In the second place they are ardent hunters, as destructive of game as jungle. The happiest day in the year is that on which they have a common hunt, when, armed with spears, axes, bows and arrows, clubs, sticks and stones, they beat through the jungle in thousands, killing every beast and bird they come across. In their ordinary dealing they display a cheerfulness which is refreshing to a European accustomed to the somewhat gloomy denizens of the plains. Their word is their bond, and a knot on a string is as good as receipt. They are plucky to a degree.

237—*C. U. Matric., 1912*

\*Sir John, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot: the shock threw him from his horse with violence: but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged and his steadfast eye fixed upon the regiments engag'd in his front, no

sign betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments when he saw his troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken and bared of flesh, the muscles of the breast torn into long stripes. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound. A staff officer attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me :—" and in the manner so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.

### 238—*Lubbock*

If a book does not interest us it does not follow that the fault is in the book. There is a certain art in reading. Passive reading is of very little use. We must try to realise what we read. Everybody thinks that he knows how to read and write ; whereas very few people write well, or really know how to read. It is not enough to read listlessly or mechanically, to run our eye along the lines and turn over the leaves ; we must endeavour to realise the scenes described and the persons who are mentioned, to picture them in the "Gallery of the Imagination." "Learning," says Ascham, "teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty ; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience."

### 239—*Allahabad, Matric., 1910*

Money in itself does not constitute happiness, though many live as though they considered the making of money

to be the end of life. And so some people spend their whole lives in futile endeavour to get money—rightly or wrongly no matter how, so long as they get it somehow. Such poor people—for with all their money they are poor indeed—deceive themselves greatly, and mistake the shadow for the substance. Money alone is not happiness: the restless thirst for it is utter misery; money is only happiness when it is joined with contentment. Therefore, be satisfied with little beyond what is needed for your natural requirements and live for men, but not for money.

### 240—*Macnaghten*

But what we call moral courage, instead of being respected, makes us, sometimes, the objects of ridicule. This is because men do not think. Men do not think, but follow the fashion; they follow the ideas which prevail in the world or in that small part where they happen to live. The consequence is that any new thing, which does not accord with the thought of the time, is commonly derided, however good, simply because it is new. The earth's diurnal rotation, and its annual course round the sun are facts which all men now accept as proved by men of science. But there was a time, not so very long ago, when these now-established truths were derided and condemned by the highest authority which existed in Europe. When they were asserted by Galileo at the beginning of the seventeenth century they were declared to be "absurd and heretical," and the great philosopher was forbidden by the Pope to "hold, teach or defend" such a doctrine. This philosopher obeyed the Pope who was his religious master; but all men now know that Galileo was right and that the Pope was wrong.

### 241—*O. U. Matric., 1914*

\*The large caravan entered the forest. There majestic trees stood like pillars in a colonnade; there palms

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*241—C. U. Matric., 1914*

\*The large caravan entered the forest. There majestic trees stood like pillars in a colonnade; there palms

struggled for room with wild vines and cane ; there flourished ferns and reeds, there bushes in tropical profusion formed impenetrable brushwood, while through the whole forest was entangled a network of climbing plants which ran up the trunks and hung down from the branches. Everything was damp and wet. Dew dropped from all the branches and leaves. The air was close and sultry. It was deadly still and seldom was the slightest breeze perceptible ; storms might rage above tree-tops, but no wind reached the ground, sheltered in the dimness. The men struggle along over the slippery grounds. Balancing their loads on their heads with their hands, they stop under boughs, thrust their feet firmly into the mud in order not to slip. Those who are clothed have their clothes torn while the naked graze their skins. Very slowly the caravan forces its way through the forest, and a passage has frequently to be cut for those who carry the loads.

### 242—*Malleison*

\*The custom of Sati had been so long prevalent among Hindu ladies of rank that not to comply with it had come to be regarded as a self-inflicted imputation on the chaste life of a widow. Still the love of life is strong, and the widow, conscious of her own virtue, and unwilling to sacrifice herself to an idea, had occasionally shown a marked disinclination to consent to mount the pile. It had often happened that the priests had applied to her a persuasion, either by the threats of the terrors of the hereafter or the application of moral stimulants, to bring her to the proper pitch of willingness. Akbar's position towards the Princes of Rajputana by whom the rite was held in the highest honour, would not allow him so far to contravene their time-honoured customs, which had attained all the force of a religious ordinance, as to prohibit the self-sacrifice when



the widow earnestly desired it. But he issued an order that in the case of a widow showing the smallest disinclination to immolate herself, the sacrifice was not to be permitted.

### 243—*Goldsmith*

\*Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first, I was surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable; there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself; and from that very moment my power of flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities with submission: to flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience; his lordship soon perceived me to be unfit for service; I was therefore discharged: my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe, that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

### 244—*Todd*

Take it for granted that there is no excellence without great labour. No mere aspirations for eminence, however ardent, will do the business, wishing and sighing, and imagining, and dreaming of greatness, will never make you great. If you would get to the mountain's top, it will not do to stand still, looking and admiring, and wishing you were there. You must gird up your loins and go to work with all

the indomitable energy of Hannibal crossing the Alps. Laborious study and diligent observation of the world are both indispensable to the attainment of eminence. By the former, you must make yourself master of all that is known of science and letters ; by the latter you must know man at large, and particularly the character and genius of your own countrymen.

### 245—*Macnaghten*

In the case of the young especially, I think there is a natural tendency to overvalue physical courage and to esteem prowess and bodily strength above their proper worth. And there is a proportional tendency to undervalue the moral worth of him who unflinchingly tries to do his whole duty undaunted by difficulty. Is there not, for instance, a tendency in schoolboys to think more of him who excels on the playground, in horsemanship, or general agility and strength than of him who is studious in school, and persevering and gentle and good ? I do not depreciate powers of sports ; I know their value to be very great ; I believe they strengthen the character. Wisdom and reason are surely far nobler than suppleness or beauty of form. Are not good temper, unselfishness and kindness higher qualities than physical strength ? Do not the nobility of Ram and of Aryuna consist in their goodness rather than in their bravery ?

### 246—*Ruskin*

Granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power ! or, at least, how limited for most of us is the sphere of choice ! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity ; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would ; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. But

there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation ;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we can listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle,—and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it ; kings and statesmen lingering about in those plainly furnished and narrow ante-rooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long !

*247—Macnaghten*

As to the attainment of moral courage, I will give you a passage from "An American writer on True Success in Life." "Accustom yourself not to depend chiefly on others but to make decisions of your own ; to consider deliberately each practical question that arises, and then come to a positive determination on it, if this is possible. Every instance in which you say resolutely No ! to a seductive temptation ; every time that you say firmly Yes ! to the call of self-denying duty ; every time you resist the urgency of the inclination that would deter you from an arduous course of action that your judgment and conscience deliberately approve ; every time that in the midst of perplexities you can so concentrate every force of mind as to decide on the thing to be done without vacillation or delay, you will have gained somewhat in executive power. Without the power of deciding with due promptness, and of adhering firmly to your decisions when they have been made, it will be in vain to expect that you will act in life with any considerable success.

*248—Cobbett*

In your manners be neither boorish nor blunt, but even these are preferable to simpering and crawling.

Be obedient, where obedience is due ; for it is no act of meanness and indication of want of spirit to yield implicit and ready obedience to those who have a right to demand it at your hands. In this respect England has been, and I hope will always be, an example to the whole world. To the habit of willing and prompt obedience in apprentices, in servants, in all inferiors in station, she owes, in a great measure, her multitudes of matchless merchants, tradesmen, and workmen of every description, and also the achievements of her armies and navies. It is no disgrace, but the contrary, to obey, cheerfully, lawful and just commands. None are so saucy and disobedient as slaves ; and when you come to read history, you will find that in proportion as nations have been free has been their reverence for the laws.

#### 249—*Todd*

You need not be discouraged in your attempts to correct a quick, an irritable, and a bad temper, even though at first unsuccessful. Success on this point will certainly follow exertion. It is one mark of a great as well as a good man, to have command over temper. Sir Walter Raleigh was challenged by a hot-headed young man ; and because he coolly refused to fight, the young man proceeded to spit in his face, in public. Sir Walter took his handkerchief, and calmly wiping his face, merely made this reply ; "Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life". The great Dr. Boerhaave was always unmoved by any provocation, though the practice of medicine is by no means calculated to soothe the nerves. Upon being asked how he obtained such a mastery over him-

self, he stated that he was naturally quick of resentment, but that he had, by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this mastery over himself.

### 250—Todd

The man who is perpetually hesitating which of the two things he will do first, he will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend, who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from place to place, and veers like a weathercock to every point of the compass, with every breath of caprice that blows, can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in anything, he will be at best stationary, and more probably retrograde in all. It is only the man who first consults wisely, then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit that can advance to eminence in any line.

### 251—Gardiner

I was asked the other day to send to a new magazine a statement as to the event of the war which had made the deepest impression on me. Should I select something that shows how war depraves, or something that shows how it ennobles? If the latter, I think I would choose that beautiful incident of the sailor in the *Formidable*. He had won by ballot a place in one of the boats. The ship was going down, but he was to be saved. One pictures the scene: the boat is waiting to take him to the shore and safety. He looks at the old comrades who have lost in the ballot and who stand there doomed to death. He feels the passion for life surging within him. He sees the cold, dark sea waiting to engulf its victims. And in that great moment—the greatest moment that can come to any man—he makes the triumphant



choice. He turns to one of his comrades, "You've got parents," he says ; "I haven't." And with that word—so heroic in its simplicity—he makes the other take his place in the boat and signs his own death warrant. The sea never took a braver man to its bosom.

The merit of this sailor's heroism was that it was done with cold calculation, in cold blood. Many of us would do brave things in hot blood, with a sudden rush of the spirit, who would fail if we had time, as this man had, to pause and think, to reckon, to doubt, to grow cold and selfish. But the act of the sailor of the *Formidable* was a much bigger thing. He dealt in cold certainties : the boat and safety ; the ship and death ; his life or the other's. And he thought of his comrade's old parents at home and chose death.

252—Todd

It is not uncommon thing for the youth to feel, as he is sent away from home, and confined down to books, that it is really a hard way to tread. He thinks of the brooks, the groves, or the hills and ponds near his home ; of his skates, his gun, or his fishing-tackle or of the social circle around his father's fireside, and sighs that he must be exiled from all these, and shut up in his naked room, among strangers, and there must unceasingly pore over his books. It is not to be wondered at that he feels so ; but let him reflect, that this is the time to form habits, and to begin a course of mental discipline, which, in a few years, will raise him high in the esteem, the respect, and the honours of his fellowmen. Every distinguished man has trodden the same path. There is no other road to knowledge, to improvement, to distinction. If the voice of experience could come to your ear, and if you could see the agony of the heart which those feel who once had your opportunities but misused them, you would be astonished to see the real value of your situation.

*253—O. U. Matric., 1915*

\*We took our passage in a country ship to Calcutta, where we stayed only a few days. When we launched upon the broad bosom of the Hooghly, we were exceedingly struck with its imposing magnificence; and who has ever directed his eye over the wide waters of this celebrated river without being similarly impressed? The varieties of features which it presents, the associations it calls up, the busy activity of human pursuit which it constantly displays, are all highly interesting to the traveller; while the reverence in which it is held raises those unavoidable emotions that inspire almost a veneration for its consecrated waters. Upon the whole, this is perhaps the most distinguished river upon the face of the globe whether we consider the lofty regions of perennial ice, never yet penetrated by mortal feet, in which its unknown source is concealed, the stupendous precipices over which it dashes in its progress to the plain, the natural impediments it surmounts, the extent of the country through which it flows, the distance to which its waters are transported by devout Hindus, its commercial importance, the veneration in which it is held by so many millions of people, or the fertility and populousness of the districts through which it winds its majestic way.

*254—Smiles*

National progress is the sum of individual industry, energy and uprightness, as national decay is of individual idleness, selfishness and vice. What we are accustomed to decry as great social evils, will, for the most part, be found to be only the outgrowth of our own perverted life; and though we may endeavour to cut them down and extirpate them by means of Law, they will only spring up again with fresh

luxuriance in some other form, unless the conditions of human life and character are radically improved. If this view be correct, it follows that highest patriotism and philanthropy consist, not so much in altering laws and modifying institutions, as in helping and stimulating man to elevate and improve themselves by their own free and independent will.

### 255—*C. U. Matric., 1915*

\*When Hyder Ali invaded the Carnatic, there ensued a scene of woe the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the terrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from the flaming villages in part were slaughtered; others without regard to sex, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

### 256—*Todd*

Set it down as a fact, to which there are no exceptions that we must labour for all that we have, and that nothing is worth possessing or offering to others which costs us nothing. Gilbert Wakefield tells us that he wrote down his own Memoirs (a large octavo) in six or eight days. It cost him nothing; and what is very natural, it is worth nothing. You might yawn scores

of such books into existence; but who would be the wiser or the better? We all like gold, but dread the digging. The cat loves the fish, but will not wade to catch them. Bear in mind that the greatest results of the mind are produced by small, but continued efforts. I have frequently thought of the motto of one of the most distinguished scholars in this country as particularly appropriate. As near as I remember, it is the picture of a mountain, with a man digging at its base and his hat and coat lying beside him. Can you think of a better picture of patience?

### 257—*Smiles*

The practice of setting children prematurely to works a practice which the State, the legitimate protector of those who cannot protect themselves, has, in our time, wisely and humanely interdicted, prevailed in the seventeenth century to an extent which, when compared with the extent of the manufacturing system, seems almost incredible. At Norwich, the chief seat of the clothing trade, a little creature, six years old, was thought fit for labour. Several writers of that time, and among them some who were considered as eminently benevolent, mention with exultation the fact that, in that single city, boys and girls of very tender age created wealth exceeding what was necessary for their own subsistence by twelve thousand pounds a year! But can even twelve million pounds a year be any justification for a practice so clearly inconsistent with our instinct of humanity or the demands of civilization?

### 258—*Matric. Test Paper*

For a successful business man much depends upon his temperament. It should be hopeful that it may bear him up against the faint-heartedness, the folly, the falsehood, and

the numberless discouragements, which even a prosperous man will have to endure. It should also be cool; for else he may be driven wild by any great pressure of business, and lose his time and his head, rushing from one unfinished thing to begin something else. It is, however, in every man's power to study well his own temperament, and to provide against defects in it. The habit of deciding for himself, so indispensable to a man of business is not to be gained by study. Decision is a thing that cannot be fully exercised until it is wanted. The decision which is required in the world's business must be prompt and sound. This kind of decision is to be found in those who have been thrown early on their own resources, or who have been brought up in great freedom. Without calm temper such decisions are not at all possible.

*259—Todd*

Nature loves regularity. She will permit you to dine at any hour you please and will conform to your wishes in almost everything, if you will only allow her to depend upon regularity. Some will temper with themselves, and cultivate a morbid appetite, by eating something if it be nothing of more worth than a handful of hot peppermints, between almost every meal. And then, at night among the last things they do, they eat something before retiring to rest. The weariness and the faintness which are the calls of nature for rest and sleep, are met by a new supply of food. One of the best remarks that Jefferson ever made, was, "that nobody ever repented having eaten too little." This is true to the letter. I do not wish to go into particulars; but the habit of closing the day or evening by loading the stomach with fruit or food, will sooner or latter, visit you with fearful retribution.

*260—Todd*

Judging from experience, I decidedly prefer walking to all other exercises for the student. Buchan urges it as

the best possible exercise, as it calls more muscles into motion than any other which is not positively painful. The advantages of this mode of exercise are that it is simple : the apparatus is all at hand complete ; you need not wait for any importation of machinery ; it is in the open air, so that the lungs can, at once, receive the pure air of heaven, and the eye gaze upon the hill and dale, upon trees and flowers, upon objects animate and inanimate ; the very objects of sight and sound cheer and enliven the mind, and raise the spirits. Another advantage of walking is that you can have a friend to walk with, and unbend the mind and cheer the spirits by pleasant conversation. This is a point of great consequence. You hear the sounds, you see the same objects, but you relieve the way and the fatigues of exercise by conversation. For this reason, you should calculate, in most cases, to have company in your walks. Once try this method with a friend regularly for a few weeks and you will be surprised at the results. In a short time, you will feel so much at home in the exercise that you will not inquire what weather it is, but,—has the hour for walking arrived ?

*261—C. U. Matric., 1917*

\*I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared in no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed and chained ; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life ; yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sang, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a philosopher was here ! Though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. Everything furnished him with an opportunity for mirth ; and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate.



262—*Matric. Test Paper*

The duty of industry, applies to all classes and conditions of society. All have their work to do in their respective conditions of life—the rich as well as the poor. The gentleman by birth and education, however richly he might be endowed with worldly possessions, cannot but feel that he is in duty bound to contribute his quota of endeavour towards the general well-being in which he shares. He cannot be satisfied with being fed, clad, and maintained by the labour of others, without making some suitable return to the society that upholds him. An honest, highminded man will revolt at the idea of sitting down to and enjoying a feast, and then going away without paying his share of the reckoning. To be idle and useless is neither an honour nor a privilege; and though persons of small natures may be content merely to consume, men of average endowment and manly aspiration, and of honest purpose will feel such a condition to be incompatible with honour and true dignity.

263—*C. U. Matric., 1914*

\*You are now going to settle at school, and may consider this as your first entrance into the world. As my health is so indifferent I may not be with you long, I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you and as something to remember me by. I may at least be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else. As you went along to your new place of destination, you often repeated that you durst say they were a set of stupid disagreeable people at the school. You were to blame in this. It is a good old rule to hope for the best. Always, my dear, believe things to be right till you find them the contrary; and even then instead of irritating yourself against them, endeavour to put up with them as well

as you can, if you cannot alter them. You said you were sure you should not like the school where you were going. This was wrong. What you meant was that you did not like to leave home. But you could not tell whether you like the school or not till you had given it a trial. Never anticipate evils ; or because you cannot have things exactly as you wish, make them worse than they are through mere spite or wilfulness.

### 264—*Goldsmith*

\*My father, the youngest son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the church. As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it ; he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross : he was resolved they should have learning ; for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver and gold. For this purpose, he undertook to instruct us himself ; and took as much pains to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society ; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own ; to regard the human face divine with affection and esteem ; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse made either by real or fictitious distress ; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands before we were taught the more necessary qualifications for getting a farthing.

### 265—*Matric. Test Paper*

Success in politics is achieved less by talent than by temper, less by genius than by character. If a man has not self-control, he will lack patience, be wanting in tact and have neither the power of governing himself nor of managing others. When the quality most needed in a Prime Mi-

## SECTION IV

### STILL HARDER PROSE PASSAGES

#### 267

In modern times a man of small fortunes may cast his eyes around him and say with truth and exultation, "I am lodged in a house that affords me comforts which even a king could not command some centuries ago. There are ships crossing the sea in every direction, to bring what is useful to me from all parts of the earth. In China men are gathering tea-leaf for me; in America they are planting cotton for me; in the West India Islands they are feeding silk worms to make me clothing. At home, powerful steam-engines are spinning and weaving for me; and making cutlery for me; and pumping the mines that minerals, useful to me, may be procured. My patrimony is small, yet I have railway trains, steamships and aeroplanes constantly in motion to carry my correspondence to the farthest and obscurest corners of the two hemispheres; I have editors and printers, who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world; I have roads, canals and bridges to bear the coal of my winter fire, nay, I have airships to guard the roof of my house and fleets and armies in constant readiness to give me security and repose.

#### 268

†Hunger is one of the beneficent and terrible instincts. It is indeed the fire of life, underlying all impulses to labour and moving man to noble activities by its imperious

demands. Look where we may, we see it as the motive power which sets the vast array of human machinery in action. It is hunger which brings these stalwart navvies together in orderly gangs to cut paths through mountains, to throw bridges across rivers, to intersect the land with the great iron-ways which bring city into daily communication with city. Hunger is the overseer of those men who erect palaces, prison houses, barracks and villas. Hunger sits at the loom, which with stealthy power is weaving the wondrous fabrics of cotton and silk. Hunger labours at the furnace and the plough, coercing the native intelligence of man into strenuous and incessant activity. Let food be abundant and easy of access, and civilization becomes impossible; for our higher efforts are dependent on our lower impulses in an indissoluble manner.

## 269

Dr. Johnson, though himself constitutionally prone to melancholy and afflicted by it as few have been from his earliest years, said that "a man's being in good or bad humour very much depends upon his will." We may train ourselves in a habit of patience and contentment on the one hand, or of grumbling and discontent on the other. We may accustom ourselves to exaggerate small evils and to underestimate great blessings. We may even become the victims of petty miseries by giving way. Thus we may educate ourselves in a happy disposition as well as in a morbid one. Indeed, the habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully may be made to grow up in us like any other habit. It was not an exaggerated estimate of Dr. Johnson to say, that the habit of looking at the best side of any event is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year.

## 270

The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained by them than to bring entertainment to them. A man thus disposed, perhaps, may not have much learning, nor any wit; but if he has common sense and something friendly in his behaviour, it conciliates men's minds more than the highest parts without this disposition. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity by a prudent silence where he cannot concur and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please that he will gain upon every man that hears or beholds him: this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions.

271—*Irving*

\*Those who are in the habit of remarking such matters must have noticed the passive quiet of an English landscape on Sunday. The clacking of the mill, the regularly returning stroke of the flail, the din of the blacksmith's hammer, the whistling of the ploughman, the rattling of the cart and other sounds of rural labour are suspended. The very farm-dogs bark less frequently being less disturbed by passing travellers. At such times I have almost fancied the winds sunk into quiet, and that the sunny landscape, with its fresh green tints, melting into blue haze, enjoyed the hallowed calm. Well was it ordained that the day of devotion should be a day of rest. The holy repose which reigns over the face of nature has its

moral influence; ever restless passion is charmed down, and we feel the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us. For my part, these are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the serenity of nature which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any day of the seven.

### 272—*Irving*

\*When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no aftergrowth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

### 273—*Ruskin*

The good book of the hour, then, is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would



be. These bright accounts of travels ; good humoured and witty discussions of questions ; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of a novel ; firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history ;— all these books of the hour multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age : we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books, for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely communications or newspapers in good print. But a true book is written not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of the hour is printed only because its author cannot talk to thousands of people at once ;—the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. But a true book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows no one has said it ; so far as he knows, no one can say it. He would fain set it down for ever ; engrave it on rock, if he could ; saying “this is the best of me ; for the rest I ate and drank, and slept, loved, and hated like another ; but this I saw and knew : this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.” That is a “Book.”

## 274

Suppose the captain of a ship saw it right, or were by any chance obliged to place his own son in the position of a common sailor ; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him. Suppose, again, that the master of a manufactory saw it

right, or were by any chance obliged' to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman; as he would then treat his son he is bound always to treat everyone of his men. This is the effective, true or practical RULE which can be given for the guidance of all who control labour. And as this captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel; as a father would in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

All which sounds very strange: the only real strangeness in the matter being, nevertheless, that it should so sound.

## 275

It is not the men who succeed that are always worthy of estimation. The men who fail in a worthy cause continue to exercise a potent influence on their race. The leader of the forlorn hope may fall in the breach, but his body furnishes the bridge over which the victors enter the citadel, the martyr may perish in the stake but the truth for which he dies may gather new lustre from his sacrifice. The patriot may lay his head upon the block and hasten the triumph of the cause for which he suffers. The memory of a great life does not perish with the life itself, but lives in other minds. The ardent and enthusiastic may seem to throw their lives away; but the enduring men continue the fight and enter in and take possession of the ground on which their predecessors sleep. Thus the triumph of a just cause may come late, but when it does come, it is due to the men who have failed as well as to the men who have eventually succeeded.

## 276

When they talk to me in praise of the rich Rothschild, who gives away thousands out of his enormous income that children may be educated, sick people clothed, and old people cared for, I am touched, and I praise him too. Only inspite of my being touched and inspite of my praise, I cannot help remembering some poor labouring people who took into their wretched cottage a little girl who was kin to them, and had been left an orphan. "If we take Kitty into our home," said the wife, "our last penny will go for her keep. We shan't be able to buy even salt for our porridge. "Well then let us eat it without salt;" said the man. There is a long step between Rothschild and that labourer.

## 277

There are many persons, doubtless who feel the wants and miseries of their fellow-men tenderly if not deeply; but this feeling is not of the kind to induce them to exert themselves out of their own small circle. They have little faith in their individual exertions being of any value towards a remedy for any of the great disorders of the world. If an evil of magnitude forces itself upon their attention they take shelter in a comfortable sort of belief that the course of events or the gradual enlightenment of mankind, or, at any rate something which is too large for them to have any concern in, will set it right. In short, they are content to remain spectators. Then again, opportunities of doing good, though abundant and obvious enough, are not exactly fitted to our hands. We must be alert in preparing ourselves for them. Benevolence requires method and activity in its exercise. It is by no means the same sort of thing as the

indolent good-humour with which a well-fed man, reclining on a sunny bank, looks upon the working world around him.

*278.—Matric. Test Paper*

A certain Italian Bishop was remarkable for his contented disposition. Though he met with many crosses and difficulties in his journey, through life, yet it was observed that he never repined or betrayed the slightest impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired the virtue which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of his being always satisfied. "I can easily teach you my secret" replied the good old man, "it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes. In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and reflect that my principal business is to get there. I next look down upon the earth and call to mind that when I am dead, I shall occupy but a small space of it. I then look abroad into the world and observe what multitudes of men there are, who are, in every respect, less fortunate than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is to be found, where all our cares must end, and, how very little reason I have to complain.

*279*

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot. A

native of England pinched with the frosts of December may lessen his affection for his own country by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia and sport among woods that are always green and streams that always murmur. But if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a greater portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity, and while he stirs his fire or throws his cloak about him, he should reflect how much he owes to Providence that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

### 280

A little thought will show you how vastly your happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves towards you. The looks and tones at your breakfast table, the conduct of your fellow-workers or employers, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with, what people say to you on the street, the way your cook and housemaid do their work, the letters you get, the friend or foe you meet,—these things make up very much of the happiness or misery of your day. Turn the idea round, and remember that just so much are you adding to the happiness or the misery of other people's day. Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering to others rests with yourself.

### 281—C. U. *Matric.*, 1931

\*Money is said to be power, which is, in some cases, true; and the same may be said of knowledge; but superior sobriety, industry and activity, are a still more certain source of power; for without these, knowledge

is of little use ; and, as to the power which money gives, it is that of brute force, it is the power of the bludgeon and the bayonet and of the bribed press, tongue and pen. Superior sobriety, industry, activity, though accompanied with but a moderate portion of knowledge, command respect, because they have great but visible influence. The drunken, the lazy, and the inert stand abashed before the sober and active. Besides, all those whose interests are at stake prefer, of necessity, those whose exertions produce the greatest and most immediate and visible effect. Self-interest is no respecter of persons ; it asks, not who knows best what ought to be done, but who is most likely to do it ; we may and often do, admire the talents of lazy and even dissipated men, but we do not trust them with the care of our interests.

282—*C. U. Matric., 1914 and 1935*

\*The fearlessness which brave men share with brave beasts is generally, but not always, accompanied by bodily vigour. It is, however, something more than a mere bodily quality ; and it is a much higher quality in men than in brutes. For men have thinking and reasoning power, which the brutes have not ; and I am sure we shall all agree that, when we are prompted by reason and conscience to face pain and danger in a good cause, our bravery is nobler than that of the brutes who are often impelled by mere natural instinct of self-defence, or blind appetite and rage. It is enough for animals to do what their nature lead them to do without understanding why they do it. But it is not enough for us to whom God has given also the intellectual faculty ; for unless we act conformably to the nature and constitution of each thing we shall never attain our true end.



*283—C. U. Matric., 1931*

\*It is not easy at this time to comprehend the impulse given to Europe by the discovery of America. It was not the gradual acquisition of some border territory, a province, or a kingdom, that had been gained, but a new world that was now thrown open to the European. The races of animals—the mineral treasures, the vegetable forms and the varied aspects of nature, and man in the different phases of civilization filled the mind with entirely new sets of ideas, that changed the habitual current of thought and stimulated it to indefinite conjecture. The eagerness to explore the secrets of the new hemisphere became so active, that the principal cities of Spain were, in a manner, depopulated as emigrants thronged one after another to take their chance upon the deep. It was a world of romance that was thrown open; for whatever might be the luck of the adventurer, his reports on his return were tinged with a colouring of romance that stimulated still higher the sensitive fancies of his countrymen. They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to realise the classic legends of antiquity; to stories of Patagonian giants; to flaming pictures of a land of gold, where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden apples as large as birds' eggs, were dragged in nets out of the rivers.

*284—C. U. Matric., 1920*

\*It is a wise ordination of Providence that animals are generally mild in character, and gentle in their habits in proportion to their bulk. How admirably is this merciful distribution of nature adapted to the condition of things since the fall of man in Paradise! If the elephant were ferocious in proportion to its might, every country to which it could find a refuge would soon become,

a scene of utter devastation. If the tiger had the elephant's amazing bulk and prodigious strength, combined with the lion's courage and its own peculiar fierceness. what would become of the population of those countries where it now prowls in search of baser prey than man, but for the fact that it fears the highest order of God's creatures upon earth, and is by nature as cowardly as it is ravenous? The crocodile, indeed, and the shark are ferocious in proportion to their size and strength but their sphere of action is circumscribed; so that man, under any circumstances, could have comparatively little to apprehend from the tremendous powers of destruction with which they are gifted.

285—*C. U. Matric., 1923*

\*'Show me a man's companion,' says the proverb, 'and I will tell you what the man is'; and this is and must be true; because all men seek the society of those who think and act somewhat like themselves; sober men will not associate with drunkards, frugal men will not like spendthrifts, and the orderly and decent shun the noisy and disorderly. It is for the vulgar to herd together; but there is a class rather higher which is still more blameable. I mean the gay companions who come together to do little but talk, and who are so fond of talk that they go from home to get it. The conversation among such persons has nothing of instruction in it, and is generally of a vicious tendency. Young people naturally seek the society of those of their own age; but be careful in choosing your companions; and lay this down as a rule never to be departed from that no youth, nor man ought to be called your friend, who is addicted to indecent talk and who is fond of low society.

*286—C. U. Matric., 1934*

\*Learn one passage of real excellence, whether of prose or of verse, by heart, and beauty after beauty will reveal itself in chosen phrase or happy music or noble suggestion, otherwise undreamt of. How much in such an extract that you really did feel admirable and lovely on a first reading, passes away, if you do not give it a further and a much better reading!—passes away utterly, like a sweet sound or an image on the lake, which the first breath of wind dispels. If you could only fix that image, as the photographers do theirs, so beautifully, so perfectly! And you can do so. Learn it by heart and it is yours forever! Noble extracts once so rendered into possession, and rendered truly your own, may be to us a daily pleasure—better, far better than a whole library unused. They come to us in your dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle-buildings and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the workshop, in the crowded street and by the fireside;—noble friends and companions, never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call.

*287—C. U. Matric., 1934*

\*“Detestable phantom!” cried the traveller, as his horse sank with him into the morass; “to what a miserable end have you lured me by your treacherous light!” “The same old story forever!” muttered the Will-o’-the-Wisp in reply. “Always throwing blame on others for troubles you have brought upon yourself. What more could have been done for you, unhappy creature, than I have done? All the weary night through have I danced on the edge of this morass, to save you and others from ruin. If you have

rushed in further and further, like a headstrong fool, in spite of my warning light, who is to blame but yourself?"

"I am an unhappy creature, indeed," rejoined, the traveller: "I took your light for a friendly lamp, but have been deceived to my destruction."

"Yet not by me," cried the Will-o'-the-Wisp anxiously. "I worked out my appointed business carefully and ceaselessly. My light is ever a friendly light to the wise. It misleads none but the headstrong and the ignorant. You have mistaken the light that warned you of danger for the star that was to guide you to safety."

288—*C. U. Matric., 1913*

\*The beauty of the country was always delightful to me. even as I strolled about bird's-nesting, the freshness of early morning, the sun coming up the sky, filling it with all lovely colours and with heavenly cheerfulness, the bright dew drops on every bush, scattered glittering over the young grass, the sweet odour of leaves and flowers; the roses and jasmines coming out in their own time—filled me with a speechless joy. The aspect of dark woods and waters; the tall trees with their deep sighing sound; the cries and appearance of all sorts of birds and little wild animals; these were the things that kindled my imagination, and led me often many miles from home. But when I got into the Peak, I could not sleep for joy and wonder. Such mighty towering rock, covered with hanging thickets and woods! Such clear swift rivers rushing along beneath them; such wild high hills and far stretching uplands. Such mighty ranges, as it appeared to me, of dark forests!—I was never tired of gazing on them.

289—*C. U. Matric., 1918*

\*Hannibal's strong sense of being the instrument of his country's gods to destroy their enemies haunted him by night and possessed him by day. In his sleep he fancied that the supreme god of his fathers had called him into the presence of all the gods at Carthage, who were sitting on their thrones in council. There he received a solemn charge to invade Italy; and one of the heavenly council went with him, and with his army, to guide him on his way. He went on, and his divine guide commanded him, 'See that thou lookest not behind thee.' But after a while, impatient of the restraint, he turned to look back, and there he beheld a huge and monstrous form thick set all over with serpents; wherever it moved, orchards and woods and houses fell crashing before it. He asked of his guide in wonder what was that monster form. The god answered, "Thou seest the desolation of Italy; go on thy way, straight forward, and cast no look behind." Thus, with no divided heart, and with an entire resignation of all personal and domestic enjoyments for ever, Hannibal went forth, at the age of twenty-seven, to do the work of his country's gods, and to redeem his early vow.

290—*C. U. Matric., 1921*

\*Certain objections have been made to the system of competitive examinations. Some people say it leads to cramming. It often happens that when mankind seize upon a word they imagine that word to be an argument, and go about repeating it thinking they have arrived at some great and irresistible conclusion. So, when they pronounce the word 'cramming' they think they have utterly discredited the system to which that word is by them applied. Some people seem to imagine that the human mind is like a bottle,

and that when you have filled it with anything, you pour it out again and it becomes as empty as it was before. That is not the nature of the human mind. The boy who has been crammed, to use the popular word, has in point of fact, learned a great deal, and that learning has accomplished two objects. In the first place, the boy has exercised the faculties of his mind in being crammed, and in the next place there remains in his mind a great portion of the knowledge so acquired, and which probably forms the basis of future attainment in different branches of education. Depend upon it that the boy who is crammed if he is crammed successfully, not only may succeed in the examination, for which he is preparing, but is from that time forward more intellectual, better informed and more disposed to push forward the knowledge which by that cramming he has acquired.

*291—C. U. Matric., 1924*

\*The chief business of war is to destroy human life to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honourable deeds? Grant that a necessity for them may exist; it is a dreadful necessity such as a good man must recoil from; and though it may exempt them from guilt it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honourable to heal, to save to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race, the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn, and cheer human life; and if these arts are honourable, where is the glory in multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?



292—*C. U. Matric., 1923*

\*Give a man a taste for reading and the means of gratifying it and you place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a citizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. It is hardly possible but that the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating, in thought, with a class of thinkers above the average humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other.

293—*C. U. Matric., 1922*

\*A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort ; and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the brink and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. If a man waits and doubts and hesitates and consults his brothers and his uncles and his first cousins and particular friends, he one day finds that he is sixty-five years of age ; that he has lost too much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends ; and that he has no more time left to follow their advice.

294—*C. U. Matric., 1912*

As we looked out into the darkness, we could not but recollect, with a flush of pride, that yonder lay Flores and the scene of the great fight off the Azores, in which the Revenge, with Sir Richard Grenville for her captain, endured, for twelve hours before she struck, the attack of eight great Spanish Armadas, of which two sank at her side : and after all her masts were gone, defied to the last the whole fleet of fifty-one sail which lay around her waiting, "like dogs around the dying forest king", for the Englishman to strike or sink. Yonder away it was that wounded again and again and shot through body and through head, Sir Richard Grenville was taken on board the Spanish Admiral's ship to die ; and gave up his gallant ghost with those once famous words—"Here die I Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought, fighting for his country, queen, religion and honour, my soul willingly departing from this body leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do."

295—*C. U. Matric., 1933*

\*Habits of idleness once firmly fixed cannot be suddenly thrown off. The man who has wasted the precious hours of a life's seed-time finds that he cannot reap a harvest in life's autumn. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine ; but lost time is gone for ever. In the long list of excuses for the neglect of duty, there is none which drops oftener from men's lips, or which is founded on more of self-delusion, than the want of leisure. People are always cheating themselves with the idea that they would do this or that desirable thing 'if only they had time'. It is thus that the lazy and the selfish excuse themselves from a thousand

things which conscience dictates to be done. Remember that the men who have done most for their own and the general good are not wealthy, leisurely people, who have abundance of time to themselves and nothing to do. They are the men who are in ceaseless activity from January to December—men, however pressed with business, are always found capable of doing a little more. You may rely on them in their busiest seasons with ten times more assurance than on idle men.

*296—C. U. Intermediate, 1934*

\* It has been said that all men are controlled either by reason or by passion. Passion, however, leads her slaves into innumerable disasters. If a man cannot control himself, how can he expect to be master of others? And, on the other hand, he that is master of himself will soon be master of others, at least if he wishes; and if he cannot master himself, others will soon master him. It has been well said that anger is like rain, which breaks itself against that on which it falls. Always keep your temper: when you are right you can surely keep it, and when you are in the wrong you cannot afford to lose it. If you can master yourself you can master anything. The mastery of self, however, requires a continual watch all through one's life, and yet every one can win the victory if he chooses. It is not the wicked world without, but the sinful soul within, that ruins a man.

*297—C. U. Matric., 1918*

\* Blessings on him that first invented sleep! It wraps a man all round like a cloak. It is a delicious moment certainly—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past: the limbs have been just tired enough to render

the remaining in one posture delightful : the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one, the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child ; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye ;—'tis closing ; 'tis more closing ;—'tis closed.

298—*C. U. Matric., 1919*

\*When I compare the position of the reader of to-day with that of his predecessor of the sixteenth century, I am amazed at the ingratitude of those who are tempted, even for a moment to regret the invention of printing and the multiplication of books. There is now no state of mind to which a man may not administer the appropriate nourishment or medicine at the cost of reaching down a volume from his bookshelf. In every branch of knowledge more is known, and what is known is more accessible than it was to our ancestors. The lighter forms of literature, which have added vastly to the happiness of mankind, have increased beyond power of computation ; nor do I believe that there is any reason to think that they have elbowed out their more serious and important brethren.

299—*C. U. Matric., 1922*

\*Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book. It calls for no bodily exertion of which he has had enough. It relieves his home of its dullness. It transports him to a livelier and more interesting scene ; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment. Nay, it accompanies him to his day's work, and, if the book he has

been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the drudgery of his everyday occupation. If I were to pray for a state, which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness through life, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, with the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters which have adorned humanity. You make him a citizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages.

### 300—C. U. Matric., 1916

\*You are to take as your badge, not the selfish daisy, but the noble unselfish oak, which in all its stages of growth, from the youngest to the oldest, does not blight anything with its shadow, but allows the grass and the wild flowers to grow up close to its trunk and innumerable living things to find home beneath and on its branches, and protects them all from the wind and the storm and the too scorching sunshine. Cultivate a sympathetic nature like that, giving kindly welcome to everything that needs your help, seeking as you grow older, to shelter with your shade as many of the exposed creatures of God as you can. And so your usefulness will grow with your growth and increase with your years; and your removal, when it comes in the end, will be, not the weeding out of a daisy from the blank space which it has made by its growth, but the uprooting of a great oak, the loss of whose shade and protection the woodland feels for many a long day.

## 301

When we look back with regret towards the good old time that has passed away, we are, in reality, under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where, an hour before, they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long process from poverty and barbarism to the highest degree of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern work-house. And, as to the good time that they say, is coming, it may likewise be safely asserted that every generation will, in its turn, be envied by the one that succeeds it.

302—C. U. *Matric.*, 1930

\*There is no surer method of becoming good, and it may be great also, than an early familiarity with the lives of great and good men. So far as my experience goes, there is no kind of sermon so effective as the example of a great man. Here we see the thing done before us,—actually done,—a thing of which we were not even dreaming; and the voice speaks to us with a potency as of many waters: 'Go thou and do likewise.' Why not? No doubt, not every man is a hero; and heroic opportunities are not given



to everyday ; but if you cannot do the same thing, you may do something like it ; if you are not planted on as high or as large a stage, you can show as much manhood, and manifest as much virtuous persistency on a small scale. Every man may profit by the example of truly great men if he is bent on making the most of himself and his circumstances.

### 303—C. U. *Matric.*, 1920

\*Nothing is more dramatic and affecting than the fall of a lofty oak. The repeated blows of the axe leave the great tree at first unshaken and haughty ; the wood-cutters redouble their efforts, and at times the trunk trembles and quivers from the base to the summit like a living personality. The steel of the axe makes the bark, sapwood, and the heart of the wood fly in showers ; but the tree recovers its immobility and firmly submits to the assault of the cutters. To see it still straight and proud in the air, it seems as if it would never fall. Suddenly the wood-cutters draw back ; there is a moment of waiting which is terribly solemn, then suddenly the enormous trunk sways, and falls to the ground with a tragic crash of broken branches. A sound like a lamentation runs through the hazy forest : then all becomes silent again, and the wood-cutters with unconscious emotion contemplate the giant lying on the ground.

### 304—C. U. *Matric.*, 1932

A strange picture we make on our way to the land of our desires, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest ; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach our goal ; it is even more probable that there is no such place ; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer

what we wanted, at the end. O toiling hands of mortals ! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither ! Soon, soon it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hill top, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of the Golden City. Little do you know your own blessedness ; for to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and the true success is to labour.

**305—C. U. *Matric.*, 1930**

\*A great deal of discomfort arises from over-sensitiveness about what people say of you or your actions. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators ; whereas all the while they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, that they form the particular theme of every passer-by. Well, but suppose that it is no fancy ; and that you really are the object of unmerited obloquy. What then ? In that case the abuse does not touch you ; and if you are guiltless, it ought not to hurt your feelings any more than if it were said of another person with whom you are not even acquainted. You may answer that this false description of you is often believed in by those whose good opinion is of importance to your welfare. That certainly is palpable injury. It is partly your own fault if the calumny is believed in by those who ought to know you, and in whose affections you live. And for the rest, for the injury done you in the world's estimation, it is simply a piece of ill-fortune, about which it is neither wise nor decorous to make much moaning.

**306—C. U. *Matric.*, 1917**

It has been said that half the sorrows of our life are included in the little words, "Too late." It would be easy looking only at the outside of things, to make especial

application of this truth—easy to moralize on the vanity of human wishes, and to show that our friend had clutched a bauble, which he had yearned for all his life, when he was past the power of enjoying its possession. But they who have read aright the character of the man will make no such application of the saying. If he had died that night the honours conferred upon him by the Crown would not have come too late. They would not have come too late to assure him that sooner or later, such honesty of purpose, such fidelity to the throne, such love for the people as had distinguished his career, will secure their reward. They would not have come too late to encourage others, and to be a lesson to the world.

### 307—*C. U. Matric., 1925*

\*There seems to be a general, though unconscious conspiracy existing against each other's individuality and manhood. We discourage self reliance, and demand conformity. Each must see with others' eye, and think through others' minds. We are idolators of customs and observances, looking behind, not forwards and upwards. Pinned down and held back by ignorance and weakness, we are afraid of standing alone, or of thinking and acting for ourselves. Conventionalism rules all. We fear stepping out into the free air of independent thought and action. We refuse to plant ourselves upon our instincts, and to vindicate our spiritual freedom. We are content to bear others' fruit, not our own. In private affairs, the same spirit is alike deleterious. We live as society directs, each according to the standard of our class. We have superstitious reverence for custom. So long as we do this, we are 'respectable' according to class notions. Thus many rush open-eyed upon misery, for no better excuse than a foolish fear of 'the world.'

308—*C. U. Matric., 1925*

\*In the English nature there were and are two antagonistic tendencies, visible alike in our laws, in our institutions, in our religion ; in our families, in the thoughts and actions of our greatest men—a disposition on the one hand to live by rule and precedent, to distrust novelties, to hold the experience of the past as a surer guide than the keenest conclusions of logic, and to maintain with loving reverence the customs, the convictions and traditions, which have come down to us from other generations ; on the other hand a restless impetuous energy, inventing, expanding, pressing forward into the future, regarding what has been already achieved only as a step or landing place leading upwards and onwards to higher conquests—a mode of thought which in the half-educated takes the form of a rash disdain of earlier ages, which in the best and wisest creates a sense that we shall be unworthy of our ancestors if we do not eclipse them in all that they touched, if we do not draw larger circles round the compass of their knowledge and extend our power over nature, over the world, and over ourselves.

309—*C. U. Matric., 1928*

In this sequestered vale blessed with all the spontaneous productions of nature, the honeyed blossom, the refreshing breeze, the gliding brook and golden fruitage, the simple inhabitants seemed happy in themselves, in each other ; they desired no greater pleasure. They desired no greater pleasure, for they knew of none greater ; ambition and pride and envy were vices unknown among them, and from this peculiar simplicity of its possessors, the country was called the Valley of Ignorance.

At length, however, an unhappy youth, more aspiring than the rest undertook to climb the mountain's side, and

examine the summits which were hitherto deemed inaccessible. The inhabitants from below gazed with wonder at his intrepidity; some applauded his courage, others censured his folly; still however he proceeded towards the place where the earth and heavens seemed to unite and at length arrived at the wished-for height with extreme labour and assiduity.

His first surprise was to find the skies, not as he expected, within his reach, but still as far off as before; his amazement increased when he saw a wide extended region lying on the opposite side of the mountain; but it rose to astonishment when he beheld a country at a distance more beautiful and alluring than even that he had just left behind.

### 310—C. U. *Matric.*, 1935

Many people preach the doctrine of the duty of life. It is comparatively seldom that you find one who puts the joy of life as something to be cultivated, to be encouraged on an equal footing with the duty of life. And of all the joys of life which may fairly come under the head of recreation, there is nothing more great, more refreshing, more beneficial in the widest sense of the word, than a real love of the beauty of the world. Some people cannot feel it. But to those who have some feeling that the natural world has beauty in it, I would say: Cultivate this feeling and encourage it in every way you can; consider the seasons, the joy of the spring, the splendour of the sunset colours of autumn, the delicate and graceful bareness of wild trees, the beauty of light upon water, what the old Greek called the unnumbered smiling of the sea.

### 311—C. U. *Matric.*, 1934

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain. The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of

those with whom he is cast ;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all suspicion or gloom, or resentment ; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort ; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, resigned ; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable ; to bereavement because it is irreparable ; and to death, because it is his destiny.

## 312

The mean mind occupies itself with sneering, carping and fault-finding ; and is ready to scoff at everything but impudent effrontery or successful vice. The greatest consolation of such persons are the defects of men of character. "If the wise erred not," says George Herbert, "it would go hard with fools." Yet, though wise men may learn of fools by avoiding their errors, fools rarely profit by the example which wise men set them. A German writer has said that it is a miserable temper that cares only to discover the blemishes in the character of great men. Let us rather judge them with the charity of Bolingbroke, who, when reminded of one of the alleged weaknesses of Marlborough, observed, "He was so great a man that I forgot that he had that defect."

## 313

Look not up with envy to those above thee. Sounding titles, stately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich



equipages,—what are they ? They dazzle every one but the possessor. To him that is accustomed to them, they are cheap and regardless things. They supply him not with more sublime satisfactions than the plain man may have, whose small estate may just enable him to support the charge of a simple unencumbered life. He enters heedless into the rooms of state, as you or I do under our poor sheds. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him ; he sees them not ; as how can it be otherwise, when, by custom, a fabric infinitely more grand and finished, that of the universe, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the everlasting lamps of heavens are lighted up in vain for any notice that mortals take of them ?

### 314—*Bom. Matric., 1914*

The spread of education has had a democratic tendency. Those who are to have the prizes of life are chosen on their merits more than before. It must, however, always be borne in mind that character and integrity count in the marketplace among those merits as well do knowledge and ability. For the man who possesses both capacity and character, and who, having selected his path, sticks to the plan of life undeviatingly, the chances of success seem to me today very great. But wisdom means more than attention to the gospel of getting on. Life will at the end seem a poor affair, if the fruits of its exertions are to be no more than material acquisitions. From the cradle to the grave, it is a course of development, and the development of quality as much as quantity ought to continue to the last.

### 315

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit, of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and

permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy ; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment ; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

## 316

If we wish to overcome evil, we must overcome it by good. There are doubtless many ways of overcoming the evil in our own hearts, but the simplest, easiest, most universal, is to overcome it by active occupation in some good word or work. The best antidote against evil of all kinds, against evil thoughts which haunt the soul, against the needless perplexities which distract the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have. Impure thoughts will not stand against pure words and prayers and deeds. Little doubts will yield to great certainties. Fix your affections on things above, and then you will be less and less troubled by the cares, the temptations, the troubles of things on earth.

## 317

There is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected, wrecks them. Deep-rooted it lies in the innermost life of the heart of man, and of the heart of woman ;—God set it there, God keeps it there. Vainly and falsely you blame or rebuke the desire of power ! For Heaven's sake, and for Man's sake, desire it all you can. But *what power* ? That is all the question. Power to destroy ? The lion's limb, and the

dragon's breath? Not so. Power to heal, to redeem, to guide, and to guard. Power of the sceptre and shield; the power of the royal hand that heals in touching—that binds the fiend, and looses the captive; the throne that is founded on the rock of justice, and descended from only steps of Mercy. Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more men but kings, no mere housewives but queens?

### 318—C. U. *Intermediate*, 1927

The ancients seem to have had no idea of progress. They pictured the golden age as in the past. We hope and believe that it is in the future. The progress of science in the last century has been simply marvellous. It has enabled us not only to weigh and measure but even to analyse the stars; to descend to the recesses of the earth and the abysses of the ocean; to watch the rise of mountains, the formation of valleys, and to explain the direction of rivers; it has enabled us to span great rivers, it has given us a guide over the trackless ocean; it has increased the speed of travel, and annihilated distance so far as communication is concerned; it has relieved suffering, and found remedies for pain; it has lengthened life, and added immensely to the interest of existence; to it we owe our knowledge of by-gone ages, and the very idea of progress in those to come.

### 319

It is said that the effect of knowledge is to make women pedantic and affected; and that nothing can be more offensive than to see a woman stepping out of the natural modesty of her sex to make an ostentatious display of her literary attainments. This may be true enough; but the answer is so trite and obvious that we are almost ashamed

to make it. All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms because that is the precise quantity of either limb which everybody possesses. Diffuse knowledge among women, and you will at once cure the conceit which knowledge occasions ; while if it is rare vanity and conceit we shall, of course, witness it among men and women so long as the world endures ; but by multiplying the attainments upon which these feelings are founded, you increase the difficulty of indulging them. When learning ceases to be uncommon among women, learned woman will cease to be affected.

### 320—Todd

Make up your minds while you are young as to the way your life should be moulded. It is far easier while your hearts are young and fresh and open to all good influences. to make your lives beautiful and pure in the sight of God and man, than it is to do so after your character has become more formed, and the chill world has cooled down your affections and enthusiasm. I saw once, lying side by side in a great workshop, two heads made of metal. The one was perfect—all the features of noble manly face come out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty ; in the other, scarcely a single feature could be recognized—it was all marred and spoiled. "The metal had been let grow a little too cool, sir," said the man who was showing it to me. I could not keep thinking how true that was of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the king while warm with the love and glow of early youth, is allowed to grow too cold, and the writing is blurred and the image is marred.

*321—Todd*

You will fail of doing yourself any good, if, in looking at yourself, you do not make it your determination faithfully to reprove yourself for your failings and faults. Mark the places where you trip, and be sure to shun them the next time. Note every instance in which you trespassed upon the kindness, the feelings, or the rights of others; and in all cases in which you have failed to observe the golden rule, reprove yourself with due severity, and see that you amend. You will find that, at some particular places, you have shown a heart that was selfish or wanton, a temper that was revengeful or unkind, a spirit that was jealous or envious or malicious, a self-conceit that was unpleasant, or a positiveness that required others to acknowledge your infallibility. No one can be alone, and look over his character long, without seeing numerous deficiencies, and marking many places at which he should set a guard in future.

*322—Todd*

Study, which is hard for one man, is easy for another. Not only so, but the study which is easy to you today may be intolerably irksome at another time. This is owing to the difficulty of confining the attention closely. The health being the same, study would at all times be equally agreeable, had we the same command over the attention. But who that has tried it does not know how much easier it is to study on a cold, stormy day in winter when everything without is repulsive, than on the warm bright day of spring, when all Nature seems to invite you out, and when the soul seems to disdain and rebel against the restraints of study. You must make your calculations to study many hours, and at many seasons when it is disagreeable—when the mind feels feeble and the body is

languid, or even in pain. Other things may be seized on by might, or purchased with money ; but knowledge is to be gained only by study.

### 323—*Todd*

From the earliest dawn of reason to the hour of death, when we reluctantly take the last bitter medicine, we have to submit our wills, more or less to the will of others. We cannot in childhood see that the motive which induces our parents to lay us under restraints is a regard to our future happiness. As we advance in life, we see that the reason of family government is not a love of authority ; or of an infliction of punishment ; but it arises from compassion to our ignorance, and a desire to form our characters for the world in which we are to live and act. As we leave the paternal roof, the laws of the state reach us, and throw their obligations around us. If we violate them, the laws, to which all have agreed to abide, take hold of us. Life and property would alike be a prey to the wicked without this power and majesty of law. If you step aside from the laws of the land and seek for a circle of the most valued friends, where the heart may revel in its freedom, you will find that even here there are the nicest of laws which you must obey, or you are expelled from that circle, and your friends renounce you. These laws are not the enactments of legislatures or senates, but they are as well defined and settled as if they were, and their infraction will surely and speedily be visited with punishment.

### 324—*Todd*

We take no medicine till necessity compels us ; and exercise to the student is a constant medicine. You are



now young ; you feel buoyant, have good appetite, have strength, fine health and fine spirits. Time flies on downy wings. Why should you teach yourself to be slave to exercise, and bring yourself into habits which would compel you, every day, to take exercise ? It seems like fitting yourself with a pair of heavy crutches, when you have as good legs to walk with as ever carried an emperor. Let those who are in danger of the gout, of falling victims to disordered stomachs, begin the regimen ; but for yourself, you do not feel the need of it. No, nor will you feel it till you are probably so far gone that exercise cannot recover you. On this point, you must take the testimony of multitudes who have gone over the ground on which you now stand, and who understand it all. They will tell that it is not at your option whether you will take exercise or not ; you must take exercise, or you are lost to all your hopes and all your prospects.

### 325—C. U. Intermediate, 1924

\*Accustom yourself not to depend on others, but to make decisions of your own ; to consider deliberately each practical question that arises, and then come to a positive determination on it, if that be possible. Every instance in which you say resolutely No ! to a seductive temptation ; every time that you say firmly Yes ! to the call of self-denying duty ; every time that you resist the urgency of the inclination that would deter you from an arduous course of action that your judgment and conscience deliberately approve ; every time that in the midst of perplexities you can so concentrate your force of mind as to decide on the thing to be done without vacillation or delay, you will have gained something in true executive

power. Without the faculty of deciding with promptness, and of adhering firmly to your decisions when they have been made, it will be in vain to expect that you will act in life with much success.

### 326—Todd

Never get out of temper in company. If you are ill-treated or affronted, that is not the place to notice it. If you are so unfortunate as to get into dispute with a loud, heated antagonist, keep cool, perfectly so. "It is cold steel that cuts," and you will soon have the best end of the argument. The sympathy and respect of the circle will always move towards him who is cool under provocation. "If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself who will repay him better than you can. "A man fights duels all his life, if he is disposed to quarrel." What is usually understood by dispute, i. e., something in which the feelings are strongly enlisted, and in which there is strife for victory, ought never to be admitted into company. The game is too rough. The discussion, when it approaches that point, should be dropped at once.

### 327—Todd

Many shut themselves up entirely, in unpleasant weather, during the long winter, or whenever they find a pressure of business within or unpleasant weather without; and yet they eat just as voraciously as if they took exercise every day. To say that no attention is to be paid to diet is madness. You *must* pay attention to it sooner or later. If you are faithful in taking regular, vigorous exercise every day in the open air, then you may eat more, and pay less attention to quality and quantity. But if you

take but little exercise, you may be sure that you care to be a severe sufferer if you do not take food in the same proportion. When, however, you have, by any means, been injured by your food, or have overstepped the proper limits as to eating, I have found, in such cases, that the most perfect way to recover is to abstain *entirely* from food for three or six meals. By this time, the stomach will be free, system restored. This will frequently and perhaps generally answer instead of medicine and is every way more pleasant. The most distinguished physicians have ever recommended this course.

### 328

\*He was distinguished by the beauty of his person, an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices of life, he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country, while his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens.

### 329—Todd

The interruptions to study, even when the student has nothing else to do—not a care, not a burden of any kind to trouble him—are numerous and vexatious. Deductions must be made for ill-health, and seasons when the spirits droop, and when there is a total disrelish for study, and a want of courage, by which the mind can be brought up

to action ; for a total ignorance of the best methods of studying ; for the interruptions of companions who have yawned over their own books till they could make little or nothing out of them, and have come to get sympathy and countenance from others ; for the time wasted in reading novels or other useless books ; and above all, for that natural and inherent indolence which recoils from the task of rebuking the wandering of the thoughts and bringing them back to their prescribed tasks.

### 330--*Todd*

† You must and will have some with whom you are more intimate than with the rest of your companions. There are two special difficulties attending friendship ; first, it is hard to acquire a real friend ; and, secondly, it is still harder to keep him. And those who are first to extend the hand to embrace you, are seldom those whose friendship continues long. The acquaintance, which is afterwards ripened into friendship, is of course, in the first place, casual. Be cautious in selecting your friends, and look long and well before you allow any one to say that he is your bosom companion. In selecting your friends, you will remember that you will borrow habits, traits of character, modes of thought and expression, from each other ; and therefore be careful to select those who have not excellences merely, but whose faults are as few as may be. Sweet language will, however, multiply friends, and a fair-speaking tongue will multiply kind greetings. Be in peace with many ; nevertheless have but one true friend and counsellor in a thousand. If you would get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him ; for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of your trouble. A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that has found

such an one has found a treasure. Take heed to keep him, for such a friend is the medicine of life.

### 331—Todd

He who deserves to be your friend must have many good qualities of the heart, rather than a full share of those of the head. A similarity of disposition and inclinations is by no means essential to a perfect and abiding friendship. We admire those traits of character which we do not ourselves possess. They are new to us, and we feel that from them we can supply our own defects. No one can long be your friend for whom you have not a decided esteem—an esteem that will not permit you to trifle with his feeling, and which, of course, will prevent his trifling with yours. You will soon be ashamed to love one for whom you have not a high esteem. Love will only follow esteem. In order to have or keep a friend, you must not have a particle of envy towards him, however exalted his character or merits. Says a beautiful writer, "he who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue."

### 332—Todd

† For the purpose of appearing cheerful, you must really feel so ; and to feel cheerful, you must be in good health. No one can feel cheerful, with a severe toothache upon him or when turning and tossing under a burning fever. Your health must be good, and kept good by a frugal diet and a regular course of bodily exercise. It is impossible for the mind to be cheerful and the spirits buoyant without this. No man ought to undertake to pass himself off in company, or expect to render himself even tolerably agreeable for a single day, unless he has prepared himself by some suitable exercise. The cheerfulness and buoyancy of a

hunting party is proverbial ; it is owing to the fact that they are all taking an agreeable exercise, without having an object before them of importance enough to do anything more than barely excite them. There is no real life but cheerful life ; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves until the meeting breaks up. Never suffer your body to droop for the want of exercise, so as to sink below the power of wishing to please and to be pleased.

## 333

\*What fine fellows are the great explorers ! With what magnificent chivalry do they go forth to fight the sun, the sea, the snow, that they may win new lands, new light for the world ! My lady Science hath her martyrs among them, not saints indeed, but men as grand, as brave and as enduring. The traveller is certainly not a martyr ; yet doth he feel like a little of the same spirit within him, and his small discoveries are to him an America. For, to travel anywhere intelligently is to discover for yourself, if not for any one else ; and the undiscovered country lies not only in the heart of Africa, nor round about the poles.

334—*Todd*

Whoever has passed an evening with serious melancholy people, and has observed how suddenly the conversation was animated, and what sprightliness diffused itself over the countenance, discourse, and behaviour of every one, on the accession of a good-humoured, lively companion ; such a one will easily allow, that cheerfulness carries great merit with it, and naturally conciliates the good-will of mankind. No quality, indeed, more readily communicates itself to all around ; the flame spreads



through the whole circle ; and the most sullen and morose are often caught by it. That the melancholy hate the merry, even though Horace says it, I have some difficulty to allow ; because I have always observed that, where the jollity is moderate and decent, serious people are so much the more delighted, as it dissipates the gloom with which they are commonly oppressed, and gives them an unusual enjoyment.

### 335—Todd

† Set it down as an axiom that poverty will do you no injury as a student. While multitudes have been ruined by wealth, few have ever been by being poor ; for there is no pressure so direct, so constant and so powerful, as that of poverty. The discipline which poverty adds to the character is often more severe than language can describe ; but the spirit that can bow to its yoke, and, under it, carry forward all the burdens connected with study, is the spirit to be hereafter felt and revered by others. The temptations to dissipation, to dress, and extravagance, to take the mind away from his books, are greatly lessened by his being poor. Look at the men on the stage of life, whose voice, whose pen, whose influence are felt the widest, and who are the ornaments of our country. Were many of them cradled in affluence ? Did they acquire their strength on beds of roses ? Or, are they those who have made themselves by their own efforts, little aided by circumstances that may be denominated fortuitous ? The most indigent student in the land need not fear the results of such an investigation.

### 336

† It is well to be thoroughly impressed with a sense of the difficulty of judging about others ; still, judge we

must, and sometimes, very hastily ; the purposes of life require it. But, sometimes, we have more and better materials, that assist us in forming our judgment, than we are aware of. We must not imagine that they are always deep-seated and recondite ; they often lie upon the surface. Indeed, the primary character of a man is especially discernible in trifles ; for then he acts, as it were, almost unconsciously. It is upon the method of observing and testing these things, that a just knowledge of individual men in a great measure depends. You may learn more of a person even by a little converse with him than by a full outline of his history. The most important of his actions may be anything but the most significant of the man ; for they are likely to be the results of many things besides his nature.

## 337

\* The name of Benjamin Franklin is the most distinguished to be found in the annals of self-education. We are in possession of abundant information as to the methods by which he contrived to surmount the many disadvantages of his original condition ; to raise himself from the lowest poverty and obscurity to affluence and distinction ; and above all, in the absence of instructors and of the ordinary helps to the acquisition of knowledge, to enrich himself so plentifully with treasures of literature and science, and not only to be enabled to derive from that source the chief happiness of his life but to succeed in placing himself high among the most famous writers and philosophers of his time.

## 338—Todd

No one has a temper naturally so good that it does not need attention and cultivation ; and no one has a temper

so bad, but that, by proper culture, it may become pleasant. Few men ever had, naturally, a more unmanageable disposition than Roger Sherman. He made himself master of his temper, and cultivated it as a great business in life. There are one or two instances which show this part of his character in a light that is beautiful. He was, one day, after having received his highest honours, sitting and reading in his parlour. A roguish student, in a room close by, held a looking-glass in such a position as to pour the reflected rays of the sun directly in Mr. Sherman's face. He moved his chair and the thing was repeated. A third time the chair was removed but the looking-glass still poured the sun in his eyes. He laid aside his book, went to the window, and many witnesses of the impudence expected to hear the ungentlemanly student severely reprimanded. He raised the window gently, and then shut the window blind.

### 339—*Todd*

†Keep your conversation clear of envy; and to do it, the heart must be kept clear. I shall not stop to write a tirade against this crying sin. But I will point to you a noble example. Virgil and Horace were contemporaries—both poets—both panting after distinction—both patronised by the same hand—both caressed by the same nation—and both living and labouring for an immortality on earth; and yet they ate at the same table and in all their race were friends. Envy and jealousy never soured their dispositions, never marred their peace. Envy is one of the besetting sins of the student. He is sensitive, nervous, and longs for the approbation of men. He sees others by some apparently fortuitous circumstances prospered, caressed, and honoured, while he is forgotten and passed by. What is more natural than that he should feel envy, and should

show it in words, in severe, perhaps unjust, remarks? Guard against this temptation. Envy is a demon which invariably dances attendance on men of small minds; and, so far as it is shown, all understand it to be so.

### 340

\*An economical use of time is the true mode of securing leisure; it enables us to get through business and carry it forward instead of being driven by it. On the other hand the miscalculation of time involves us in perpetual hurry, confusion and difficulties. Some take no thought of the value of money till they have come to the end of it, and many do the same with time. The hours are allowed to flow by unemployed, and then, when life is fast waning, they bethink themselves of the duty of making a wiser use of it. But the habit of listlessness and idleness may already have been confirmed, and they are unable to break the bonds with which they have permitted themselves to become bound. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone for ever.

### 341—Todd

Castle-building cannot be laughed out of existence, else it had long since been no more. The mischiefs of it are immense. We are not satisfied with what we now are; we have no patience to dig, and wait, and grow to eminence; and so we go off on the wings of imagination, and range through all desirable conditions, and select one, and at once sit down on empire or greatness.

Nature and fortune never combined to create such an Elysium for fallen man as you can at once create for yourself. Fancy soon obtains the victory over the soul; for it is vastly more easy for us to sit in our chair, and

dream ourselves into statesmen and orators, rulers and movers of the world than to put forth the exertions required to become tolerable in actual life, in any profession.

### 342—*Lubbock*

An unhappy shipmaster is he that is made cunning by many shipwrecks, a miserable merchant that is neither rich nor wise after some bankrupts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself that it is a marvellous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And, verily, they be fewest in number that be happy or wiser by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered, by long experience, a little wisdom and some happiness, and when you consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped (and yet twenty to one do perish in the adventure), then think well with yourself, whether ye would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no.

### 343

Then again there is that careless habit of plain-speaking, and the way we have of pluming ourselves upon it, till it passes with some into overbearingness, and with others into acute disagreeability. We little think how much suffering it gives ! It is good to be plain-spoken, but within the limits of charity. Still more mischievous is that looseness of tongue which proclaims 'everything that its owner has heard from another, without a thought whether the other

may like what has been said, in a moment of abandon, to be proclaimed from house-tops, which seems to think that nothing is sacred to feeling, and that no seal of confession, though not exacted, ought to be laid upon the lips. That is abominable want of thought and love.

### 344—Irrving

My father, you must know, is a bigoted dovotee of the old school, and prides himself upon keeping up something of old English hospitality. He is a tolerable specimen of what you will rarely meet with now-a-days in its purity, the old English country gentleman. Our men of fortune are so fond of cities that the strong rich peculiarities of ancient rural life are polished away. My father, however, from early years determined in his own mind, that there was no condition more truly honourable and enviable than that of a country gentleman on his paternal lands, and therefore passes the whole of his time on his estate. He is a strenuous advocate for the revival of the old rural games and holiday observances, and is deeply read in the writers, ancient or modern, who have treated on the subject. Indeed his favourite range of reading is among the authors who flourished at least two centuries since, who, he insists, wrote and thought more like true Englishmen than any of their successors.

### 345—*Matric. Test Paper*

We often hear a good deal about virtues of contentment. Men, both wise and unwise, have extolled it and deprecated all sorts of discontent. The commonsense view, however, is that we should distinguish between two kinds of contentment, one right and the other wrong. Should we be contented when our condition is such as does not permit development of the faculties of the body and the



mind, or keeps us tied down to the drudgery of excessive labour? When our food is insufficient, our clothing not enough protection against the cold of the winter, or perhaps the house we live in is insanitary and our village or town lacks proper arrangements for drainage, water supply and education, we should not be expected to live a contented life. It is certainly wrong to be contented in these circumstances and leave matters as they are. The progress of mankind from savage state to civilized life is due to this sense of want and discontent. True contentment, on the other hand, is to be patient under evils which exertion or care has not been able to mend or cannot mend.

### 346—*Ruskin*

Genius is not a teachable nor gainable thing, but the expression of the mind of a God-made great man: teach or preach or labour as you will, everlasting difference is set between one man's capacity and another's; and this God-given supremacy is the priceless thing, always just as rare in the world at one time as another. What you can manufacture or communicate you can lower the price of, but this mental supremacy is incommunicable; you will never multiply its quantity, nor lower its price; and nearly the best thing that men can generally do is to set themselves, not to the attainment, but the discovery, of this; learning to know gold when we see it, from iron-glance, and diamond from flint-sand, being for most of us a more profitable employment than trying to make diamonds out of our own charcoal.

### 347

The best of hobbies are intellectual ones. Men of active mind retire from their daily business to find recreation in other pursuits—some in science, some in art, and the

greater number in literature. Such recreations are among the best preservatives against selfishness and vulgar worldliness. We believe it was Lord Brougham who said, "Blessed is the man that hath a hobby !" and he himself had many, ranging from literature to optics, from history and biography to social science. He is also said to have written a novel. Intellectual hobbies, however, must not be ridden too hard—else, instead of recreating, refreshing and invigorating a man's nature, they may only have the effect of sending him back to his business exhausted, enervated and depressed.

### 348—*Chesterfield*

Never display your learning but on particular occasions. Reserve it for learned men ; and let even those rather extort it from you, than you appear forward to display it. Hence you will be deemed modest, and reputed to possess more knowledge than you really have. Never seem wiser or more learned than your company. The man who affects, to display his learning, will be frequently questioned ; and if found superficial, will be ridiculed and despised ; if otherwise, he will be deemed a pedant. Nothing can lessen real merit (which will always show itself) in the opinion of the world, but an ostentatious display of it by the possessor.

### 349—*Chesterefield*

We should never yield to that temptation, which to most young men is very strong, of exposing other people's weaknesses and infirmities for the sake either of diverting the company or of showing our own superiority. We may by that means, get the laugh on our side for the present ; but we shall make enemies by it for ever ; and even those who laugh with us will, upon reflection, fear and despise us : it is

ill-natured ; and a good heart desires rather to conceal than expose other people's weaknesses or misfortunes. If we have wit, we should use it to please, not to hurt ; we may shine, like the sun in the temperate zone, without scorching.

*350—C. U. Matric., 1927*

There is a lesson which, nowadays, is not taught in schools. To us, it seems the vice of modern system of education that they lay down too many "royal roads to knowledge". Those impediments which formerly compelled the student to think and labour for himself are now most carefully removed, and he slides so smoothly along the well beaten highway that he pauses not to heed the flowers on either side. The race of thorough and complete scholars is dying out. Our young men are equipped to such an extent with manuals that explain everything and guides that go everywhere, that they find no occasion for thought. Why spend an hour in grappling with an obscure passage when it is cleared up beautifully in an obliging "Note". In a word, why take any trouble at all when so many are willing to relieve you of it. It is not by the use of corks, bladders and life-buoys that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging courageously into the waves and buffeting them.

*350A—Dr. Watts*

Great care must be taken lest your debates break in upon your passions and awaken them to take part in the controversy. When the opponent pushes hard, and gives just and mortal wounds to our own opinion, our passions are very apt to feel the strokes, and to rise in resentment and defence. Self is so mingled with the sentiments we have chosen, and has such a tender feeling of all the opposition which is made to them, that personal brawls are very ready

to come in as seconds to succeed and finish the dispute of opinions. Then noise, and clamour, and folly appear in all their shapes and chase reason and truth out of sight.

## 351

God brings good out of evil ; sometimes what we call evil is not so evil in reality as what we in our ignorance would put in its place. These perplexities cannot always be explained but many of them can and are. Many times what we fancied was hurtful has been of the greatest service ; what we flinched from has made us happier ; what we dreaded has come and gone and left a blessing behind it. Many a time what we longed for has been denied us and the denial has made us happier than if we had obtained it. He must be very short-sighted indeed who cannot see in his own life many instances of his having been led by paths that he did not know.

## 352

How lovely and how happy an open and ingenious behaviour ! An honest, unsuspecting heart diffuses a serenity over life like that of a fine day, when no clouds conceal the blue ether, nor a blast ruffles the stillness of the air ; but a crafty and designing bosom is all tumult and darkness, and resembles a misty and disordered atmosphere in the comfortless climate of the north. The one raises the man almost to the rank of an angel of light ; the other sinks him to a level with the powers of darkness. The one constitutes a terrestrial heaven in the breast, the other deforms and debases it till it becomes another hell.

## 353

Meeting evils by anticipation is not the way to overcome them. If we perpetually carry our burdens about us, they

will soon bear us down under their load. When evil comes we must deal with it bravely and hopefully. What Perthes wrote to a young man, who seemed to him inclined to take trifles as well as sorrows too much to heart, was doubtless a good advice. "Go forward with hope and confidence. This is the advice given thee by an old man, who has had a full share of the burden and heat of life's day. We must ever stand upright, happen what may, and for this end we must cheerfully resign ourselves to the varied influences of this many-coloured life. You may call this levity, and you are partly right. But such levity is a constituent portion of our human nature, without which it would sink under the weight of time."

## 354

\*Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind of you lay it down? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others? Has it disposed you to relax in that self-government, without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good and to diminish in you the love of your fellow creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so—if you were conscious of all or any of those effects—or if having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book into the fire whatever name it may have on the title-page! Throw it into the fire though it should have been the gift of a friend.

## 355

Old economists will tell you never to pass an old nail, or an old horse-shoe, or buckle, or even a pin, without taking it up ; because although you may not want it now, you will find a use for it some time or other. I say the same thing to you with regard to knowledge. However useless, it may appear to you at the moment, seize upon all that is fairly within your reach. For there is not a fact within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you read in a newspaper, or hear in conversation, that will not come into play some time or other ; and occasions will arise when they involuntarily present their dim shadows in the train of your thinking and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recollect them more distinctly.

## 356

\*The stars are worlds like ours : some of them less ; many of them a million times greater ; and some of the least sparkles that you see are not only worlds, but whole clusters of worlds turning about each other in the midst of space. We do not know what there may be in any one of them. Perhaps we may find there the answer to all our difficulties, or the cure of all our sufferings ; and yet we can never reach them ; not all the skill of the craftiest of men can fit out a ship for the nearest of these our neighbours, nor would the life of the most aged suffice for such a journey. When a great battle has been lost or a dear friend is dead, when we are depressed or in high spirits, there they are unweariedly shining overhead. We may stand here a whole army of us together, and shout till we break our hearts, and not a whisper reaches them.



## 357

Remorse for failures or mistakes is foolish. They are part and parcel of our imperfection. The past should not be allowed to cast a shadow of gloom on the present, not to project itself across our future. But it has its lessons—the greatest of them being that anxiety is not only want of faith but foolish in the extreme, and that we should be ever grateful to the merciful Providence which has ordered our lives so peacefully. The little souls, that fume and fret under the little worries and vexations of life, should often take up their diaries and read them. There they will see how trifling were the things that poisoned their daily happiness, how insignificant the grains of dust that made the discord of their lives. A little courage would have brushed that dust aside and restored the soul to harmony and happiness.

## 358

\*I think that the first business of young men setting out on life's journey is to know themselves, to know first of all their tendencies, the bent and bias of their minds, and then their talents in order to ascertain whether these latter are of such nature as to carry on the selection of a life's calling to complete success. Men often mistake their vocations; still oftener their powers. Then they just know their weakness, not with a sense of a morbid restlessness to overcome them, but with a view to guard against the dangers where the inner enemy might prove traitorous. There is no use, however optimistic we may be, in denying that life has its pitfalls, which by foresight we may avoid, out of which we may emerge badly bruised—from which we may never rise. But the traitor is not so much the enemy who has dug the pitfalls, as the domestic enemy who has led us thither—that is, ourselves.

## 359

Discontent is the mother of progress. A feeling of dissatisfaction with the present state of things is the only incentive that compels us to put forth our energies with a view to remove the defects that seem to be either undesirable or intolerable. Contentment, as it is ordinarily interpreted, is not a virtue, but an excuse for idleness and lack of enterprise. It brings on stagnation, inertness, deterioration and death. Discontent or disquietude is the first condition of life and progress. The history of the progress of mankind is only the history of the lives and activities of discontented men, who would not take rest till they have overcome the difficulties that bar the progress of knowledge or stand in the way of human happiness.

## 360

\*It is natural in every man to wish for distinction ; and the praise of those who can confer honour by their praise is, inspite of all false philosophy, sweet to every human heart ; but, as eminence can only be the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty, which we owe not more to our own happiness, than to the quiet of the world at large. Give way, if you are young and ambitious, to that spirit which throbs within you ; measure yourself with your equals ; and learn from frequent competition, the place which Nature has allotted to you. Strive hard, strengthen your soul in the search of truth, and follow excellence which beckons you on to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last ; but, if frequent failures convince you of that mediocrity of nature, which is incompatible with great actions ; submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot.

**SECTION V**  
**EASY POETRY PASSAGES**

**361—Watts**

Whatever brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home ;  
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,  
Quarrels should never come  
Birds in their little nests agree ;  
And 'tis a shameful sight,  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide and fight.

**362**

\*We need not be ashamed to learn,  
And our first efforts show ;  
For in this world from little things  
The greatest often grow.  
There's not a learned sage that lives,  
Whate'er his degree,  
Who did not at first begin  
With simple *A B C*.

**363**

\*He who lives a life of ease,  
Idly wasting all his days—  
Aiming only self to please,  
Filled with pride and courting praise ;  
Call him not a noble man,  
Such existence is a sham ;  
And when ends his life's blank span,  
Soon will die his empty name.

**364—C. U. Matric., 1913**

\*I laugh not at another's loss ;  
I grudge not at another's gain ;  
My wealth is health and perfect ease ::  
I neither seek by bribes to please ;  
Nor by deceit to breed offence ;  
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;  
Would all did so as well as I !

**365—C. U. Matric., 1912**

\*Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.  
Honour to those whose words or deeds-  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low.

**366 ✓**

One step, and then another,  
And the longest walk is ended ;  
One stitch and then another,  
And the largest rent is mended,  
One brick upon another,  
And the highest wall is made ;  
One flake upon another,  
And the deepest snow is laid.

**367**

\*He who at the anvil stands,  
Striking while the iron glows,  
Though he works with iron hands..  
Nobly strikes the ringing blows ;

At the loom and in the field,  
In the shop, and on the soil,  
Where men wisely power wield,  
There is dignity in toil.

**368—C. U. Matric., 1910**

\*Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.  
Thus, the little moments,  
Humble though they be  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

**369—Longfellow**

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
Be a hero in the strife,  
Trust no future howe'er pleasant ;  
Let the dead past bury its dead ;  
Act, act in the living present,  
Heart within and God o'erhead.

**370**

\*"I cannot do much," said a little star,  
    "To make the dark world bright !  
My silvery beams cannot struggle far  
    Through the folding gloom of night !  
But I am only a part of God's plan,  
    And I'll cheerfully do the best I can."

**371**

\*"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,  
"Moment by moment I will employ.

Learning a little every day,  
And not spending all my time in play ;  
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,  
Whatever I do, I will do it well.  
Little by little I'll learn to know  
The treasured wisdom of long ago.  
And one of these days perhaps will see  
That the world will be the better for me.

### 372—Watts

\*Why should I deprive my neighbour  
Of his goods against his will ?  
Hands were made for honest labour,  
Not to plunder or to steal.  
‘Tis a foolish self-deceiving  
By such tricks to hope for gain ;  
All that is ever got by thieving,  
Turns to sorrow, shame or pain.

### 373

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,  
For words are wonderful things ;  
They are sweet like the bee's fresh honey—  
Like the bees they have terrible stings ;  
They can bless the warm glad sunshine,  
And brighten a lonely life :  
They can cut in the strife of anger,  
Like an open two-edged knife.

### 374—Watts

If I meet with railing tongues,  
Why should I return them railing ?  
Since I best revenge my wrongs,



By my patience never failing.  
When I hear them telling lies.  
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing ;  
First I'll try to make them wise.  
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

375—*J Gay*

The lion craves the fox's art ;  
The fox, the lion's force and heart.  
The cock implores the pigeon's flight,  
Whose wings are rapid, strong and light.  
The pigeons strength of wing despise  
And the cock's matchless valour prize.  
The fishes wish to graze the plain,  
The beasts to skim beneath the main :  
Thus, envious of another's state,  
Each blames the partial hand of Fate.

376—*Eliza Cook*

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid.  
Look labour boldly in the face ;  
Take up the hammer or the spade,  
And blush not for your humble place.  
There's glory in the shuttle's song ;  
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke ;  
There's merit in the brave and strong,  
Who dig the mine and fell the oak.

377—*C. U. Matric., 1910*

\*He that is down needs fear no fall,  
He that is low, no pride ;  
He that is humble ever shall  
Have God to be his guide,  
Little be it or much,

And Lord, contentment still I crave,  
Because thou savest such.

**378—C. U. *Matric.* 1911**

\*Like my little garden  
May I grow sweet and fair ;  
With kindly words and action  
For every one to spare ;  
May the good seed flourish well  
In my little heart,  
And all the vain and wicked thoughts-  
Like evil weeds depart.

**380**

Whatever you are, be brave, boys !  
The liar's a coward and slave, boys ;  
    Though clever at ruses  
    And sharp at excuses,  
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys..  
Whatever you are, be frank, boys !  
It's better than money and rank, boys.  
    Still cleave to the right,  
    Be lovers of light,  
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

**381**

A little word in kindness spoken,  
    A motion, or a tear  
Has often healed the heart that's broken.,  
    And made a friend sincere.  
Then deem it not an idle thing  
    A pleasant word to speak ;  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring  
    A heart may heal or break.

## 382

A fox was trotting on one day,  
And just above his head  
He saw a vine with lovely grapes.  
Rich, ripe, and purple-red ;  
Eager, he tried to snatch the fruit.  
But ah ! it was too high !  
Poor Reynard had to give it up ;  
And, heaving a deep sigh,  
He curl'd his nose and said, 'Dear me !  
I would not waste an hour  
Upon such mean and common fruit,  
I'm sure those grapes are sour !'  
"Tis thus we often wish thro' life,  
When seeking wealth and pow'r,  
And when we fail, say, like the fox,  
'We're sure the grapes are sour !'

## 382A

'Courage, brother, do not stumble  
Though thy path be dark and night ;  
There's a star to guide the humble—  
Trust in God and do the right !  
Let the road be rough and dreary,  
And its end far out of sight ;  
Foot it bravely—alone or weary,  
Trust in God and do the right !

## 383

*Child.* O mother ! do hear what a tale I've heard ;  
So bad I can scarcely believe—  
*Mother.* Stop, stop, my child ! not a single word,  
Till we sift it through the sieve.

*Child.* "The sieve?" The meaning of what you've said  
I certainly do not know.

*Mother.* *The Sieve of Truth* : through its *golden* thread.  
Are you sure the story will go ?

*Child.* No, not quite sure. But you must believe ;  
It is told all over town—

*Mother.* Stop, stop, my child, through another sieve  
Let us sift this matter down,

*Child.* "Another sieve?" What can it be ?  
You certainly make me laugh !

*Mother.* *The silver sieve* : Is it kind ? Let's see  
If it leaves us grain or chaff.

*Child.* No, not quite kind. But cannot I  
Tell, my mother, the worst or best ?—

*Mother.* Stop, stop ! by the *iron sieve* we'll try  
Once more as a final test.

*Child.* And what is the iron sieve ? Full well  
Its test I should like to know.

*Mother.* It is this, my child : Is there need to tell ?  
If not, let the story go.

*Child.* *It is needless to tell* ; it may not be true ;  
And I'm sure it is not kind.

*Mother.* Then I'd let it go, if I were you,  
Like the chaff before the wind.

### 384

Two buckets in an ancient well  
Got talking once together,  
And after sundry wise remarks,—  
No doubt the weather—

"Look here !" quoth one, "this life we lead"  
I don't exactly like ;  
Upon my word, I'm half inclined  
To venture on a strike.

For—do you mind ?—however full  
We both come up the well,  
We go down empty, always shall,  
For ought that I can tell.”  
“That’s true,” the other said ; “but thus—  
The way it looks to me—  
However empty we go down,  
We come up full, we see.

## 385

“Little by little”, an acorn said.  
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed ;  
“I am improving day by day,  
Hidden deep in the earth away.”  
Little by little each day it grew ;  
Little by little sipped the dew ;  
Downward it sent out a thread-like root ;  
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot,  
Day after day, and year after year.  
Little by little the leaves appear ;  
And the slender branches spread far and wide  
Till the mighty oak is the forest’s pride.

386—*C. U. Matric., 1914*

\*Oh ’tis a lovely thing for youth  
To walk betimes in wisdom’s way,  
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,  
That we may trust to all they say.  
But liars we can never trust,  
Tho’ they should speak the thing that’s true ;  
And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

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## 387

Respond with heart and soul  
To every call of duty ;  
Obey the laws with smiling face  
There lies the beauty !  
Let the heavens fall on you,  
But break not the rule ;  
May you be business-like ;  
At play, or at school.

388—*Montgomery*

Night is the time for toil,  
To plough the classic field,  
Intent to find the buried spoil  
Its wealthy furrows yield ;  
Till all is ours that sages taught,  
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

389—*Proctor*

Arise, for the day is passing,  
And you lie dreaming on ;  
Your brothers are cased in armour,  
And forth to the fight are gone !  
A place in the ranks awaits you ;  
Each man has some part to play ;  
The past and the future are nothing  
In the face of stern To-day.

390—*C. U. Matric., 1921*

\*Higher higher will we climb  
Up the mount of glory,  
That our name may live through time  
In our country's story :  
Happy, when her welfare calls,  
He who conquers, he who falls.

*391—Montgomery*

\*Deeper deeper let us toil  
In the mines of knowledge ;  
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil  
Win from school and college ;  
Delve we there for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems.

*392—Proctor*

Arise from the dreams of the future  
Of joining some hard-fought field,  
Of storming some airy fortress  
Or bidding some giant yield ;  
Your future has deeds of glory,  
Of honour (God grant it may)  
But your arm will be never stronger  
Or needed as *now*—To-day.

*393—Proctor*

Arise ! if the Past detain you,  
Her sunshines and storms forget :  
No chains so unworthy to hold you  
As those of a vain regret ;  
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever ;  
Cast her phantom charms away,  
Nor look back, save to learn the lessons  
Of a nobler strife To-day.

*394—Montgomery*

Then onward onward, step by step.  
With perseverance rise ;  
Bend mind and will to every task,  
Nor first attempts despise.

'Tis idleness alone despairs  
And never will aspire,  
But industry still presses on  
With patience nought can tire.

*395—Southey*

With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then,  
And new-born bady died :  
But things like that, you know, must be  
In every famous victory.  
They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won,  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun ;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

*396—Matric. Test Paper*

There is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wings of night ;  
There is an ear that never shuts  
When sink the beams of light.  
There is an arm that never tires  
When human strength gives way ;  
There is a love that never fails  
When earthly loves decay.

*397*

How foolish they who lengthen night  
And slumber in the morning's light  
How sweet at early morning's rise

To view the glories of the skies ;  
And mark with curious eye the sun  
Prepare his radiant course to run.  
The sprightly lark with artless lay  
Proclaims the entrance of the day.

## 398

Away ! we know that tears are vain,  
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress ;  
Will that unteach us to complain ?  
Or make one mourner weep the less ?  
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

399—*C. U. Matric., 1910*

\*Let nothing disturb thee  
Nothing affright thee,  
All things are passing,  
God never changeth.  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things ;  
Who God possesseth  
In nothing is wanting ;  
Alone God sufficeth.

400—*Lady Elizabeth Carew*

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn -  
To scorn to owe a duty overlong,  
To scorn to be for benefits forborne,  
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong,  
To scorn to bear an injury in mind,  
To scorn a freeborn heart slave-like to bind.

401—*Trench*

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,

Why life is such a dreary task  
And all good things denied.  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How love has in their aid  
(Love that not ever seems to tire)  
Such rich provision made.

## 402

Suppose that some boys have a horse  
And some a coach-and-pair,  
Will it tire you less, while walking,  
To say, "It isn't fair !"  
And wouldn't it be noble  
To keep your temper sweet,  
And in your heart be thankful  
You can walk upon your feet ?

## 403

One day, Haroun Al Raschid read.  
A book wherein the poet said :  
"Where are the kings, and where the rest  
Of those who once the world possessed ?  
They're gone with all their pomp and show,  
They're gone the way that thou shalt go.  
O thou who choosest for thy share  
The world, and what the world calls fair,  
Take all that it can give or lend,  
But know that death is at the end !"  
Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head ;  
Tears fell upon the page he read.

## 404

If thou wouldst win the dear reward'  
Which only virtue earns,

Waste not thy wealth upon the lord  
Who gift for gift returns :  
Not with the rich thy treasures share  
Give aid to those who need ;  
And with the gold thy wants can spare  
The poor and hungry feed.

## 405

He who checks a child with terror,  
Stops its play and stills its song,  
Not alone commits an error,  
But a great and moral wrong.  
Give it play and never fear it ;  
Active life is no defect.  
Never, never break its spirit,  
Curb it only to direct.  
Would you stop the flowing river,  
Thinking it would cease to flow ?

406—*Longfellow*

\*Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time : —  
Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

407—*M. E. Weekly*

"My projects thrive," the merchant said ;  
"When doubled is my store  
How freely shall my ready gold  
Be showered among the poor !"



Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not  
The mourner's tear to dry :  
He never journeyed onward  
From the street of By and Bye.

*408—Trench*

Some murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If but one small peck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue,  
And some with thankful love are filled,  
If but one streak of light,  
One ray of God's good mercy gild  
The darkness of their night.

*409—John Gay*

Seek you to train your favourite boy ?  
Each caution, every care employ ;  
And, ere you venture to confide,  
Let his preceptor's heart be tried :  
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope ;  
On these depends thy future hope.

*410—C. U. Matric., 1911*

\*See the wretch that long has tost  
On the thorny bed of pain  
Again repair his vigour lost,  
And walk and run again ;  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common air, the earth, the skies  
To him are opening paradise.

*411—Cowper*

Bound on a voyage of awful length  
And dangers little known,

Man vainly trusts his own.  
But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
To reach the distant coast.  
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

*412—C. U. Matric., 1911*

\*The wind was high, the window shakes,  
With sudden start the miser wakes ;  
Along the silent room he stalks,  
Looks back and trembles as he walks ;  
Each lock and every bolt he tries,  
In every creek and corner pries ;  
Then opes the chest with treasure stored,  
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard !

*413*

A tender child of summer three  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stair timidly,  
"O mother, take my hand," said she,  
"And then the dark will all be light."  
We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before,  
And only when our hand we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day.  
And there is darkness never more.

*414—Mary Lamb*

\*I saw a boy with eager eye  
Open a book upon a stall,  
And read as he'd devour it all,  
Which when the stallman did espy.  
Soon to the boy I heard him call,

"You, sir, you never buy a book,  
"Therefore in one you shall not look,"  
The boy passed slowly on, and with a sigh ;  
He wished he never had been taught to read,  
Then of the churl's books he should have had no need.

*415—C. U. Matric., 1912*

\*Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill ;  
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon :  
There's joy in the mountains :  
There's life in the fountains ;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing ;  
The rain is over and gone.

*416—Cowper*

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,  
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen ; my crown is called content :  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

*417—Campbell*

\*By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the artillery.

418—*Dyer*

\*I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
And hasty climbers soonest fall ;  
I see how those that sit aloft,  
Mishap doth threaten most of all ;  
These get with toil, and keep with fear ;  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

419—*Raynard*

To miss a meal sometimes is good,—  
It ventilates and cools the blood ;  
Gives Nature time to cleanse her streets  
From filth and crudities of meats ;  
For too much meat the bowels fur ;  
And fasting's Nature's scavenger.

## 420

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,  
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be.  
Sink not in spirit ; who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

421—*Mackay*

\*There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming :  
Then pen shall supersede the sword,  
And Right not Might shall be the lord  
In the good time coming,  
Worth, not Birth shall rule mankind  
And be acknowledged stronger ;  
The proper impulse has been given,  
Wait a little longer.

*422—Pope*

The tree is distinguished by the fruit,  
Be virtue then your first pursuit :  
Set your great ancestors in view,  
Like them deserve the title too ;  
Like them ignoble actions scorn :  
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

*423—M. E. Weekly*

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor,  
But glory is the soldier's prize ;  
The soldier's wealth is honour ;  
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,  
Nor count him as a stranger,  
Remember he's his country's stay  
In day and hour of danger.

*424—C. U. Matric., 1914*

\*Among the hills of India  
Dwelt warriors fierce and bold.  
The sons of robber chieftains,  
Who in the days of old  
Fought for their mountain freedom,  
And, if by fate laid low,  
Fell, ever crowned with honour,  
Their faces to the foe,  
Now 'twas an ancient custom  
Among those hillmen brave,  
When thus they found their kinsman.  
To dig for him no grave ;  
But the torn blood-stained garments,  
They stripped from off the dead,

And then his wrist they circled  
With green or crimson thread.

## 425

It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows along like a song ;  
But the man worth while is the one who will smile  
When everything goes dead and wrong.  
For the test of the heart is trouble ;  
And it always comes with tears,  
And the smile that is worth the praise of the earth  
Is the smile that comes through tears.

426—*C. U, Matric., 1918*

\*Is life worth living ? Yes, so long  
As there is wrong to right,  
Wail of the weak against the strong,  
Or tyranny to fight ;  
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,  
Or streaming tears to dry,  
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face  
That smiles as we draw nigh ;  
Life is worth living still,  
So long as in this ocean realm,  
Victoria and her line  
Retain the heritage of the helm  
By loyalty divine :  
So long as flashes English steel,  
And English trumpets shrill,  
He is dead already who doth not feel  
Life is worth living still.

427—*Test Paper*

Fortune attends the lion-hearted man  
Who acts with energy : weak-minded persons



Sit idly waiting for some gift of fate,  
 Banish all thought of destiny, and act  
 With manly vigour,—use thy utmost strength :  
 When thou hast put forth all thy energy  
 The blame of failure will not rest with thee.

*428—Trate d' Brady's Verson of the 15th Psalm*

Lord, who's the happy man that may  
 To thy blessed courts repair,  
 Nor stranger-like to visit them,  
 But to inhabit there ?  
 'Tis he who never forged a slander  
 His neighbour's fame to wound ;  
 Nor hearken to a false report  
 By malice whispered round ;  
 Who vice in all in its pomp and power  
 Can treat with just neglect ;  
 And piety though clothed in rags  
 Religiously respect.

*429—C. U. Matric., 1911*

\*Who shall be nearest,  
 Noblest and dearest,  
 Famed with honour and pride evermore ?  
 He the undaunted,  
 Whose banner is planted  
 On glory's high ramparts and hoar !  
 Fearless of danger,  
 To falsehood a stranger,  
 Looking not back while there's duty before.  
 He shall be nearest,  
 He shall be dearest.  
 He shall be in our hearts evermore !

## 430

Have ye Poverty's pinching to cope with ?  
 Does suffering weigh down your might ?  
 Only call up a spirit to hope with,  
 And dawn may come out of the night.  
 Oh ! much may be done by defying  
 The ghosts of despair and dismay ;  
 And much may be gained by relying  
 On "Where there's will there is a way."

431—*C. U. Matric., 1918*

\*As we surpass our fathers' skill,  
 Our sons will shame our own ;  
 A thousand things are hidden still  
 And not a hundred known.  
 And had some prophet spoken true,  
 Of all we shall achieve,  
 The wonders were so wildly new,  
 That no man would believe.  
 Meanwhile, my brothers, work, and wield  
 The forces of to-day,  
 And plow the present like a field,  
 And garner all you may !  
 You, what the <sup>cultured</sup> surface grows  
 Dispense with careful hands ;  
 Deep under deep for ever goes,  
 Heaven over heaven expands.

423—*Aiken*

Who is born for sloth ?  
 Some, taught by industry, impart  
 With hands and feet, the works of art ;  
 While some, of genius more refined,

With head and tongue assist mankind ;  
 Each aiming at one common end,  
 Proves to the whole, a needful friend,  
 Thus born each other's useful aid,  
 By turns are obligations paid.

### 433

Better to strive and climb  
 And never reach the goal,  
 Than to drift along with time—  
 An aimless worthless soul.  
 Aye better to climb and fall  
 Or sow though the yield be small ;  
 Than to throw away day after day  
 And never strive at all.

### 434—*C. U. Matric., 1934*

\*We have not wings, we cannot soar,  
 But we have feet to scale and climb  
 By slow degrees, by more and more,  
 The cloudy summits of our time.

### 435—*Schiller*

What shall I do to gain eternal life ?  
 Discharge aright  
 The simple dues with which each day is rife ?  
 Yea, with thy might :  
 Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise  
 Life will be fled.

### 436—*C. U. Matric., 1934*

The heights by great mean reached and kept  
 Were not attained by sudden flight,

But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upwards in the night.

## 437

Then do not look disheartened  
O'er the work you have to do,  
And say that such a might task  
You never can get through.  
But just endeavour day by day  
Another point to gain,  
And soon the mountain which you feared  
Will prove to be a plain.

438—*C. U. Matric, 1924*

\*Do thy work ; it shall succeed  
In thine or another's day.  
And if denied the victors meed,  
Thou shall not lack the toiler's pay.

439—*C. U. Matric., 1924*

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
"Life is but an empty dream !"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.  
Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal ;  
"Dust thou art to dust returnest."  
Was not spoken of the soul.  
Not enjoyment and not sorrow  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us further from to-day.

*440—C. U. Matric., 1924*

\*Faith shares the future's promise ; Love's  
Self-offering is a triumph won ;  
And each good thought or action moves  
The dark world nearer to the Sun.

*441—Goldsmith*

\*Remote from cities lived a swain,  
Unvexed with all the cares of gain ;  
His head was silvered o'er with age,  
And long experience made him sage.  
In summer's heat and winter's cold,  
He fed his flock and penned the fold :  
His hours in cheerful labours flew,  
Nor envy nor ambition knew ;  
His wisdom and honest fame  
Through the country raised his name.

*442—C. U. Matric., 1915*

\*Who once hath chosen the ranks of right,  
With clenched resolve by his choice to stand,  
Saves a people oft in their own despite,  
And loveth wisely his native land.  
He bears a praying heart in the strife,  
Sworn knight and true,  
Against all evil wars to the knife,  
And is firm of faith, though he suffer loss.

*443—Matric. Test Paper*

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;  
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and grey  
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,  
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever,  
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long,  
And so make Life and Death, and that for ever,  
One grand sweet song.

444—*The Same*

We turn our sad reluctant gaze  
Upon the path of duty ;  
Its barren, uninviting ways  
Are void of bloom and beauty ;  
Yet in that road, though dark and cold  
It seems as we begin it,  
As we press on—lo ! We behold  
There's heaven in it.

445—*C. U., Matric, 1914*

\*I fell into grief, and began to complain ;  
I looked for a friend, but I sought him in vain ;  
Companions were shy, and acquaintances were cold,  
They gave me good counsel, but dreaded their gold.  
"Let them go," I exclaimed : "I've a friend at  
my side,  
To lift me, and aid me whatever betide.  
To trust to the world is to build on sand ;  
I'll trust but in heaven and my good Right hand."

446

I ask not for his lineage,  
I ask not for his name—  
If manliness be in his heart,  
He noble birth may claim ;  
I care not though of worldly wealth.  
But slender be his part,



If 'yes' you answer, when I ask—  
Hath he a true man's heart ?  
I ask not from what land he came,  
Nor where his youth were nursed—  
If pure the stream, it matters not  
The spot from where it burst.  
The palace or the hovel  
Where first its life began,  
I seek not of ; but answer this—  
Is he an honest man ?

## 447

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts,  
Hoards after hoards, his rising raptures fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;  
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies,  
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the hoards of human bliss so small.

## 448

Men can make a nation great,  
Not the glittering gold,  
Men whose hearts are pure and true  
And both strong and bold,  
Men who never fear defeat  
For their country's cause,  
Men whom dangers cannot daunt,  
And who never pause ;  
Men who labour lovingly  
Heedless of their own gain ;  
These are a nation's truest wealth,  
Without them, gold is vain.

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**SECTION VI:**  
**HARD POETRY PASSAGES**

**449—Lovelace**

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage,  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage.  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free ;  
Angels alone that soar above  
Enjoy such liberty.

**450**

Wouldst thou lead a useful life,  
Wouldst thou miss a world of strife,  
Have thy bark serenely glide  
Smoothly down life's earthly tide,  
See the bright and sunny side ?—  
Then do right.  
Wouldst thou have of men good-will,  
Find a good in every ill,  
Pass along in goodly cheer,  
Never held in coward fear.  
Have a mind and conscience clear ?—  
Then do right.

**451**

Wouldst thou save thy earthly form  
From disease's blight and storm,  
Prosper without selfish end,  
Find in all a brother, friend,  
Each a helping hand to lend ?—  
Then do right.

## 452

Wouldst thou truest friendship know,  
 Wouldst thou pure and holy grow,  
 Every tempter wisely scan.  
 Hold thy passions under ban,  
 Rise a truer, higher man ?—  
 Then do right.

453—*John Gay*

\*How fond are men of rule and place,  
 Who court it from the mean and base !  
 These cannot bear an equal night.  
 But from superior merit fly.  
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,  
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke,  
 There o'er some petty club preside ;  
 So poor, so paltry is their pride !

454—*Cowper*

\*The Lord receives His highest praise  
 From humble minds and hearts sincere ;  
 While all the loud professor says  
 Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

## 455

Though small store of wealth I own ;  
     Though no rood of land have I ;  
 Nor do towers of fretted stone  
     Mark for me a mansion high ;  
 Yet to an immense estate  
     Am I heir, a child of God—  
 Richer, grander than doth wait  
     Any earthly monarch's nod ;  
 Heir of all the ages, I—  
     Heir of all that they have wrought.

All their hopes of empires ;  
All their wealth of precious thought.

## 456

I live to hail that season  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When men shall live by reason  
And not alone for gold ;  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole word shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

457—*C. U. Matric, 1915*

\*"I hear thee speak of the better land,  
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;  
Mother ! Oh where is that radiant shore ?  
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?  
Is it where feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the date grows under sunny skies ?"  
"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !  
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;  
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—  
Sorrow and death may not enter there.  
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,  
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb ;  
—It is there, it is there, my child !

## 458

Living friendly, feeling friendly,  
Acting fairly to all men,  
Seeking to do that to others  
They may do to me again,

Hating no man, scorning no man,  
    Wronging none by word or deed,  
But forbearing, soothing, serving,  
    Thus I live—and this my creed.

## 459

    "Not to myself alone,"  
The little op'ning, flow'r transported cries,  
    "Not to myself alone I bud and bloom ;  
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume.  
And gladden all things with my rainbow-dyes.  
    The bee comes sipping, every eventide,  
        His dainty fill ;  
    The butterfly within my cup doth hide  
        From threatening ill."

## 460

    "Not to myself alone,"  
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,  
    "Not to myself alone, from flower to flower  
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,  
    And to the hive at evening weary come :  
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile  
        With busy care,  
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil  
        With scanty share."

## 461

    "Not to myself alone,"  
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,  
    "Not to myself alone I sparkling glide ;  
I scatter life and health on every side,

And strew the fields with herb and flowerest gay ;  
I sing' unto the common, bleak and bare  
    My gladsome tune ;  
    I sweeten and refresh the languid air  
    In drouhty June."

## 462

Let others tell of battles fought  
    Of bloody, ghastly fields,  
When honour meets the man who wins,  
    And death the man who yields ;  
But I will speak of him who fights  
    And vanquishes his sins,  
Who struggles on through weary years  
    Against himself and wins.

## 463

He is a hero, staunch and brave,  
    Who fights an unseen foe,  
Who puts at last beneath his feet  
    His passions base and low ;  
And stands erect in manhood's might,  
    Undaunted, undismayed—  
He's braver than who draws sword  
    In foray or in raid.

## 464

It calls for something more than brawn  
    Or muscle to o'ercome  
An enemy who marcheth not  
    With banner, plume or drum—  
A foe for ever lurking nigh,  
    With silent stealthy tread,



For ever near your board by day,  
At night beside your bed.

## 465

Old South, a witty churchman reckoned,  
Was preaching once to Charles the Second !  
But, much too serious for a court,  
Who at all preaching made a sport,  
He soon perceived his audience nod,  
Deaf to the zealous man of God.  
The doctor stopped began to call,  
"Pray, wake the Earl of Lauderdale !  
My lord, why 'tis a monstrous thing,—  
You snore so loud, you'll wake the King !"

## 466

Never give up ! It is wiser and better  
Always to hope than once to despair !  
Fling up the load of doubt's cankering fetter,  
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care :  
Never give up ! or the burden may sink you ;  
Providence kindly has mingled the cup ;  
And in all trials and troubles, bethink you,—  
The watchword of life must be—Never give up.

## 467

Never give up ! There are chances and changes  
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one ;  
And through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges  
Ever success,—if you'll only help on.  
Never give up, for the wisest is boldest,  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup ;  
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,  
Is the true watchword of—Never give up.

## 468.

Never give up ! Though the grapeshot may rattle,  
Or the full thunder cloud over you may burst ;  
Stand like a rock,—and the storm and the battle  
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst ;  
Never give up ! if adversity presses,  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup ;  
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,  
Is the stout watchword of—Never give up.

## 469

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;  
They tame but one another still :  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

## 470

The garlands wither on your brow,  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
Upon death's purple altar now  
See where the victor-victim bleeds ;  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb ;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

## 471

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,  
So calm are we when passions are no more.

For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost,  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal the emptiness which age describes.

## 472

Thou must be true thyself ;  
If you the truth wouldst teach,  
The soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul wouldst reach !  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

## 473

The rich man's son inherits cares :  
The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn ;—  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

## 474

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art ;—  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

## 475

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things.

A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,  
Content that from employment springs,  
A heart that in its labour sings ;—  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

## 476

What doth a poor man's son inherit ?  
A patience learned of being poor ;  
Courage, if sorrow come to bear it ;  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

## 447

I have felt and known how bitter  
Human coldness makes the world,  
Ev'ry bosom round me frozen,  
Not an eye with pity pearled ;  
Still my eye with kindness teemeth,  
Glad when other hearts are glad  
And my eyes a tear-drop findeth  
At the sight of others sad.

## 478

Ah ! be kind—life hath no secret  
For our happiness like this ;  
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,  
Blessing eyes bringeth bliss ;  
Lend a helping hand to others,  
Smile though all the world should frown,  
Man is man—we all are brothers,  
Black or white or red or brown.



His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;  
 Remote from man, with God he passed his days,  
 Prayer all his business all his pleasure praise.

483—*C. U. Matric., 1915*

\*I lay in sorrow, deep distressed :  
 My grief a proud man heard ;  
 His looks were cold, he gave me gold,  
 But not a kindly word.  
 My sorrow passed—I paid him back  
 The gold he gave to me ;  
 Then stood erect and spoke me thanks,  
 And blessed his charity.

I lay in want, grief and pain ;  
 A poor man passed my way ;  
 He bound my head, he gave me bread,  
 He watched me night and day,  
 How shall I pay him back again,  
 For all he did to me ?  
 Oh, gold is great' but greater far  
 Is Heavenly sympathy !

484—*Milton*

A crown,  
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares and sleepless nights  
 To him who wears the regal diadem,  
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies :  
 For therein stands the office of king, —  
 His hononr, virtue, merit and chief praise,  
 That for the public all this weight he bears !  
 Yet he who reigns within himself and rules  
 Passions, desires, and fears is more a king,  
 Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;



And who attains not ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within  
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.

*485—Cowper*

\*No mischief worthier of our fear  
In nature can be found  
Than friendship, in ostent sincere.  
But hollow and unsound ;  
For lulled into a dangerous dream,  
We close infold a foe  
Who strikes, when most secure we seem.  
The inevitable blow.

*486—Alexander Smart*

Better than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank or titles a hundred fold,  
Is a healthful body, a mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please ;  
A heart that can feel for a neighbour's woe,  
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,  
With sympathies large enough to infold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

*487—The same*

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere ;  
Doubly blest with content and health,  
Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth.  
Lowly living and lofty thought  
Adorn and ennoble the poor man's cot ;  
For mind and morals on Nature's plan  
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

488—*The same*

Better than gold is the sweet repose  
Of the sons of toil when their labours close ;  
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,  
And the balm that drops on his slumber deep.  
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed  
Where Luxury pillows his aching head,  
His simpler opiate labour deems  
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

489—*The same*

Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in realms of thought and books can find  
A treasure surpassing Austrian ore,  
And live with the great and the good of yore.  
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,  
The glories of empires passed away,  
The world's great drama will thus unfold,  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

490—*The same*

Better than gold in affliction's hour  
Is the balm of love, with its soothing power,  
Better than gold on a dying bed  
Is the hand that pillows the sinking head.  
When the pride and glory of life decay,  
And earth and its vanities fade away,  
The prostrate sufferer needs not to be told  
That trust in Heaven is better than gold.

492—*Goldsmith*

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

493—*C. U. Matric 1912*

\*Death takes us by surprise  
And stays our hurrying feet ;  
The great design unfinished lies,  
Our lives are incomplete ;  
But in the dark unknown  
Perfect, perfect their circles seem,  
Even as a bridge's arch of stone  
Is rounded in the stream.

494—*Goldsmith*

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side,  
But in his duty prompt, at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.  
And as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

495—*Watts*

\*Let coward Guilt, with pallid fear  
To sheltering caverns fly,  
And justly dread the vengeful fate  
That thunders through the sky.  
Protected by that hand, whose law  
The threatening storms obey,  
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,  
As in the blaze of day.

*496—Matric. Test Paper*

Alas ! the world at distance seen  
Appears all blissful, serene,  
A garden formed to tempt the foot  
With crystal streams and golden fruit :  
That world, when tried and trod, is found  
A rocky waste, thorny ground ;  
We then regret our youth, but when  
Shall bygone times return again ?

*497—Gray*

\* Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

*498—Shakespeare*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to granish,  
Is wasteful or ridiculous excess.

*499—Parnell (adapted)*

\*O Contentment !  
Ambition searches all its sphere  
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there ;  
Increasing avarice would find  
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.  
The bold adventurer ploughs his way  
Through rocks, amidst the foaming sea,

To gain thy love, and they perceive  
Thou wert not in pomp, gold, or waves.

500—*Cowper*

Once went I forth, and found till then unknown,  
A cottage, whither oft we since repair,  
'Tis perched upon the green hill-top, but close  
Environed with a ring of branching elms  
That overhang the thatch, itself unseen,  
Peeps at the vale, below, so thick beset  
With foliage of such dark redundant growth.  
I called the low-roofed lodge, *Peasant's nest*.

501—*Goldsmith*

\*Beware of too sublime a sense  
Of your own worth and consequence !  
The man who dreams himself so great  
And his importance of such weight,  
That all around, all that's done,  
Must move and act for him alone,  
Will learn in school of tribulation  
The folly of his expectation.

502—*Pope*

Some high or humble enterprise of good  
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,  
Become thy study, rest and food,  
And kindle in thy breast a flame refined ;  
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
To this thy purpose, to begin, pursue,  
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind,  
Strength to complete and with delight review,  
And grace to give the praise where all the praise  
is due.

503—*Shirley*

\*The glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate ;  
Death lays his icy hands on kings ;  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

## 504

Oh ! righteous doom, that they who make  
Pleasure their only end,  
Ordering their whole life for its sake,  
Miss that whereto they tend,  
While they who bid stern duty lead,  
Content to follow, they,  
Of duty only taking heed,  
Find pleasure by the way.

505—*Eliza Cook*

\*The wind disturbs the sleeping lake  
And bids it ripple pure and fresh,  
It moves the green boughs till they make  
Grand music in their leafy mesh.  
And so the active breath of life  
Should stir our dull sluggard wills,  
For are we not created rife  
With health that stagnant torpor kills ?

506—*Matric Test Paper*

Earnest words must needs be spoken  
When the warm heart bleeds or burns



With its scorn of wrongs or pity  
 For the wronged, by turns ?  
 But by all the nature's weakness,  
 Hidden faults and follies known,  
 Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
 Conscious of thine own.

*507—Cowper*

\*God moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform,  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea  
 And rides upon the storm.  
 Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright design.  
 And works his sovereign will.

*508*

Is true freedom but to break  
 Fetters for our own dear sake,  
 And, with leathern hearts, forget  
 That we owe mankind a debt ?  
 No ! true freedom is to share  
 All the chains our brothers wear,  
 And, with heart and hand, to be  
 Earnest to make others free !

*509—Pope*

\*By birth the name alone descends :  
 Your honour on yourself depends ;  
 Think not a coronet can hide  
 Assuming ignorance and pride.  
 Learning by study must be won,  
 'Twas ne'er entailed from son to son,

If you degenerate from your race,  
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

510—*T. A. Bowen*

The Germans are a thrifty folk,  
and steady at their toil,  
In mart, or shop, or factory, or delving in the soil.  
They have a saying—wise it is,  
in memory hold it fast—  
“The mill will never grind with the water  
that is past.”  
Time is the water of the stream,  
youth is the turning wheel,  
And labour is the magic stone that  
grinds life's golden meal.  
Take heed, O youth ! grind while you may ;  
the current cannot last ;  
The mill will never grind with the water  
that's past.

511—*Southey*

Bitter art thou to him that lives in rest,  
O Death ! and grievous in the hour of joy  
The thought of thy cold dwelling ; but thou comest  
Most welcome to the wretched ; a best friend  
To him that wanteth one, a comforter,  
For in the grave is peace.

512

Saint Augustine ! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things, each day's events,  
 That with the hour begin and end,  
 Our pleasures and our discontents  
     Are rounds by which we may ascend.

*513—Goldsmith*

The triumphs that on vice attend  
 Shall ever in confusion end ;  
 The good man suffers but to gain.  
 And every virtue springs from pain ;  
 As aromatic plants bestow  
 No spicy fragrance while they grow ;  
 But crushed or trodden to the ground,  
 Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

*514*

It is not for man to trifle ! life is brief  
     And sin is there ;  
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf,  
     A dropping tear.  
 We have no time to sport away the hours.  
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.

*515—Longfellow*

\*Were half the power that fills the world with  
     terror,  
 Were half the wealth that's spent on camps and  
     courts  
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
 There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

*516—Ella Wheeler*

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
     Shall the world's famine feed :

Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a beautiful deed ;  
Live truly and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

*516A—C. U. Matric., 1924*

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak ;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think ;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

*517—Matric. Test Paper*

In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains.  
The dead fear no tyrants ; the grave hath no chains.  
On, on to the combat ! the heroes that bleed  
For virtue and mankind. are heroes indeed !  
And oh ! e'en if freedom from this world be driven,  
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven !

*518—Cowper*

\*Weak and irresolute is man  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into my plan.  
To-morrow rends away.  
The bow well-bent and smart the spring  
Vice seems already slain,  
But passion rudely snaps the string  
And it revives again.

*519—Matric. Test Paper*

From life without freedom, oh ! who would not fly  
For one day of freedom, oh ! who would not die ?  
Hark, hark, 'tis the trumpet, the call of the brave,  
The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of the slave.  
Our country is bleeding, oh, fly to her aid,  
One arm that defends, is worth hosts that invade.

*520—C. U. Matric., 1917*

\*The tree may fall and be forgotten  
And buried in the earth remain ;  
Yet from its juice, rank and rotten,  
Springs vegetating life again.  
The world is with creation teeming,  
And nothing ever wholly dies ;  
And things that are destroyed in seeming  
In other shapes and forms arise.

*521—E. W. Wheeler*

Think kindly of the erring !  
Ye know not of the power  
With which the dark temptation came  
Some unguarded hour ;  
Ye may not know how earnestly  
They struggled or how well.

*522—C. U. Matric., 1917*

\*They tell us of an Indian tree  
Which, howe'er the sun and sky  
May tempt its boughs to wander free,  
And shoot and blossom wide and high,  
Far better loves to bend its arms,  
Downwards again to that dear earth

From which the life that fills and warms  
Its grateful being first had birth.  
'Tis thus though wooed by flattering friends  
And fed with fame (if fame it be)  
This heart, my own dear mother, bends  
With love's true instinct back to thee.

523—C. U. Matric., 1915

\*A certain Pasha dead these thousand years,  
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,  
And had this sentence on the city's gate  
Deeply engraven, *Only God is great.*  
So those four words above the city's noise  
Hung like accents of an angel's voice ;  
And evermore  
Saluted each returning caravan.  
Lost is that city's glory. Every gust  
Lifts, with dead leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust  
And all is ruined save one wrinkled gate  
Whereon is written, *Only God is great.*

524—Thomson

Ah ! What avail the largest gifts of heaven,  
When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?  
How tasteless then whatever can be given ;  
Health is the vital principle of bliss  
And exercise of health. In proof of this,  
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,  
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss ;  
While he whom toil has braced or manly play,  
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear  
as day.



525—*C. U. Matric., 1919*

\*There came a giant to my door,  
A giant fierce and strong ;  
His step was heavy on the floor,  
His arms were ten yards long.  
He scowled and frowned ; he shook the ground ;  
I trembled through and through ;  
At length I looked him in the face  
And cried, 'Who cares for you ?'  
The mighty giant, as I spoke,  
Grew pale and thin and small,  
And through his body as't were smoke,  
I saw the sunshine fall.  
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies ;  
'Is this', I cried, with growing pride,  
'Is this the mighty foe ?'

He sank before my earnest face,  
He vanished quite away,  
And left no shadow in his place  
Between me and the day.  
Such giants come to strike us dumb,  
But, weak in every part,  
They melt before the strong man's eyes,  
And fly the true of heart.

526—*Pope*

Know Nature's children all divide her care  
The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear ;  
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use !"  
"See man for mine !" replies a pampered goose,  
And just as short of reason he must fall,  
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

## 527

The boy stood on the burning deck.  
Whence all but him had fled ;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead ;  
Yet beautiful and bright he stood.  
As born to rule the storm !  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though childlike form !  
The flames rolled on—he would not go  
Without his father's word ;  
That father, faint in death below.  
His voice no longer heard.  
He called aloud : "Say, father, say  
If yet my task's done."  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.  
"Speak, father !" once again he cried,  
"If I may yet be gone".  
And but the booming shots replied.  
And fast the flames rolled on.  
Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair ;  
And looked from that lone post of death  
In still, yet brave despair ;  
And shouted but once more aloud,  
"My father ! must I stay ?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.  
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild.  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child  
Like banners in the sky !

There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—Oh ! where was he ?  
Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea,  
With mast and helm and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing which perished there  
Was that young faithful heart !

## 528

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless step I ran,  
Thine arm unseen, conveyed me safe  
And led me up to man.  
Through hidden dangers, toils and death  
It gently cleared my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice  
More to be feared than they.

## 529

Though I am now in younger days.  
None can tell what shall befall me ;  
I'll prepare for every place,  
Where my growing age shall call me.  
Should I e'er be rich or great,  
Others shall partake my goodness ;  
I'll supply the poor with meat,  
Never showing scorn or rudeness.

## 530

The boy who's always wishing  
That this or that might be,

But never tries his mettle,  
Is the boy that's bound to see  
His plans all come to failure,  
His hopes end in defeat ;  
For that's what comes when wisbing  
And working fail to meet.

## 531

Then speak no ill, but lenient be  
To others' failings as your own ;  
If you're the first a fault to see,  
Be you the last to make it known ;  
For life is but a passing day,  
No tongue may tell how brief its span ;  
Then all the little time we stay,  
Still let us speak the best we can.

## 532

Child of the Town ! for thee, alas !  
Glad nature spreads nor flowers nor grass ;  
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun  
Glad streams come singing as they run.  
No roses, twin-born on the stalk,  
Perfume thee in thy evening walk ;  
No voice of birds ;— but to thee comes  
The mingled din of cars and drums.  
And startling cries, such as are rife  
When wine and wassail waken strife.

533—C. U. *Intermediate*, 1923.

Since without Thee we do no good,  
And with Thee we do no ill,  
Abide with us in weal and woe,  
In action and in will :

· In weal,—that while our lives confess  
 The Lord who gives, we may  
 Remember, with an humble thought  
 The Lord who takes away ;

In woe,—that while to drowning fears  
 Our hearts their joys resign,  
 We may remember who can turn  
 Such water into wine.

### 534—*Montgomery*

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
 Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside :  
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;  
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

### 535

We, ignorant of ourselves,  
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise God  
 Denies us for our good ; so find we profit  
 By losing of our prayers.  
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
 Rough-hew them how we will.

### 536

No glory I covet, no riches I want ;  
 Ambition is nothing to me ;  
 The one thing I beg to kind Heaven to grant.  
 Is a mind independent and free,  
 With passion unruffled, untainted with pride.  
 By reason my life let me square,

The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,  
And the rest is but folly and care.

## 537

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er ;  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.  
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

## 538

All honour then to each brave heart,  
Though poor or rich he be,  
Who struggles with his baser part—  
Who conquers and is free.  
He may not wear a hero's crown ;  
Or fill a hero's grave ;  
But Truth shall place his name among  
The bravest of the brave.

## 539

He that holds fast the golden mean  
And lives contentedly between  
The little and the great,  
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor  
Nor plagues that hunt the rich man's door,  
Embittering all his state.

540—C. U. *Matric.*, 1916

\*Unarmed and unattended walks the Czar  
Through Moscow's busy street one winter day.



The crowd uncover as his face they see ;  
"God greet the Czar !" they say.  
Along his path there moved a funeral,  
Grave spectacle of poverty and woe—  
A wretched sledge dragged by one weary man  
Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge blown by the winter wind,  
Lay a coffin, very rude and bare :  
And he who drew it bent before his load  
With dull and sullen air ;

The emperor stopped and beckoned to the man,  
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave ?" he said,  
"Only a soldier, sire !" the short reply,  
"Only a soldier dead."

"Only a soldier !" musing said the Czar,  
"Only a Russian, who was poor and brave ?  
"Move on, I follow. Such an one goes not  
Unhonoured to his grave."

He bent his head and silent raised his cap :  
The Czar of all the Russians pacing slow,  
Followed the coffin as again it went  
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,  
Looked on that sight, then followed silently ;  
Peasant and prince and artisan and clerk,  
All in one company.

Still as they went, the crowd grew ever more,  
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,  
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,  
Honoured the poor and brave.

### 541

\*The woman was old and feeble and gray,  
And bent with the chill of winter's day :

The street was wet with the recent snow,  
And the woman's feet were weary and slow.  
She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng.  
Down the street with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"  
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,  
Past the woman so old and gray,  
Hastened the children on their way.  
Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.  
At last came one of the merry troop—  
The gayest boy of all the group ;  
He paused beside her, and whispered low,  
"I will help you across, if you wish to go."  
He guided the trembling feet along.  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.  
Then back again to his friends he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.  
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For all she is old and poor and slow,  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother—you understand—  
If e'er she is poor and old and gray  
When her own dear boy is far away."  
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head.  
In her home that night, and the prayer she said  
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

542—*Cowper*

\*A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,  
Had once his integrity put to the test ;

His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,  
And ask'd him to come and assist in the job.

He was shocked not a little, and answered—

“Oh no !

What ! rob our poor neighbour ! I pray you  
don't go.

Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread ;  
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.”

“You speak very fine, and you look very grave,  
But apples we want, and apples we'll have ;  
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share.  
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.”

They spoke, and Tom pondered—“I see they  
will go,

Poor man ! what a pity to injure him.

Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I could,  
But staying behind will do him no good.

If this matter depended alone upon me,  
His apples might hang till they drop from tree,  
But, since they will take them, I think, I will go too ;  
He will lose none by me, though I got a few.

His scruples thus silenc'd, Tom felt more at ease,  
And went with his comrades the apples to seize.  
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan,  
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

### 543

\*A good wife rose from her bed one morn,  
And thought with a nervous dread  
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more  
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.  
There's the meal to get for the men in the field,  
And the children to send away.

To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned  
And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood  
Was wet as it could be ;

There were puddings and pies to make, besides  
A loaf or a cake for tea.

And the day was hot, and her aching head  
Throbbled wearily as she said ;

"If maidens but knew what good wives know,  
They would be in no haste to wed."

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife  
In a smiling and absent way,

Sang snatches of tender little songs  
She'd not sung many a day.

And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes  
Were white as the foam of the sea ;

Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet  
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,—

"Tom Wood has run off to sea !

He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only have  
As happy a home as we."

The night came down, and the good wife smiled  
To herself as she softly said :

"Tis so sweet to labour for those we love,

It's not strange that maids will wed !"

### 544

\*Around the fire, one wintery night.

The farmer's rosy children sat :

The faggot lent its blazing light,

And jokes went round, and careless chat.

When hark ! a gentle hand they hear  
Low tapping at the bolted door ;

And thus, to gain their willing ear,  
A feeble voice was heard implore ;—  
    “Cold blows the blast across the moor,  
The sleet drives hissing in the wind ;  
Yon toilsome mountain lies before—  
A dreary treeless waste behind.

My eyes are weak, and dim with age,  
No road, no path can I descry ;  
And these poor rags ill stand the rage  
Of such a keen inclement sky.

So faint I am, these tottering feet  
No more my palsied frame can bear ;  
My freezing heart forgets to beat,  
And drifting snows my tomb prepare,  
    And open your hospitable door,  
And shield me from the biting blast ;  
Cold, cold it blows across the moor—  
The weary moor that I have passed.”

With hasty steps the farmer ran,  
And close beside the fire they place  
The poor half-frozen beggarman,  
With shaking limbs and pale blue face ;

The little children flocking came,  
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs ;  
And busily the good old dame  
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul ;  
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek  
The big round tear was seen to roll,  
Which told the thanks he could not speak.

The children then began to sigh,  
And all their merry chat was o'er ;  
And yet they felt, they knew not why,  
More glad than they had been before..

545—*Ben Jonson*

\* It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be ;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear :  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night ;  
It was the plant and flower of light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see ;  
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

546—*Montgomery*

\* The bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;  
And she that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in the shade when all things rest,  
The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown  
In deepest adoration bends ;  
The weight of glory bends him down  
Then most when most his soul ascends :  
Nearest the Throne itself must be  
The foot-stool of humility.

547—*C. U. Matric., 1923*

\* If a lagging brother falls behind,  
And drops from the toiling band ;  
If fear and doubt put his soul to rout,  
Then lend him a helping hand,  
Cheer up his heart with words of hope  
Nor season the speech with gall ;  
In the great highway, 'on the busiest day,  
There's room enough for all.



548—*C. U. Matric., 1923*

\* If a man with the tread of a pioneer  
Slips out on your track ahead,  
Don't grudge his start with an envious heart.  
For the mightiest ones were led ;  
But gird your loins for the coming day -  
Let nothing your heart appal :  
Catch up if you can, with the forward man,  
There's room enough for all.

549—*Ella Wheeler*

\* Here in the heart of the world,  
Here in the noise and the din,  
Here where our spirits are hurled  
To battle with sorrow and sin ;  
This is the place and the spot  
For knowledge of infinite things ;  
This is the kingdom where thought  
Can conquer the prowess of kings.

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**SECTION VII**  
**HARDER POETRY PASSAGES**

**550**

What if the rain is pouring down ?  
What if the trees are bare and brown ?  
What if the whole world wears a frown ?

Keep smiling.

Worries begin from an early age.  
Making us ready to curse and rage :  
What if the world is a rusty cage ?

Keep smiling.

Never give in till thy race is run ;  
Never despair if the troubles come ;  
Under the clouds is a golden sun ;

Keep smiling.

**551**

O mortals from your fellow's blood abstain,  
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane,  
While corns and pulse by nature are bestowed,  
And planted orchards bend their willing load :  
While laboured gardens wholesome herbs produce.  
And teeming vines afford their generous juice.

**552**

There's many a failure for those who win ;  
But though at first they fail.

They try again and the earnest ones  
 Are sure at last to prevail  
 Though the mountain is steep and hard to climb,  
 You can win the heights, I say,  
 If you make up your mind to reach the top ;  
 For where there's a will there is a way.

*553—George Herbert*

Who is the honest man ?  
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue ;  
 To God his neighbour and himself most true ;  
 Whom neither force nor fawning can  
 Unpin or wrench from giving all their due ;  
 Whose honesty is not  
 So loose or easy that a ruffling wind  
 Can blow away or glitt'ring look it blind ;  
 Who rides his sure and even trot,  
 While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

*554—E. W. Wheeler*

Whatever your work and whatever its worth,  
 No matter how strong or clear,  
 Someone will sneer if you pause to hear.  
 And scoff at your best endeavour ;  
 For the target art has a broad expanse,  
 And wherever you chance to hit it,  
 Though close be your aim to the bull's eye fame.  
 There are those who will never admit it.

*555*

\* Straight through my heart this fact  
 By Truth's own hand is driven :

God never takes one thing away,  
But something else is given,  
I did not know in earlier years  
This law of love and kindness ;  
I only mourned through bitter tears  
My loss, in sorrow's blindness.  
But, ever following each regret,  
O'er some departed treasure,  
My sad repining heart was met  
With unexpected pleasure.  
I thought it only happened so :  
But Time this truth has taught me—  
No least thing from my life can go.  
But something else is brought to me.  
It is the Law, complete, sublime :  
And now, with Faith unshaken,  
In patience I but bide my time  
When my joy is taken.

*556—Shakespeare*

Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.  
Oh that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not derived corruptly ; and that clear honour  
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !  
How many then should cover that stand bare,  
How many be commanded that command !

*557—C. U. Matric., 1925*

\* Oh fear not in a world like this  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

*558—C. U. Matric., 1925*

\* The poet gathers fruit from every tree,  
Yea from figs, thorns and grapes, from thistles he.  
Touched by his hand the meanest weed that grows  
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose.

*559—Shakespeare*

'Tis a common proof  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;  
But when he once attains the upmost round  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees.  
By which he did ascend.

*560—Goldsmith*

\* So when the gilded baits of vice  
Are placed before our longing eyes,  
With greedy haste we snatch our fill  
And swallow down the latent ill  
But when experience opes our eyes,  
Away the fancied pleasure flies,  
It flies, but oh ! too late we find  
It leaves a real sting behind.

*561*

Genius, that power which dazzles mortal eyes,  
Is of but perseverance in disguise.  
Continuous effort of itself, implies,  
In spite of countless falls, the power to rise.  
'Twixt failure and success the point is so fine.  
Men sometimes know not when they touch the line.

562—*Ella W. Wheeler*

Thoughts do not need the wings of words  
To fly to any goal,  
Like subtle lightnings, not like birds,  
They speed from soul to soul.  
Hide in your heart a bitter thought—  
Still it has power to blight ;  
Think Love--although you speak is not,  
It gives the world more light.

## 563

What though the Fates a lengthen'd age deny ?  
Let management a longer life supply ;  
And learn at least to live, before you die ;  
A little tract, well-tilled, more profit yields  
Than realm of wide uncultivated fields.  
'Tis not from length of years our pleasures flow,  
Nor to the Fates alone our bliss we owe ;  
Great ills by art, we lighten or remove,  
And skill our meanest pleasures may improve.

- 564—*E. W. Wheeler*

Laugh, and the world laughs with you ;  
Weep, and you weep alone ;  
For the sad old earth  
Must borrow its mirth ;  
It has troubles of his own.  
Rejoice and men will seek you ;  
Grieve, and they turn and go ;  
They want full measure  
Of all your pleasure,  
But they do not want your woe.



*565—Trench*

Look always on the sunny side,  
 'Twill make us happier far ;  
 Why should we try to find the cloud  
 When brightly shines the star :  
 Some people only see the world  
 As through a smoky glass ;  
 They go half way to meet the woe.  
 And let the sunshine pass.

*566—Rogers*

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;  
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear :  
 A willowy brook that turns a mill,  
 With many a fall shall linger near.  
 The swallow oft beneath my thatch  
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest :  
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
 And share my meal, a welcome guest,  
 Around my ivied porch shall spring  
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;  
 And Lucy at her wheel, shall sing  
 In russet gown and apron blue.  
 The village church among the trees,  
 Where first our marriage vows were given,  
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze  
 And point with taper spire to Heaven.

*567—Cook*

\* King Bruce and the spider.

*568—Wordsworth*

\* Lucy Gray

569—*Wordsworth*

\* We are seven

570—*Mackay* ('The Miller of the Dee')

\* There dwelt a miller hale and bold  
Beside the river Dee,  
He wrought and sang from morn to night.  
No lark more blithe than he,  
And this the burden of his song  
For ever used to be,  
"I envy nobody, no, not I,  
And nobody envies me."  
"Thou'rt wrong, my friend !" said old King Hal,  
Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be ;  
For could my heart be light as thine.  
I'd gladly change with thee.  
And tell me what makes thee sing  
With voice so loud and free,  
While I am sad, though I am the King  
Beside the river Dee ?"  
The miller smiled and doffed his cap :  
"I earn my bread," quoth he ;  
"I love my wife, I love my friends,  
I love my children three,  
I owe no penny I cannot pay,  
I thank the river Dee  
That turns the mill that grinds the corn  
To feed my babies and me."  
"Good friend !" said Hal, and sighed the while,  
"Farewell, and happy be ;  
But say no more if thou' dst be true.  
That no one envies thee.

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown ;  
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee ;  
 Such men as thou are England's boast,  
 O miller of the Dee !"

571—*Wordsworth*

\*The Solitary Reaper

Behold her, single in the field,  
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !  
 Reaping and singing by herself ;  
 Stop here or gently pass !  
 Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
 And sings a melancholy strain.  
 O listen ! for the vale profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound.  
 No nightingale did ever chaunt  
 More welcome notes to weary bands  
 Of travellers in some shady haunt  
 Among Arabian sands :  
 No sweeter voice was ever heard  
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
 Breaking the silence of the seas  
 Among the farthest Hebrides.  
 Will no one tell me what she sings ?—  
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
 For old unhappy, far-off things,  
 And battles long ago :  
 Or is it some more humble lay,  
 Familiar matter of today ?  
 Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,  
 That has been, and may be again ?  
 Whatever the theme, the maiden sang  
 As if her song could have no ending ;  
 I saw her singing at her work,  
 And o'er the sickle bending ;

I listened motionless and still ;  
And as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

*572—Wordsworth*

\* Simon Lee the old Huntsman

*573*

If none were sick and none were sad  
What service could we render ?  
I think if we were always glad,  
We scarcely would be tender.  
Did our beloved never need  
Our patient ministration,  
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed  
Its sweet consolation ;  
If sorrow never claimed our heart,  
And every wish were granted,  
Patience would die and hope depart,  
Life would be disenchanted.

*574—E. W. Wheeler*

I know not whence I came,  
I know not whither I go :  
But the fact stands clear that I am here,  
In this world of pleasure and love ;  
And out of the mist and murk  
Another truth shines plain :  
It is my power each day and hour  
To add to its joy or its pain.

*575—The same*

I know that the earth exists,  
It is none of my business why ;

I cannot find out what it's all about,  
I would but waste time to try.  
My life is a brief, brief thing,  
I am here for a little space,  
And while I stay, I would like, if I may,  
To brighten and better the place.

*576—The same*

The trouble, I think, with us all  
Is the lack of a high conceit,  
If each man thought he was sent to his spot  
To make it a bit more sweet,  
How soon we would gladden the world,  
How easily right all wrong,  
If nobody shirked and each one worked  
To help his fellows along.

*577—The same*

Cease wandering why you came,  
Stop looking for faults and flaws ;  
Rise up today in your pride and say,  
"I am part of the First Great Cause !  
However full the world,  
There is room for an earnest man.  
It had need of me or I would not be—  
I am here to strengthen the plan."

*578*

An artist wished to paint a face  
The symbol of innocence and joy,  
He sought a child for his ideal,  
And drew the likeness of a boy.

Long years past on. The artist now  
A grey old man, one picture more  
Designed to make and call it Guilt.  
A contrast to the child of yore.  
He went into a dungeon dark,  
Its cold wall damp with slime,  
And painted a wretched man chained there,  
Condemned to death for crime.  
Beside the other he placed the last,  
And when he heard the prisoner's name,  
He found the innocent laughing child  
And the hardened man were both the same.

*579—Campbell*

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the mu ing eye  
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky ?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

*580—Filicija (Translated by Leigh Hunt)*

\* Just as a mother, with sweet, pious face,  
Yearns towards her little children from her seat,  
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,  
Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet ;  
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,  
She learns their feelings and their various will,  
To this a look, to that a word, dispenses,  
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still—  
So Providence for us, high, infinite,  
Makes our necessities its watchful task,



Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,  
 And e'en if it denies what seems our right,  
 Either denies because 'twould have us ask,  
 Or seems but to deny, and in denying grants.

### 581—*Goldsmith*

\*There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose ;  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year.  
 Remote from town he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place  
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
 Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,  
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

### 582—*Matric. Test Paper*

\*Lose this day loitering,—'twill be the same story  
 Tomorrow, and the next more dilatory ;  
 The indecision brings its own delays,  
 And days are lost lamenting over days.  
 Are you in earnest ? Seize this very minute ;  
 What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.  
 Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.

### 583—*Thomson*

As we rush, as we rush in the Train  
 The trees and the houses go wheeling back  
 But the starry heavens above the plain  
 Come flying on our track.  
 All the beautiful stars of the sky,

The silver doves of the forest of Night,  
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,  
Companions of our flight.  
We will rush ever on without fear ;  
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet !  
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,  
While the earth slips from our feet !

584—*C. U. Matric., 1926.*

'There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming :  
Hateful rivalries of creed  
Shall not make their martyrs bleed  
In the good time coming.  
Religion shall be shorn of pride,  
And flourish all the stronger :  
And Charity shall trim her lamp,  
Wait a little longer.

585—*C. U. Matric., 1928.*

\*One summer day I chanced to see  
This old man doing all he could  
To unearth the root of an old tree,  
A stump of rotten wood.  
The mattock tottered in his hand ;  
So vain was his endeavour  
That at the root of the old tree  
He might have worked for ever.  
'You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,  
'Give me your tool,' to him I said :  
And at the word right gladly he  
Received my proffer'd aid.  
I struck, and with a single blow,

The tangled root I sever'd,  
 At which the poor old man so long.  
 And vainly had endeavour'd.  
 The tears into his eyes were brought,  
 And thanks and praises seemed to run  
 So fast out of his heart, I thought  
 They never would have done.  
 I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deed.  
 With coldness still returning ;  
 Alas ! the gratitude of men  
 Hath oftener left me mourning.

## 586

Despise not thou small things :  
 The soul that longs for wings  
 To soar to some great height of sacrifice oft  
 Forgets the daily round,  
 Where little cares abound,  
 And shakes off little duties while she looks aloft.

587—*Shakespeare*

Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
 Nor any unproportioned thought its act.  
 Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.  
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
 Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

588—*The same*

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habits as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy : rich, not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be :  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

589—*Gray*

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

590

Let me today do something that shall take  
A little sadness from the world's vast store,  
And may I be so favoured as to make  
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.  
Let me not hurt by any selfish deed  
Nor thoughtless word the heart of foe or friend,  
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,  
Or sin by silence where I should defend.  
Let me tonight look back across the span  
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,  
"Because of some good act to beast or man,  
The world is better that I lived today."

591

What is the Iron Rule ?  
The rule of savage men :  
If evil be done unto you  
Evil do you again.  
What is the Silver Rule ?  
The rule of worldly men :

If good your neighbour does to you  
 Do good to him again.  
 What is the Golden Rule ?  
 The rule of righteous men :  
 If evil be done unto you,  
 Return you good again.

## 592

Up ! up ! my friend, and quit your books,  
 Or surely you will grow double ;  
 Up ! up ! my friend, and clear your looks,  
 Why all this toil and trouble ?  
 The sun, above the mountain's head,  
 A freshening lustre mellow  
 Through all the long green fields has spread,  
 His first sweet evening yellow.  
 Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife ;  
 Come, hear the woodland linnet ;  
 How sweet his music ! on my life  
 There's more of music in it.  
 And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings ;  
 He too is no mean preacher :  
 Come forth into the light of things—  
 Let Nature be your teacher.

593—*Newman*

Prune thou thy words ; the thoughts controul  
 That o'er thee swell and throng :  
 They will condense within thy soul,  
 And change to purpose strong.  
 But he who lets his feelings run  
 In soft luxurious flow,  
 Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears  
Where hearts and wills are weighed,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour and fade.

## 594

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once ;  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.

595—*Punj. Univ. Matric., 1926*

Here is an example from  
A Butterfly  
That on a rough hard rock  
Happy can lie,  
Friendless and all alone  
On this unsweetened stone ;  
Now let my bed be hard.  
Nor care take I,  
I'll make my joy like this  
Small Butterfly  
Whose happy heart has power  
To make a stone a flower.

[ Write down in about 150 words ( 20 lines ) the thoughts suggested to you by the reading of the above poem.]

## 596

Though error's gloom too oft unshrouds,  
And truth is hidden by the clouds,

The ensign of the Lord shall yet  
 On highest mountain bravely set,  
 Wave out His message true and clear,  
 And draw the waiting people near.

## 597

\* Home they brought her warrior dead ;  
 She nor swooned nor uttered cry ;  
 All her maidens, watching, said,  
 "She must weep, or she will die."  
 Then they praised him, soft and low,  
 Called him worthy to be loved,  
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;  
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.  
 Stole a maiden from her place,  
 Lightly to the warrior stept,  
 Took the face-cloth from the place,  
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.  
 Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
 Set her child upon her knee—  
 Like summer tempest came her tears,—  
 "Sweet my child I live for thee'.

## 598

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,  
 We love the play-place of our early days.  
 The scene is touching and the heart is stone  
 That feels not at the sight, and feels at none ;  
 The wall on which we tried our graving skill,  
 The very name we carved subsisting still,  
 The bench on which we sat while deep employed,  
 Though mangled, hacked, and hewed not yet  
 destroyed.



599—*C. U. Matric., 1913*

A king grown old in glory renown  
With wisdom wished his happy reign to crown,  
Failing years turned white upon his head,  
He thought upon his end, and thus he said—  
“Three sons I have, strong types of sturdy youth;  
Bred in all honour, manliness and truth,  
Honest and brave are they, I know it well:  
But traits there are in all that none can tell,  
I’ll test them therefore, for I fain would know  
Which one shall rule the best when I must go.”

## 600

O Sleep! O gentle Sleep!  
Nature’s soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs  
Upon easy pallets stretching thee,  
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy  
slumber,  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?

## 601

\*The lapse of time and rivers is the same.  
Both speed their journey with a restless stream;  
The silent pace with which they steal away,  
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay!  
Alike irrevocable both when passed,  
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.

602—*C. U. Intermediate, 1910*

\*Victorious men of earth, no more  
 Proclaim how wide your empires are ;  
 Though you bind in every shore,  
 And your triumphs reach as far  
     As night or day,  
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey  
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

603—*Bomb. Univ. S. L. C., 1914*

\* Beneath the hedge, near the stream.  
 A worm is known to stray,  
 That shows by night a lucid beam  
     Which disappears by day.  
 Disputes have been, and still prevail,  
     From whence his rays proceed ;  
 Some give that honour to his tail,  
     And others to his head,  
 But this is sure—the hand of might  
     That kindles up the skies,  
 Gives him a modicum of light  
     Proportioned to his size.  
 Perhaps indulgent Nature meant  
     By such a lamp bestowed,  
 To bid the traveller as he went,  
     Be careful where he trod ;  
 Nor crush a worm whose useful light,  
     Might serve, however small,  
 To show a stumbling stone by night  
     And save him from a fall.

## 604

\* Not a sigh, not a groan,  
When the mother sends forth her son—to war !  
She mourns not, though she be left alone,  
She only prays the gods for more  
Such soldier boys.  
She prays not she may live in ease  
Mid swift-winged riches—useless toys—  
She scorns such paltry gifts as these !  
Not a groan, not a sigh,  
Though she seems to hear the cannon's roar,  
And the wounded's agonizing cry ;  
She only prays the gods for more  
To fight the fight.

## 605

A country life is sweet !  
In moderate cold and heat  
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair,  
In every field of wheat :  
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers  
And every meadow's brow,  
So that, I say,  
No courtier may  
Compare with them who clothe in gray,  
And follow the useful plough.  
They rise with the lark  
And labour till dark ;  
Then folding their sheep they hasten to sleep  
While every pleasant park  
Next morning is ringing with birds that are  
singing  
On each green tender bough ;

With what content and merriment  
Their days are spent,  
Whose minds are bent  
To follow the useful plough !

## 607

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

## 608

There's many a trouble  
Would break like a bubble,  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did we not rehearse it  
And tenderly nurse it  
And give it a permanent place in the heart ?

## 609

There's many a sorrow  
Would vanish to-morrow,  
Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings.  
'So sadly intruding,  
And quietly brooding,  
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

## 610

The fairest action in human life  
Is scorning to revenge an injury ;  
For who forgives without a further strife

His adversary's heart to him doth lie :  
 And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,  
 To win the heart than overthrow the head.

## 611

"I can't" is a coward half fainting with fright  
 At the first thought of peril he slinks out of sight,  
 Skulks and hides till the noise of the battle is past ;  
 Or sells his best friends and turns traitor at last.

612—*Bombay Univ. S. L. C., 1921.*

As slow our ship her foamy track, etc.  
 (See passage 29, Appendix II)

## 613

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
 Though life its common gifts deny,  
 Though with a pierced and bleeding heart  
 And spurned of men he goes to die ;  
 For God has marked each sorrowing day  
 And numbered every secret tear,  
 And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
 For all His children suffer here.

## 614

Children we are all  
 Of one great Father in whatever clime  
 Nature or chance hath cast the seeds of life—  
 All tongues, all colours : neither after death  
 Shall we be sorted into languages  
 And tints, white, black and tawny, Greek  
 and Goth,  
 Northmen, and offspring of hot Africa ;  
 The All-father, He in whom we live and move,

He the indifferent Judge of all, regards  
Nations, and hues, and dialects alike ;  
According to their works shall they be judged,  
When even-handed Justice in the scale  
Their good and evil weighs.

## 615

Alas ! how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love !  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied ;  
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity.

## 616

Shun delays, they breed remorse ;  
Take thy time, while time is lent thee ;  
Creeping snails have weakest force ;  
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee ;  
Good is best when sooner wrought  
Ling'ring labours come to nought.

## 617

Hoist up sail while gale doth last—  
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ?  
Seek not time when time is past—  
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure :  
After-writs are dearly bought :  
Let thy fore-writ guide thy thought.







**624—Richardson** (Page 47)

How fraught with music, beauty, and repose, etc.

**625—Davies** (Page 48)

\*How sweet this morning air in spring, etc.

**626—Richardson** (Page 71)

I wandered thoughtfully by Gauga's shore, etc.

**627—Mary Lamb** (Page 71)

\*Horatio, of ideal courage vain, etc.

**628—Lowell** (Page 78)

\*A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent, etc.

**629—Hunt** (Page 82)

\*Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase), etc.

**630—Canton** (Page 112)

I walked with one whose child had lately died, etc.

**631—Wotton** (Page 113)

How happy is he born and taught, etc.

**632—Pope** (Page 114)

Happy the man. whose wish and care, etc.

**633—Lowell** (Page 115)

Where is the true man's fatherland ! etc.

**634—Doyle (Page 117)**

\*His foe is fire, fire ! etc.

**635—Tennyson (page 120)**

\*The rain had fallen, the Poet arose, etc.

**636—Campbell (page 127)**

\*Our bugles sang truce for the night cloud, etc.

## SECTION VIII

### STILL HARDER POETRY PASSAGES

637

\*When God at first made man,  
Having a glass of blessings standing by;  
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can;  
All the world's riches, which dispersed lie,  
Contract into a span.  
So strength first made a way;  
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour,  
pleasure;  
When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure  
Rest in the bottom lay.  
For if I should (said He)  
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,  
He would adore my gifts instead of Me,  
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;  
So both should losers be.

638

Flowers are the brightest things which earth  
On her broad bosom loves to cherish;  
Gay they appear as children's mirth,  
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.  
In every clime, in every age,  
Mankind have felt their pleasing sway;  
And lays to them have deck'd the page  
Of moralist and minstrel gay.  
They wreathe the harp at banquets tried,

With them we crown the crested brave.  
 They deck the maid—adorn the bride—  
 Or form the chaplets for her grave.

### 639

Let others boast of their heaps of shining gold  
 And view their fields with waving plenty crowned,  
 Whom neighbouring foes in constant terror hold,  
 And trumpets break their slumbers never sound ;  
 While calmly poor, I trifle life away,  
 Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire ;  
 No wanton hope my guilt shall betray,  
 But cheaply blest, I'll scorn such vain desire.

### 640—C. U. *Intermediate*, 1912

\*We have not wings, we cannot soar,  
 But we have feet to scale and climb,  
 By slow degrees, by more and more,  
 The cloudy summits of our time.  
 The mighty pyramids of stone,  
 That, wedge-like, cleave the desert airs,  
 When nearer seen and better known,  
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.  
 The heights by great men reached and kept  
 Were not attained by sudden flight  
 But they while their companions slept,  
 Were toiling upward in the night.

### 641

The world never adjusts itself  
 To suit your whims to the letter,  
 Some things must go wrong your whole life long  
 And the sooner you know it the better.

It is folly to fight with the Infinite,  
And go under at last in the wrestle  
The wiser man shapes into God's plan  
As water shapes into a vessel.

## 642

These things shall be ! A loftier race  
Than ever the world hath known shall rise  
With flame of freedom in their souls  
And light of science in their eyes.  
Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as comrades free ;  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.  
New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,  
And mightier music thrill the skies,  
And every life shall be a song,  
When all the earth is paradise.

643—*Montgomery*

There is a spot of earth supremely blest  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.  
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel guard of loves and graces lie ;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found !

Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;  
 O, thou shalt find, however thy footsteps roam,  
 That land thy country, and that spot thy Home.

#### 644—Cook

\*I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
 To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?  
 I have treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
 I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with  
 sighs ;

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,  
 Not a tie will break; not a link will start.  
 Would you learn the spell ? A mother sat there,  
 And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.  
 In childhood's hour I lingered near  
 The hallowed seat with list'ning ear ;  
 And gentle words that mother would give,  
 To fit me to die, and teach me to live ;  
 She told me shame would never betide  
 With truth for my creed, and God for my guide ;  
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer  
 As knelt beside that old arm-chair.

#### 645

There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,  
 Can circumvent or hinder or control  
 The firm resolve of a determined soul.  
 Gifts count for nothing ; will alone is great :  
 All things give way before it, soon or late.  
 What obstacle can stay the mighty force  
 Of the sea-seeking river in its course  
 Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait ?  
 Let fools prate of luck : the fortunate  
 Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves.



## 646

Will fortune never come with both hands full  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?  
She either gives a stomach and no food.—  
Such are the poor in health ; or else a feast  
And takes away the stomach—such the rich,  
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

## 647

So saying the good Lord Buddha seated him  
Under Jambu-tree with ankles crossed  
As holy statues sit—and first began  
To meditate this deep disease of life.  
What its far source, and whence its remedy.  
So vast a pity field him, such wide love  
For living things, such passion to heal pain,  
That by their stress his princely spirit passed  
To ecstasy, and purged from mortal taint  
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat  
Dhyana, first step of "the path".

## 648

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !  
Blind among the enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled which might in part my grief have eased,  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm : the vilest here excel me :  
They creep yet see.

649—C. U. *Matric.*, 1922

\* Read the following story and rewrite it in simple prose, omitting no detail, and expressing as plainly as you can the contrast between the behaviour of the dog and that of Ulysses's own people towards him :—

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast  
 Long kept by wars and long by tempests tost,  
 Arrived at last, poor old, disguised, alone,  
 To all his friends and even his queen unknown ;  
 Changed as he was, with age and toils, and cares,  
 Furrowed his reverend face and white his hairs,  
 In his own palace forced to ask his bread,  
 Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed,  
 Forgot of all his own domestic crew ;  
 The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew,  
 Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay ;  
 Like an old servaut cashiered he lay,  
 Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,  
 And longing to behold his ancient lord again.  
 Him when he saw—he rose, and crawled to meet,  
 ('Twas all he could) and fawned and kissed his feet,  
 Seized with dumb joy—then falling by his side,  
 Owned his returning lord looked up and died.

## 650

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

## 651

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

## 652

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learnt to stray :  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

## 653

Broadest streams from narrowest sources,  
Noblest trees from meanest seeds,  
Mighty ends from small beginnings,  
From lowly promise lofty deeds ;  
Never hasting, never resting ;  
Glad in peace and calm in strife,  
Quietly thyself preparing  
To perform thy part in life.

## 654—Cowper

O Liberty ! the prisoners' pleasing dream,  
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme,  
Genius is thine, and thou art fancy's nurse,  
Lost without thee th'ennobling pow'rs of verse ;  
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires  
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires.  
Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,  
And I will sing, if Liberty be there ;  
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,  
In Africa's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

## 655—Davies

I know my body is of so frail a kind  
As force without, fevers within can kill ;

I know the heavenly nature of mind,  
 But it is corrupted both in wit and will ;  
 I know my soul hath power to know all things.  
 Yet is she blind and ignorant in all ;  
 I know I am one of Nature's little kings,  
 Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall ;  
 I know my life is a pan and but a span,  
 I know my sense is mocked with everything,  
 And, to conclude know myself a man  
 Which is a proud, and yet a wretched, thing.

## 656

However mankind may doubt it,  
 It shall listen and hear my creed  
 That God may ever be found within,  
 That the worship of self is the only sin.  
 And the only devil is greed.  
 Over and over and over  
 These truths I will say and sing,  
 That love is mightier far than hate,  
 That a man's own thought is a man's own fate,  
 And that life is a goodly thing.

657—*Lawrence Binyon*

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
 England mourns for her dead across the sea,  
 The flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
 Fallen in the cause of the free.  
 Solemn the drums thrill : Death august and royal  
 Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,  
 There is music in the midst of desolation  
 And a glory that shines upon the tears.  
 They went with songs to the battle, they were young,

Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow :  
 They were staunch to the end against odds  
 uncounted,  
 They fell with their faces to the foe.

658—*Mad. Univ., 1919*

\*So may the outward shows be least themselves ;  
 The world is still deceived with ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
 Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,  
 What damned error but some sober brow  
 Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?  
 There is no vice so simple but assumes  
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts ;  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars !

659—*E. W. Wheeler*

Though vice may don the judge's gown  
 And play the censor's part,  
 And Fact be scorned by Falsehood's frown,  
 And nature ruled by art,  
 Though labour toils through blinding tears,  
 And idle wealth is might,  
 I know the honest, earnest years  
 Will bring it out all right.

660—*E. W. Wheeler*

It is easy enough to be prudent,  
 When without or within, no voice of sin  
 Is luring your soul away ;

But it's only a negative virtue  
 Until it is tried by fire,  
 And the life that is worth the honour on earth,  
 Is the one that resists a desire.

## 661

\*As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
 Half-willing, half-reluctant to be led,  
 And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
 Still gazing at them through the open door,  
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted,  
 By promises of others in their stead,  
 Which though more splendid, may not please him,  
more ;  
 So, Nature deals with us, and takes away  
 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
 Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,  
 Scarce knowing if we wished to go or stay,  
 Being too full of sleep to understand  
 How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

## 662

Think not, young prince, your elevated state,  
 Birth, honours, or the empty name so great,  
 Can fix your joys ; peace in the hut is found,  
 While palaces with discord still resound.  
 Fortune to industry is always kind,  
 And though by vulgar notions painted blind,  
 Is still more equal than the vulgar know,  
 Who judge of happiness by outward show.

## 663

Shun then, Achilles, shun the faults of those  
Who still too little or too much propose ;  
Stretch not your hopes too far, nor yet despair ;  
But above all, of indolence beware :  
Attend you what you do, or life will seem  
But a mere vision of fantastic dream,  
Spent in ideas of delight, at best,  
While pleasure true is lost in doubtful rest.  
In short, learn when and how to bear ; in vain  
He pleasure seeks, who is afraid of pain.

## 664

As Thracian winds the Euxine sea molest,  
So wrath and envy, from a human breast,  
Drive Halcyon peace and banish kindly rest ;  
For no security for joy is found  
But in a mind that's tractable and sound.  
Suppress the first emotions of your ire,  
And smother in its birth that kindling fire,  
Ere anger yet possesses all your soul,  
Ere yet your bosom heaves and eyeballs roll.

## 665

When sad, your ills exaamine and compare,  
Judge of your own by what another's are :  
Consider greater wretches, and the fates  
Of mighty heroes and of powerful states ;  
Thus evils will be seen in their own light,  
And fancied ones will vanish out of sight.

## 666

Nor aim at pleasure difficult to gain,  
Choose rather such as you obtain ;



Let not the fond ambition to be blest  
 The humblest pleasures in your power molest ;  
 Still cherish hope ; for without hope there's none ;  
 Taste hope, but be not fed with that alone.

## 667

I pity him who ne'er can be amused,

\* \* \* \*

Who, sighting pleasures, moderate and small,  
 Must live in rapture, or not live at all.  
 Great pleasures still are close allied to pain ;  
 Who quits the peaceful shore and ploughs the main,  
 Huge waves and mighty tempests must sustain.

## 668

Learn, generous prince, what's little understood,  
 The god-like happiness of doing good,—  
 A solid good which nothing can destroy,  
 The best prerogative the great enjoy.  
 For this, remember, monarchs first were made,  
 For this, young prince, be loved and be obeyed,  
 At once yourself and mighty nations bless,  
 And make humanity your happiness.

## 669

\*Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind.  
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.  
 Whatever nature has in worth denied,  
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride ;  
 For, as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
 What wants in blood and spirits swelled with wind.

670—*James*

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be they matin o'er moorland and lea !  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is they dwelling place—  
O to abide in the desert with thee !  
Wild is thy lay and loud  
Far in the downy cloud ;  
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth !  
Where, on thy dewy wing—  
Where art thou journeying ?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

## 671

O well for him whose will is strong !  
He suffers but he will not suffer long ;  
He suffers but he cannot suffer wrong ;  
For, him nor moves the loud word's random mock,  
Nor all calamity's hugest waves confound,  
Who seems a promontory of rock,  
That compass'd round with turbulent sound,  
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,  
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

## 672

Yes, love is over busy with its shuttle,  
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp  
Bright gorgeous flowers, scenes Arcadian ;  
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about  
With tapestries that make its walls dilate  
In never-ending vistas of delight.

## 673

Our souls should be vessels receiving  
The waters of love for relieving  
The sorrows of men,  
For here lies the pleasure of living :  
In taking God's bounties, and giving  
The gifts back again.

## 674

To each his sufferings : all are men  
Condemned alike to groan,  
The tender for another's pain,  
The unfeeling for his own.  
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies ?  
Thought would destroy their paradise !  
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss  
'Tis folly to be wise.

## 675

Let not soft slumber close thine eyes  
Before thou recollectest thrice  
Thy train of actions through the day—  
“Where have my feet found out the way ?  
What have I learnt where'er I have been,  
From all I've heard, from all I have seen ?  
What know I more that's worth the knowing,  
What have I done that's worth the doing ?  
What have I sought that I should shun ?  
What duties have I left undone ?  
Or into what new follies run ?

These self-inquiries are the road  
That leads to virtue, leads to good.

## 676

Whoever I am, whatever my lot,  
Whatever happen to be,  
Contentment and Duty shall hallow the spot  
That Providence orders for me ;  
No covetous straining and striving to gain  
One feverish step to advance,—  
I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain  
To hazard a change and a chance !

## 677

The favours that man accords to men  
Are never fruitless ; from them rise  
A thousand acts beyond our ken,  
That float like incense to the skies  
For benefits can ne'er efface,  
They multiply and widely spread,  
And honour follows on their trace.

## 678

There's not a tint that paints the rose  
Or decks the lily fair,  
Or makes the humblest flower that grows,  
But God has placed it there,  
There's not of grass a single blade,  
Or leaf of lowliest mein,  
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,  
And heavenly goodness seen.  
There's not a star whose twinkling light  
Illumes the spreading earth ;



To soothe and cheer the bed of death ;  
 The right the wanderer to reclaim,  
 And win the lost from paths of shame.

## 682

Is there a thought can fill the human mind,  
 More pure, more vast, more generous, more refined  
 Than that which guides the enlightened

patriot's toil ?

Not he, whose view is bounded by his soil ;  
 Not he, whose narrow heart can only shrine  
 The land—the people that he calleth 'mine' ;  
 Not he, who to set up that land on high,  
 Will make whole nations bleed, whole nations die ;  
 Not he, who calling that land's rights his pride,  
 Trampleth the rights of all the world beside ;  
 No !—He it is, the just, the generous soul !  
 Who owneth brotherhood with either pole,  
 Stretches from realm to realm his spacious mind,  
 And guards the weal of all the human kind,  
 Holds freedom's banner o'er the earth unfurled,  
 And stands the guardian patriot of a world.

## 683

Beside the sandal-tree a woodman stood  
 And swung the axe and, so the strokes were laid  
 Upon the fragrant trunk. The generous wood  
 With its own sweets perfumed the cruel blade.  
 Go thou and do the, like : a soul endued  
 With light from heaven, a nature pure and great,  
 Will place its highest bliss in doing good,  
 And good for evil give and love for hate.

684—*C. U. Matric., 1926*

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be ;  
When we are grown and take our place.  
As men and women with our race.  
Father in heaven, who loveth all,  
Oh, help Thy children when they call ;  
That they may build from age to age,  
An undefiled heritage.  
Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,  
With steadfastness and careful truth ;  
That, in our time, Thy grace may give  
The Truth whereby the Nations live.  
Teach us to rule ourselves always,  
Controlled and cleanly, night and day ;  
That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.  
Teach us to look in all our ends,  
On Thee for judge, and not our friends ;  
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed  
By fear or favour of the crowd.

686—*C. U. Matric., 1921*

\*Fame is a food that dead men eat.—  
I have no stomach for such meat.  
In little light and narrow room,  
They eat it in the silent tomb,  
With no kind voice of comrade near  
To bid the feaster be of cheer.  
But friendship is a nobler thing,—  
Of friendship it is good to sing.  
For truly when a man shall end,  
He lives in memory of his friend



Who doth his better part recall,  
And of his fault make funeral.

687—*C. U. Matric., 1931*

\* The man of life upright,  
Whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds,  
Or thoughts of vanity ;  
The man whose silent days  
In harmless joys are spent,  
Whom hopes cannot delude,  
Nor sorrows discontent—  
That man needs neither towers,  
Nor armour for defence,  
Nor secret vaults to fly  
From thunder's violence.  
He only can behold  
With unaffrighted eyes  
The horrors of the deep  
And terrors of the skies.

688—*C. U. Matric., 1932*

\* Our life is a game of cricket, lads,  
An earnest noble game ;  
So out with the bat and gloves and pads ;  
To shirk is folly and shame.  
Come forth to the field where the struggle lies  
And take each man his place,  
Whether batting, or bowling, or fielding ; be wise  
And do it with equal grace.  
It may be yours to take command,  
Or yours just to obey ;  
Faithful obedience is as grand  
As skilful prudent sway.

Your turn will come at the wicket, lads,  
 If you be ready and true ;  
 And then if you show good cricket, lads,  
 'Twill be all the better for you.

*689—C. U. Matric., 1932.*

Don't crowd and push on the march of life  
 Or tread on each other's toes,  
 For the world at best, in its great unrest,  
 Is hard enough as it goes.  
 Why should the strong oppress the weak.  
 There is room enough for all.

*690—C. U. Matric., 1927.*

\* It was six men of Indostan  
 To learning much inclined,  
 Who went to see the Elephant,  
 (Though all of them were blind),  
 That each by observation  
 Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the elephant  
 And, happening to fall:  
 Against his broad and sturdy side,  
 At once began to bawl :  
 'God bless me ! but the Elephant  
 Is very like a wall.'

The Second, feeling of the tusk,  
 Cried : 'Ho ! what have we here  
 So very round and smooth and sharp ?  
 To me 'tis mighty clear  
 This wonder of an Elephant  
 Is very like a spear !'

The Third approached the animal,

And happening to take  
The squirming trunk with his hand  
Thus boldly up and spake ;  
'I see, ' quoth he, 'the Elephant  
Is very like a snake !'

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,  
And felt about the knee :  
'What most this wondrous beast is like  
Is mighty plain' quoth he ;  
'Tis clear enough the Elephant  
Is every like a tree !',  
The Fifth who chanced to touch the ear,  
Said ; 'E'en the blindest man  
Can tell what this resembles most ;  
Deny the fact who can,  
This marvel of an Elephant  
Is very like a fan !'

The Sixth no sooner had began  
About the beast to grope,  
Than seizing on the swinging tail  
That fell within his scope,  
'I see,' quoth he, 'the Elephant  
Is very like a rope !'

And so these men of Indostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong  
Though each was partly in the right  
And all were in the wrong !

691

Who lags for dread of daily work,  
And his appointed task would shirk,

Commits a folly and a crime :  
    A soulless slave—  
    A paltry knave—  
A clog upon the wheels of time ;  
With work to do and store of health,  
    The man's unworthy to be free,  
    Who will not give,  
    That he may live,  
His daily toil for daily fee.

## 692

No, let us work ! We only ask  
    Reward proportioned to your task :  
We have no quarrel with the great ;  
    No feud with rank—  
    With mill or bank—  
No envy of a lord's estate,  
If we can earn sufficient store  
    To satisfy our daily need ;  
    And can retain,  
    For age and pain,  
A fraction, we are rich indeed !

## 693

And joy to him, who o'er his task  
    Remembers toil is Nature's plan ;  
    Who working, thinks —  
    And never sinks  
    His independence as a man ;  
Who only asks for humblest wealth—  
    Enough for competence and health,—  
    And leisure when his work is done,  
    To read his book  
    By chimney nook

Or stroll at setting of the sun ;  
Who toils as every man should toil  
For fair reward, erect and free ;  
These are the men—  
The best of men—  
These are the men we mean to be !

## 694

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,  
One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
One lesson of two duties kept at one,  
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—  
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity ;  
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,  
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.  
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,  
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,  
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,  
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;  
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,  
Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone

## 695—C. U. Intermediate, 1931.

\*Put into your own words the sense of the following  
extract :—

saw with open eyes  
Singing birds sweet  
Sold in the shops  
For the people to eat,  
Sold in the shops of  
Stupidity Street.  
I saw in vision

The worm in the wheat,  
 And in the shops nothing  
 For people to eat ;  
 Nothing far sale in  
 Stupidity Street.

## 696

The workshop must be crowded  
 That the palace may be bright,  
 If the ploughman did not plough  
 Then the poet could not write.  
 Then let every toil be hallowed  
 That man performs for man,  
 And have its share of honour  
 As part of one great plan.

## 697

Oh ! never hold malice ; it poisons our life,  
 With the gall-drop of hate and the nightshade of  
 strife ;  
 Let us scorn where we must and despise where  
 we may,  
 But let anger, like sunlight, go down with the day.  
 Our spirits in clashing may bear the hot spark,  
 But no smouldering flame to break out in the dark ;  
 'Tis the narrowest heart that creation can make,  
 When our passion folds up like the coils of a snake.

## 698

Oh ! never hold malice ; it cannot be good.  
 For 'tis nobler to strike in the rush of hot blood,  
 Than to bitterly cherish the name of the foe,  
 Wait to sharpen a weapon and measure the blow.  
 The wild dog in hunger - the wolf in its spring -

The shark of the water – the asp with its sting –  
Are less to be feared than the vengeance of man,  
When it lieth in secret to wound when it can.

## 699

Oh ! never hold malice ; dislike if you will  
Yet remember Humanity linketh us still ;  
We are all of us human, and all of us erring,  
And Mercy within us should ever be stirring.  
Shall we dare to look up to the Father above  
With petitions for pardon, or pleading for love ;  
Shall we dare, while we pant for revenge on another,  
To ask it from God, yet deny to a brother ?

## 700

They err who measure life by years,  
With false or thoughtless tongue ;  
Some hearts grow old before their time ;  
Others are always young.  
Some souls are serfs among the free,  
While others nobly thrive ?  
They stand just where their fathers stood ;  
Dead, even while they live.  
Others, all spirit, heart and sense, –  
Theirs the mysterious power  
To live in thrills of joy or woe,  
A twelvemonth in an hour.

## 701

What constitutes a state ?  
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate ;



Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,  
 Not bays and broad armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, proud navies ride ;  
 Nor starred and spangled courts  
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride  
 No, men, high-minded men,  
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
 In forest, brake or den,  
 As beasts excel bold rocks and brambles rude :  
 Men who their duties know,  
 But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.

## 702

In such a world, so thorny, and where none  
 Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,  
 Without some thistly sorrow at its side,  
 It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin  
 Against the law of love, to measure lots  
 With less distinguish'd than ourselves ; that thus  
 We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,  
 And sympathize with others suff'ring more.

## 703

Oh lor a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit  
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
 Might never reach me more ! My ear is pained,  
 My soul is sick with everyday's report  
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.  
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,  
 It does not feel for man ; the natural bond  
 Of brotherhood is severed as the flax,  
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
Not coloured like his own, and having power  
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause  
Dooms and devours him as his lawful prey.

## 704

There is a power,  
Unseen, that rules the illimitable world,—  
That guides its motions, from the brightest star,  
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould ;  
While man, who madly deems himself the lord  
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.

## 705

\*The common problem, yours mine, everybody's,  
Is not to fancy what were fair in life,  
Provided it could be, but finding first  
What may be, then find how to make it fair.

Up to our means—a very different thing.  
He who climbs the mountain does not always climb ;  
The winding road slants downward many a time ;  
Yet each descent is higher than the last.

## 706

'Tis not the least disparagement  
To be defeated by the event,  
Not to be beaten by main force ;  
That does not make a man the worse,  
But to turn tail and run away,  
And without blows give up the day,  
Or to surrender to the assault,  
That's no man's fortune but his fault.

## 707

The conqueror's crown of glory is set with many a  
gem,



Heir to the best part of me.  
Glittering stones and golden things,  
Wealth and honours that have wings,  
Ever fluttering to be gone,  
I could never call my own ;  
Riches that the world bestows,  
She can take, and she can lose ;  
But the treasures that are mine  
Lie afar beyond her line,  
When I view my spacious soul,  
And survey myself a whole,  
And enjoy myself alone,  
I'm a kingdom of my own.

## 711

Ask not, "How many are my years today ?  
When the returning fleeting season brings  
Once more the day that on fleeting time's swift  
wing

Will come again upon its circuit way ?"  
But ask, "How many are the noble deeds,  
How many are the true words this life of mine  
Has fondly spent, as days come and decline,  
And what the fruit of which I sowed the seeds ?"  
For seasons pass, this is the Law's command ;  
The book of life records but deeds, not years,  
And he lives truly who takes his bold stand  
Upon his broken hopes, his doubts and fears,  
Who faces fate and with unshaking hand  
Of his past failures a life's altar rears.

## 712

\*Express in clear prose the sense of the following  
poem.

By his evening fire the artist  
 Pordored o'er his secret shame ;  
 Baffled, weary and disheartened,  
 Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.  
 'Twas an image of the Virgin  
 That had tasked his utmost skill ;  
 But alas ! his fair ideal  
 Vanished and escaped him still.  
 From a distant Eastern island  
 Had the precious wood been brought ;  
 Day and night the anxious master  
 At his toil untiring wrought ;  
 Till discouraged and desponding,  
 Sat he now in shadows deep,  
 And the day's humiliation  
 Found oblivion in sleep.  
 Then a voice cried, 'Rise, O Master ;  
 From the burning brand of oak  
 Shape the thought that stirs within thee !  
 And the startled artist woke,—  
 Woke, and from the smoking embers  
 Seized and quenched the glowing wood ;  
 And therefrom he carved an image,  
 And he saw that it was good.

### 713

\*Write a paragraph on the moral lesson you learn from the following poem :

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim  
 On a rich man's table, rim to rim.  
 One was ruddy and red as blood.  
 And one was as clear as crystal flood.  
 Said the glass of wine to his paler brother :  
 'Let us tell tales of the past to each other.

can tell of banquet, and revel and mirth,  
Where I was King, for I ruled in might ;  
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth  
Fell under my touch, as though struck with  
blight,  
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown ;  
From the heights of fame I have hurled men  
down.

have blasted many an honoured name  
 I have taken virtue and given shame ;  
 I have tempted youth with a sip, a taste,  
 That has made his future a barren waste.  
 Far greater than any king am I,  
 Or than any army under the sky.”  
 Said the glass of water : ‘I cannot boast  
 Of a king dethroned or a murdered host ;  
 But I can tell of hearts that were sad  
 But my crystal drops made light and glad ;  
 Of thirsts I have quenched, and brows  
   I have laved,  
 Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved.  
     have leaped through the valley, and dashed  
   down the mountain ;  
 Slept in the sunshine and dripped from the  
   fountain ;  
 I have burst my cloud fetters and dropped  
   from the sky,  
 And everywhere gladdened the landscape  
   and eye ;  
 I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain  
 I have made the parched meadows grow fertile  
   with grain  
 I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,  
 I gladden the heart of man and maid.’

## 714

All are not just because they do no wrong ;  
But he will not wrong me when he may,  
He is the truly just. I praise not those  
Who in their petty dealings pilfer not,  
But him whose conscience spurns a secret fraud,  
When he might plunder and defy surprise.

## 715

Two principles in human nature reign ;  
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain ;  
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,  
Each works its end, to move or govern all :  
And to their proper operation still,  
Ascribe all good ; to their improper ill.

## 716

Who is good ? Not he who walks each day  
With moral men along the high, clean way ;  
But he who jostles gilded sin and shame,  
Yet will not sell his honour or his name.

## 717

Who is serene ? Not he who flees his kind,  
Some mountain fastness, or some cave to find ;  
But he who in the city's noisiest scene  
Keeps calm within—he only is serene.

## 718

I value more than I despise  
My tendency to sin,  
Because it helps me sympathize  
With all my tempted kin.



He who has nothing in his soul  
 That links him to the sod,  
 Knows not the joy of self-control  
 Which lifts him up to God.  
 And I am glad my heart can say  
 When others trip and fall,  
 (Although I safely passed that way)  
 "I understand it all."

## 719

\*Rewrite the following extract in simple prose :

What is noble ? To inherit  
 Wealth, estate and proud degree ?  
 There must be some other merit  
 Higher yet than these for me !—

Something greater far must enter  
 Into life's majestic span,  
 Fitted to create and centre  
 True nobility in man.

What's noble—'tis the finer  
 Portion of our mind and heart,  
 Linked to something still diviner  
 Than mere language can impart :

Ever prompting—ever seeing  
 Some improvement yet to plan :  
 To uplift our fellow-being  
 And, like man, to feel for man !

What is noble ?—is the sabre  
 Nobler than human spade ?  
 There's dignity in labour

Truer than ever pomp arrayed !

He who seeks the mind's improvement  
 Aids the world, in aiding mind !  
 Every great commanding movement

Serves not one. but all mankind.

**720**—*Bomb. Univ., S. L. C., 1923*

\*Rewrite the following extract in simple prose :

Don't look for the flaws as you go through

life ; etc.

See Passage No. 30, page 38, Appendix II.

### 721

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share,  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.

**722**—*Bomb. Univ., S. L. C., 1925*

\*If you can dream—and not make dreams your

master : etc.

See Passage No. 32, page 39, Appendix II.

### 723

\*A picture memory brings to me :

I look across the years and see

Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain

My selfish moods, and know again

A child's blind sense of wrong and pain,

But wiser now, a man grey grown,

My childhood's needs are better known,

My mother's chastening love I own ;

Grey grown but in our Father's sight,

A child still groping for the light -

To read his works and ways aright.

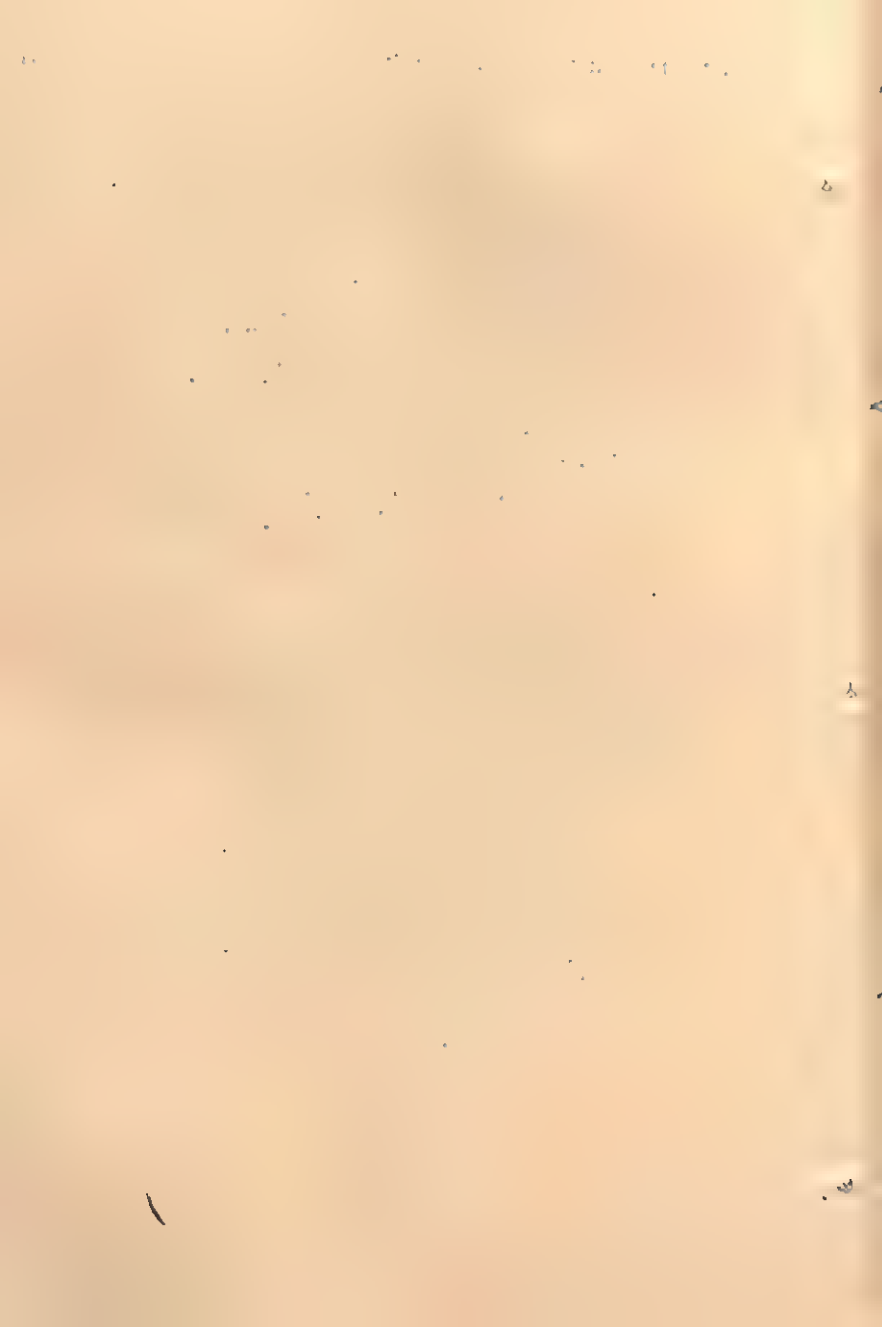
724—*Hannah More*

Since trifles make the sum of human things  
And half our misery from our foibles springs ;  
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
And few can save or serve, but all may please ;  
Oh ! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,  
A small unkindness is a great offence,  
Large bounties, we wish in vain,  
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain,  
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth  
With power to grace them or to crown with health,  
Our little lot denies but heaven decrees  
To all the gift of minist'ring ease.

## 725

\*Not always seek the open sea  
Where tempests fright the timid soul  
Not on life's voyage sail too nigh  
The rocky shore, the treacherous shoal.  
Whoever loves the golden mean,  
On him no ruined household falls ;  
His modest cot no mark for shafts  
Which envy darts 'gainst castle walls.  
So thou, when storms are lowering dark,  
Be resolute and breast the gale,  
But prudent be when winds are fair—  
Draw in thy proudly sailing sail.

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*APPENDIX I*  
**AMPLIFICATION**

**MODELS AND EXERCISES**

*Amplify the thought contained in the following extracts :*

1. Honesty is the best policy.
2. The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder.  
—*C. U. Matric., 1914.*
3. That character is power is true in a much higher sense than knowledge is power.
4. Good laws have sprung from bad customs.
5. We hate persons because we do not know them ; and we will not know them because we hate them.
6. Reason never shows itself more unreasonable than when reasoning on things above reason.
7. Despatch is the soul of business.
8. Though the sun of charity rise at home, yet it should always set abroad.
9. Men often bear little grievances with less courage than they do large misfortunes.
10. We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.
11. The nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.
- ✓ 12. He that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.
13. The crowning fortune of a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness.
14. Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live contentedly ; yet have no abstract or friarly contempt of them.

- ✓ 15. If the trunk of a tree, when young and pliable is not made to grow straight, it cannot be straightened when old and stiff.
- \* 16. That's what I always say ; if you wish a thing well done, you must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others.—*C. U. Matric., 1916.*
17. Should you be so unfortunate as to suppose you are a man of genius and that "things will come to you," it would be well to undeceive yourself as soon as possible.
18. The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things, not merely industrious, but love knowledge, not merely pure, but love purity not merely just, but hunger and thirst after justice.
- 19. Those who are quite satisfied, sit still and do nothing, those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world —*C. U. Intermediate, 1911.*
20. Sleep is on his way to the Earth, when many are calling him, but it is not to those he hastens, for every call only makes him fly further off. Sedate and grave as he looks, he is really capricious.
21. Fortune favours the brave.—*Mad. Matric., 1923.*
22. The burnt child dreads the fire.—*Mad. Inter., 1926.*
23. Nothing succeeds like success.—*Mad. Inter., 1926.*
24. To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing.—*Mad. Inter., 1926.*
25. Habit is second nature.—*Mad. Inter., 1929.*
26. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
- 27. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind :  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
- 28. How far that little candle throws its beams !  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
29. A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.
30. Wit envied, like the sun eclipsed, makes known  
The opposing body's grossness, not its own.

- 31. The mind is its own place, and in itself,  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
- 32. One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.—*C. U. Matric., 1915.*
- 33. If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as work.
- 34. Not on flowery beds, nor under shade  
Of canopy reposing, heaven is won.
- 35. For all honest work is worship,  
And to labour is to pray.
- 36. Despair takes heart when there's no hope to speed,  
Then a coward takes arms and does the deed.
- 37. Life is mostly froth and bubble :  
Two things stand like stone :  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in one's own.—*C. U. Matric., 1913.*
- 38. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?  
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked though locked up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
- 39. He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.
- 40. When little more than a boy in age,  
I deemed myself almost a sage,  
But now seem worthier to be styled,  
For ignorance, almost a child.
- 41. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien  
As to be hated, needs but to be seen ;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
- 42. Faith's meanest deed more favour bears  
Where hearts and wills are weighed,



Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour and fade.

43. From the most minute and mean

A virtuous mind can morals glean.—*Mad. Inter.*, 1920.

44. If it be a sin to covet honour,

I am the most offending soul alive.—*Mad. Inter.*, 1926.

45. There is a tide in the affairs of men

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.—*Mad. Inter.*, 1925

46. The old order changeth, giving place to new.—*Mad. Inter.*, 1923

47. Howe'er ye babble, great deeds cannot die ;

They with the sun and moon renew their light,

Forever blessing those that look on them.—*C. U. Inter.*, 1928.

48. This above all ; to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as night the day,

Thou can'st not then be false to any man.—*C. U. Inter.*, 1926.

49. Mercy is twice blest :

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;

It is an attribute of God Himself.

50. We trample grass and prize the flowers of May,

Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

*Elucidate the central idea or moral contained in the following :*

51. What is even poverty itself that a man should murmur against it ? It is but as the pain of piercing a maiden's ear, and you hang precious jewels in the wound.

52. One rivulet meeting another, with whom he had been long united in strict friendship, with noisy haughtiness and disdain, thus to him spoke : "What, brother, still in the same state, still low and creeping ! Are you not ashamed when you behold me, who though lately in a like condition with you, am now become a great river, and will shortly be able to rival the Danube or the Rhine, provided those friendly rains continue, which have favoured my banks but neglected yours ?" "Very true," replied the humble rivulet, you are now indeed swollen to a great size ; but methinks you are become withal somewhat turbulent and muddy. I am contented with my low condition and purity."

53. When they talk to me in praise of the rich Rothschild, who gives away thousands out of his enormous income that children may be educated, sick people clothed, and old people cared for, I am touched, and I praise him too. Only in spite of my being touched and in spite of my praise, I cannot help remembering some poor labouring people who took into their wretched cottage a little girl who had been left orphan. "If we take Kitty into our home," said the wife, "our last penny will go for her keep. We shan't be able to buy even salt for our porridge." "Well, then let us eat it without salt," said the man.

54. Strong is the man he only strong,  
To whose well-ordered will belong,  
For service and delight,  
All powers that, in the face of Wrong,  
Establish Right.

*Write a paragraph of 15 to 25 lines on each of the following :*

55. The Post Office and its work.—*Bomb. Univ., 1921.*
56. Your life at home.—*Bomb. Univ., 1921.*
57. The value of Discipline.—*Bomb. Univ., 1921.*
58. Your idea of a true gentleman.—*Bomb. Univ., 1922.*
59. A rainy day.—*Bomb. Univ., 1923.*
60. Which would you prefer—wealth or knowledge?—  
*Bomb. Univ., 1922.*
61. Your idea of a well-spent day.—*Bomb. Univ., 1924.*
62. The advantages of having a hobby.—*Bomb. Univ., 1923.*
63. The end of life is not thought but action.—*Bomb. Univ., 1923.*
64. An ideal village.—*Bomb. Univ., 1925.*
65. Military training.—*Bomb. Univ., 1925.*
66. A busy street.—*Bomb. Univ., 1927.*
67. Manners maketh man.—*Bomb. Univ., 1924.*
68. Time is money.—*Bomb. Univ., 1924.*
69. Discretion is the better part of valour.—*Bomb. Univ., 1925.*

## ANSWERS

1. It is true that a man gains his end sometimes by dishonesty, but that it does not pay in the long run is not realised by many. Dishonesty is with them a sort of skill by which success in life is to be attained. But the experience of wise men teaches us that dishonesty ultimately ends in ruin, and that absolute honesty is the best skill that makes success sure and permanent, both from the worldly and spiritual points of view.

2. Every man should have a mission in life. An aimless life is a spiritually doomed life, just as a ship without a rudder is sure to meet destruction by striking against a rock or running aground. So a man without a noble purpose to shape and direct his activities properly ends his life miserably. Our life is as much a science as navigation. Good results cannot therefore be attained if there be no method or system in our activities.

3. Knowledge is power indeed. But this power may be either used to do immense good or incalculable mischief. The power that men of character wield, however, is used always to strengthen the weak, raise the wretched and ennoble the degraded. Knowledge without character is a positive evil. Knowledge with character is the highest good one can wish for, and is therefore sovereign power.

4. The evils of a bad custom begin to be felt by the community only when it has taken deep root in it. Then patriotic men begin to agitate against it. But as human nature is very conservative, reformers generally fail to put things to rights by moral persuasion. It then becomes the legislator's duty to interfere, and root out the evil custom by legal enactment.

5. There are good traits of character in every man. You hate a wicked man because you only see the dark side of his nature. If you care to cultivate intimacy with him, you may be surprised to discover, perhaps, that he is not so bad a man as you first supposed him to be. Without sympathy, therefore, it is impossible for you to form a true estimate of the character of others. Want of sympathy breeds ignorance, and ignorance hatred.

6. Reason deduces inferences from facts that we already know. But think how little we know of the laws of this infinite universe. It is little minds that foolishly proceed to test all truths by reason. Reason must, of necessity stop short of at least some of the truths which are directly revealed to us by God for our guidance.

7. Despatch means the speedy execution of business. It does not however mean hurry which is the very opposite of despatch, since it only leads to confusion and to waste of time. To do the maximum of work within the minimum of time, and to do it well, we must follow some well-laid plan and some intelligent method of doing the right thing at the right time in the right manner.

8. "Charity begins at home" is a wicked and selfish principle to go by, if it be taken to mean that our charities should always be confined within the narrow circle of our families. The home is the training ground for beginners only to learn the first lessons of charity. The circle should grow wider and wider until our sympathies embrace the whole of mankind.

9. Dangers and calamities of a serious nature are generally attributed to fate or chance, and so we naturally try to submit to them with a good grace by arming ourselves with all the fortitude we can command. Little grievances of everyday life, on the other hand, take us unawares and make us fretful, for we ascribe them wholly to our want of foresight.

10. How fervently we wish that others would be good and perfect, and yet how indifferent we are to our own failings! What all can preach very few people can practise. Reformers should first practise on their own hearts what they purpose to try on others. Whenever you will be tempted to wax eloquent over your brother's errors and weaknesses, pause for a moment to examine your own heart and see whether you are really above them. Rise yourself before you try to raise others.

11. Look at the vanities of the rich, the tremendous waste of money they make in building large houses, purchasing fine clothes, costly jewellery and such other expensive things: and then think of the starving millions—the unfortunate victims of hunger and disease and suffering. Of course, if God has given you wealth, nobody has any right to object to your providing yourself with all possible

comforts of life, but it is certainly fair to wish that the amount squandered in vain and unnecessary pomp and splendour were expended in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. It is charity only that makes riches worth the owning

12. True knowledge or wisdom or eternal bliss—which, by the bye, mean the same thing, is the glorious prize with which seekers after truth alone are rewarded. In the spiritual world you cannot make a gain without your asking for it. Truth comes only to those who really hanker after it and evince a restless zeal and ceaseless devotion in its pursuit, even as a hungry man craves for food and knows no rest till he gets it.

13. If you are fortunate enough to find out the most natural bias of your mind, and if you have steadiness enough to keep to it through life, then your success in life will be complete. All happiness will be yours while you will thus be engaged in the pursuit of your choice. The successful man is he who has found his work and not he who tries one thing after another and fails in all because nothing really suits his taste and talent.

14. To the man of the world money is surely a necessity: but that is no reason why you should aspire after vast wealth and, like Timon of Athens, squander it for the gratification of your vanity. Earn money by all means, but earn it honestly; and when you have thus earned it, spend it freely but wisely. Remember again that wealth should have no charm for us. To hoard it and guard it jealously is as bad as to despise it with a feigned attitude of saintliness.

15. When habits become fixed, they hold you with the strength of a giant. Habits early formed become part and parcel of your nature, and being thus interwoven into your very being, cannot be shaken off in an advanced stage of life. Habits formed in early life are so strong that your nature may threaten to sink under an attempt to break them.

16. No man has ever attained success in life without self-help. If we have no control over our own affairs, we have to pass our days in a state of suspense which often ends in disappointment. The man of action will never take rest until he personally attends to very detail

## AMPLIFICATION

of the work he undertakes to do ; for he knows that no servant or friend can take as much interest in his work as he himself.

17. Do not be foolish enough to think that genius learns with study and knows without learning, or that he is exact without calculation and profound without reflection. How many are the unfortunate young men who are deluded into the belief that industry is meant for those who are dull and slow. A man of genius too has to tread the ground of knowledge inch by inch with hard labour and persistent effort.

18. What is the aim of true education ? Is it merely to furnish us with the rules of duty and justice and purity, to make us learned and teach us the benefits of industry ? There are many in this world who follow the path of rectitude only for the sake of prudence, and who are industrious simply because industry pays. True education, on the other hand, is that which breeds in us a strong hankering after knowledge and genuine love of justice and purity : our soul should yearn after all that is just and pure, just as naturally as our body craves for food and drink when it feels hunger and thirst.

19. Discontent is the mother of progress. A feeling of dissatisfaction with the present state of things is the only incentive that compels us to put forth our energies with a view to remove the defects that seem to be either undesirable or intolerable. Contentment, as it is ordinarily understood, is not a virtue, but an excuse for idleness and lack of enterprise. It brings on stagnation, inertness, deterioration and death. The history of the progress of mankind is only the history of the lives and activities of discontented men, who would not take rest till they have overcome the difficulties that bar the progress of knowledge or stand in the way of human happiness.

20. Many persons do not get sound sleep at night for many reasons. Sickness, high life, mental worry and guilty conscience are among the chief causes that take away a man's sleep. Persons suffering from want of sleep feel very uneasy as they toss in their beds till late hours. The more eagerly they seek it the farther it flies from them. The very anxiety to get it is a hindrance to its coming soon. Poor but healthy persons, on the other hand, enjoy sound sleep in dingy rooms and on hard beds. In short, peace of mind is the only thing necessary



for the enjoyment of sound sleep ; and peace of mind implies, and depends upon, many things such as health, honest labour and a clear conscience.

21. They are cowards who prate of difficulties and do not make an attempt to overcome them. They shiver and shrink at the sight of toil and danger, and when they meet with failure in life, they accuse Fortune of blindness. But Fortune is never blind. She always smiles upon heroes who in all difficult undertakings in every department of life, know how to stick to their guns in the face of tremendous odds.

22. The child who knows from personal experience that fire burns, knows a truth, and in the light of that truth will ever avoid being burnt again. Thus wisdom grows out of practical experience. What we gather from the sayings of the wise is not as effectively learnt as what we gather from our own inner experiences.

23. Success achieved in one stage of an undertaking makes success easy in its subsequent stages ; or, success achieved in one matter leads to a series of successes in other matters. It is the initial success which is the most difficult thing and the most essential thing. The rest follows as a matter of course. There are, perhaps, two reasons for . First, our initial success increases our self-confidence as well as our material resources. Secondly, the world also offers less resistance and greater facilities to the man who has already made his mark.

24. He who has never learnt to obey will never learn to govern. In the army, the officer who is best fitted to command is he who has risen from the ranks. In the art of government those who have risen to the topmost rung of the ladder, have to obey the laws of the land as implicitly as those who have to obey orders in the lower grades. Discipline is the soul of all government.

25. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said, "Habit is second nature ! Habit is ten times nature !" A great thinker also describes man as only a bundle of habits. It is our habits that imperceptibly form our nature and shape our character. All the good and bad traits of our character are not the results of chance, but may be traced, step by step, to the details of our past conduct in



daily life. Our nature or our character is nothing but our habits rendered part and parcel of our mind and body.

26. Our fancy conjures up a glorious vision of the good things of life that are at present beyond our reach. But the charm disappears as soon as we approach and begin to enjoy them. We are so much disgusted with our surroundings that our imagination naturally takes delight in investing everything with romance except those things that are near and familiar to us.

27. The guilty mind cannot look the world in the face. He carries with him the burden of his guilt wherever he goes. He stands condemned not only before his own conscience, but also cannot expect anything but disgrace from the world at large. The knave and the cheat, the thief and the swindler, the liar and the hypocrite, lack that free and easy deportment which marks the man of clear conscience. They labour inwardly under a sense of guilt that makes cowards of them. They fly from their fellowmen like a serpent that crawls on the earth and hides itself in darkness.

28. A little candle, lighted in a place where there is darkness all around, sends forth its rays very far in all directions. Similarly in this world, which is full of wickedness, a kind and virtuous act is a rare thing and therefore stands out in striking relief. A good deed is like an oasis in the midst of a desert. It is long remembered by those who come under its sacred influence, and is a source of inspiration and joy to those who hear of it.

29. Shallow learning is very often worse than ignorance. True, the ignorant are in darkness, but they are conscious of it, and do not therefore venture to move out of their accustomed groove and tread dangerous grounds. A little learning, on the other hand, is of the nature of twilight hardly good enough to warn us against pitfalls. The worst of it perhaps is that it breeds pride, and by making us constantly think of our own worth, blinds us to truth. Truths, however, are like pearls that are to be found only by those that have the patience to dive deep to the bottom of the sea.

30. The sun does not lose its radiance during a solar eclipse. When the moon comes between the sun and the earth and prevents us from seeing the sun, it does not disprove the sun's radiance but only proves

its own grossness. Similarly, when an envious man tries to defame those who are superior to him in wit and intellect, he only betrays his own meanness and heightens the reputation of those whom he seeks to throw into the shade. Envy hurts him who harbours it and not him against whom it is levelled.

31. Every man is responsible for his own happiness or misery. If your thoughts are noble and pure, you enjoy happiness in this very life, which is nothing but the bliss of heaven. If, on the other hand, your thoughts are wicked and unholy, you will lose your peace of mind and make yourself miserable as if you were in hell.

32. It is the usefulness of a man's life and not his old age and that counts. A short career of usefulness and glory will be remembered by mankind through ages, but a long and useless life will soon be forgotten. Remember what Jesus and Sankaracharyya achieved in the course of short careers. A short life full of great and glorious deeds produces results that act upon mankind for ages. The man who lives for a hundred years without doing anything great and useful dies unhonoured and unremembered by his race.

33. Even the most pleasant occupation loses its charm if it is continued for any great length of time. When one task becomes tedious we seek and find relief in another. So change of work is necessary to avoid disgust and fatigue. Holidays give us enjoyment indeed, but consider how miserable life would be if one were to have holidays all the year round. Work is pleasant when it comes after holidays, and rest is enjoyable only when it follows hard work.

34. Heaven is not meant for those who lead a life of ease and self-indulgence. Nay, the path to heaven is a thorny path that tries the patience of the strongest and the most resolute. Heaven is to be won by heroic self-sacrifice and renunciation of the pleasures the devil continually tempts us with.

35. Work is worship. True piety consists not in the offering up of eloquent prayers to God, but in honest and hard work. Work, good work, in all its forms, is more acceptable to God than idle figures of speech. The man who works at the plough or at the loom receives more of His blessings than an idle clergyman. He prays best who serves his fellowmen best. Blessed are the dutiful and the hard-working, for they pray in deeds and not in words only.

36. In the last extremity of despair we sometimes feel a sort of courage that spurs us on to make the last and the most tremendous effort. When every ray of hope is extinguished, all the latent powers in us come to our aid, and bid us do what, under more favourable circumstances, we have not the nerve to attempt. And with this courage of despair, men have often come out triumphant. Like an animal brought to bay, turning back upon its opponent that has given it chase, a desperate man sometimes puts forth superhuman energy to extricate himself from imminent peril.

37. Our life is not worth living unless it is lived nobly. A selfish and cowardly life resembles the life of a brute, and comes into the world and passes away like a shadow without leaving behind it anything of permanent value. It is greatness alone that endures. And greatness means two things, goodness and strength. Goodness is kindness to people in distress, and manifests itself generally in a desire to do good to all; and strength means equanimity in the hour of trial. We should be strong ourselves before we can expect to help others in distress.

38. A clear conscience is the best stronghold. In this world you have very little reason to be afraid of the powers that be, if you are fully conscious of your own purity of mind. The man who has a guilty mind is helpless and defenceless, although he may be constantly guarded by a whole regiment. God strengthens the hands of those who fight for a just cause, and shields them from injury with His loving care.

39. True love of God is only another name for love of mankind. Nay, a true lover of God is in love with all creatures that God has made. For how can one love God without loving all that He has created? And does He not love equally well all that He Himself has created? The heart of a truly religious man therefore goes out in love and compassion to the whole world, not excepting the meanest creature that crawls upon the earth and the meanest flower that blooms by the roadside. In fact, to be able to love God truly, we must begin by learning to love all created beings that we see around us.

40. When we are young and inexperienced, our knowledge of

the world is so limited that it gives us an exaggerated notion of our own knowledge. As, however, our outlook widens with the advance of age, we discover, not without surprise, the vastness of the field of knowledge that lies unexplored before us. The lesser the learning the greater the vanity. Remember how modest Newton and Socrates were. It was the depth of their learning that gave them so much true humility.

41. It is dangerous to play with vice. We view it with horror and detestation at the first sight; but seeing it often and often we lose our abhorrence of it and begin to regard it as a matter of course. We first begin to tolerate it in others by feigning to be liberal, then pity those who indulge in it by posing as their superiors, and then taste of it, thinking ourselves strong enough to sport with it without risk. The first impression it makes on our minds is the truest, and true wisdom consist in keeping out of its way from beginning to end.

43. Living faith in God is calm and constant, and ever manifests itself in deeds. Do not trust to sudden transports of religious fervour which swell the heart for a few moments and then wax cold. God looks more to the constancy of the soul's attitude towards Him than to the sudden raptures of a temporary nature. Faith is deep-seated. Sudden outbursts of religious feeling only betray a weak and shallow mind.

43. Every man looks at the world from his own standpoint, and makes valuations of the incidents of life and nature in the light of his own intellectual attainments and moral experience. Hence a virtuous man will gather moral lessons from the most trivial matter which conveys no meaning to an ordinary man of the world or just the opposite meaning to a man of vicious character.

44. Desire for fame has always been the chief incentive to action with men who have achieved greatness in life; it is therefore no sin for a man to have ambition of the right sort. Even if it were a sin to aspire after fame and glory, I would gladly sin in this respect, rather than vegetate without any lofty aim to ennoble and inspire the soul.

45. It has been generally observed that splendid opportunities

present themselves to every man at least once in his life-time. If he makes the best use of them, they lead him to greater and greater successes in life. If however he fails to seize these opportunities, he is bound to rot in obscurity inspite of his possessing great talents.

46. Change is the soul of creation. The history of mankind is a history of ceaseless change,—change from barbarism to refinement, from despotism to democracy, from militarism to commercialism, and so forth. The gradual expansion of human knowledge continually ushers forth new ideas, and it is these ideas that successively hold away over the mind of man, turn his activities into new channels and give new shape to his institutions.

47. There are persons who seem to think that our life is but an empty dream and that this world of ours is only an empty show. The pomp of wealth and the glamour of earthly power are no doubt unsubstantial things that do not endure, but it is foolish to suppose that goodness and greatness also are as useless and as transitory in their effect as the vanities of the world. Great men die, but their lives continue to inspire us with a desire to ennoble our lives, and leave behind them examples that continue to inspire and uplift humanity through the ages. As the sun and the moon do not lose their splendour with the advance of time, so true greatness also shines upon humanity with a lustre that time cannot fade.

48. If we are true to ourselves, we cannot but be true to others. What is exactly meant by being true to ourselves is that we should be perfectly honest and sincere in our intentions, professions and actions. A good and great man makes no pretensions to goodness, makes no effort or feels no anxiety to appear to be what he is not, and never tries to conceal even his weaknesses from the public view. With deep courage of conviction he speaks out what he feels, lays bare his heart to all and proclaims to the world what he considers to be his defects. Such a man can do no wrong to others; and as to his own drawbacks, it is very likely that his efforts to overcome them will meet with an easy success.

49. Mercy brings happiness to the man to whom it is shown. It comforts him and soothes him in his distress. It soothes hunger, clothes nakedness, allays pain, gives strength and brings hope and

cheer and life to drooping spirits. And it does no less good to him who bestows it on others. Nay, the giver of it feels happiness which is far superior to what is felt by him who receives it. The joy that we feel when our heart is filled with mercy transcends the joy that we feel in the exercise of any other virtue. It is a divine attribute. God Himself is Love or Mercy. The more we develop this quality, the closer becomes our communion with God and the purer is the bliss that exalts the soul.

50. Men are generally deceived by appearances. Unassuming goodness or real merit prefers to remain in the background and work quietly for the well-being of others. It is not therefore as quickly valued as inferior merit which is ostentatious and noisy in outward demonstration. We set store by tinsels having a shining and gaudy outward look, and are slow in appreciating things that are less gaudy but of real and permanent value. As to the pleasures of life those that are more exciting and less lasting are sought with greater eagerness than those that are of a quiet and durable nature; just as summer flowers have an irresistible charm over us, although they fade away as quickly as they bloom, and the lowly grass without whose soft verdure the earth itself would look dreary and hideous is skipped over with non-chalance.

51. Every evil has its bright side. Even poverty is a blessing in disguise. It calls forth our latent powers and goads us to activity. It teaches us perseverance and makes us devout. So we should court it with joy, as a little girl would gladly have her ears pierced through for the sake of wearing jewels on them. The stings of poverty, in a similar way, are painful no doubt, but the wise never complain against them, since they know that the pain is more than counterbalanced by the good things which poverty teaches us.

52. Wealth and high position do not sit well on many people who rise from poverty to affluence. They treat with insolence those who occupy an inferior position. But what are wealth and position if they do not go hand in hand with charity and purity. When power breeds insolence in a man, it is clear that he is not worthy of the position he occupies. He is a mean fellow who is so intoxicated with power as to forget that every man has some degree of usefulness in



his own place, and that a respect is as much due from the inferior to the superior as from the latter to the former. Such little minds are so shallow that they cannot appreciate the grandeur that belongs to a simple, virtuous and contented life. Poverty with purity of character is a blessing whereas wealth with pride, envy and high-handedness is a curse.

53. Yes, the charities of Rothschild are surely commendable. So much money given away for schools and hospitals and nursing homes naturally elicit our praise. But greater far than these charities of the rich are the sacrifices of the poor. When a poor widow helps a beggar with her mite or a labourer foregoes his morning tea to feed an orphan boy, our heart is not only filled with praise, but also struck with wonder at the grandeur of the sympathy exhibited. The magnitude of a sacrifice is to be measured by the depth of true sympathy that accompanies it. True charity is therefore sympathy and is not always a large donation. It is very often the smallest charities practised in obscurity, of which the world knows so little, that are of infinitely higher value than the largest donations that have ever been cried up in the newspapers.

54. He alone is to be regarded as a strong man who can direct the power of his well-regulated will for defending a right cause. The capacity for fighting against the superstitions of error or the forces of tyranny is the hall-mark of a truly great man. Real strength does not consist in spasmodic zeal for reform or a fanatical outburst of religious activity, but in a calm, determined and systematic use of our energies and powers of endurance against the wrongs that are to be righted. All honour to the man who serves humanity in this way, and to whom such service is a labour of love; for he serves not for fame, nor for the sake of duty even, but because his nature prompts him to do so.

55. The Post office derives its name from posts for sending state despatches, which existed in very early times in Asia. A regular letter-post for the benefit of the public was established in England in 1635. Mail coaches began to carry letters in 1781. It was however in 1830 that the first mail was carried by railway train in England. It was introduced into India in Lord Dalhousie's time probably in the



hospitals, mills and factories, and in fact in every sphere of our activity. The value of discipline is obvious in the achievement of success in individual and national life. With what precision is discipline practised in the army ! Without discipline it is impossible to win victory and glory in the field of battle. Discipline is no less essential in the battle of life. The discipline of the mind and the heart is the only means of forming our character.

58. A true gentleman is refined in his manners, equally polite to the rich and the poor, respectful to those to whom respect is due, and kind and condescending to those who are inferior to him. He is truthful in speech and punctual in his engagements. He is loving and affectionate in his family life, and sympathetic and generous in his dealings with the world at large. He is full of good wishes for humanity, irrespective of those who are good and those who are bad. He is fair and generous to his opponent and just even to his mortal enemy. He always acts up to the dictates of his conscience, never sacrifices truth and justice for the sake of popularity, and fears not to face toil and trouble and death in the discharge of his duty. A true gentleman is therefore he who keeps his honour unsullied, leads a pure life, cherishes lofty ideals, is affectionate at home, commands respect in public life and follows truth unswervingly in weal and woe. Such a man, though poor, is a prince amongst men and is sure to have our love and homage.

59. Whenever I think of a rainy day, I am reminded of the 31st of July, 1924. The sky on that day was surcharged in the morning with heavy clouds rolling slowly in dark and dense masses and presenting a threatening and sombre look. We expected the approach of a heavy downpour especially because there was not a breath of wind stirring. But what happened far exceeded our expectation. For, presently the air was in commotion and there was chill in it ; it gradually developed into an easterly gale, and very soon we had a regular storm, the rain descending in torrents. It lasted for two hours and then its fury abated. In about an hour's time came another downpour as mighty and continuous as the first one. The sky roared with the clash of rumbling thunder. The tanks and pools of our village Haripur, were filled to their very brims. All business

was suspended and we spent the whole day in indoor games. When the rain was over at about 5 P.M. we rushed out to the riverside and saw that the Bhima had assumed huge proportions, and flowed with a mighty rush. We watched the fury of the foaming waves till it grew dark.

60. Both wealth and knowledge are good things, provided we know how to make a proper use of them. So I would like to have both. But if I am asked to make a choice between them, I would certainly prefer knowledge to wealth, for knowledge without wealth is a far more precious thing than wealth without knowledge. And why? Because the possession of wealth is more often a source of unhappiness than of happiness, whereas the possession of knowledge nearly always means power and happiness. We say "nearly", because in certain cases knowledge coupled with selfishness leads us to misery as the knowledge of chemistry is directed to the destruction of mankind in unholy wars. Knowledge is better than wealth because it helps us to achieve happiness which endures and to do lasting good to humanity. Wealth also is a necessity which we can hardly do without; but without knowledge it leads us to vice and temptation. It is necessary for the need of physical life, but knowledge is a necessity for the fulfilment of the higher ideals of life without which man is no better than a beast.

61. I consider that day well-spent on which I leave my bed early in the morning in perfect health and vigour of mind and body, and pray to the Almighty Father for strength to do the day's work thoroughly well and for His Grace to do some good to my fellowmen. Each day brings fresh duties demanding our earnest attention and also fresh lessons which we might either learn or miss. New truths are ready to dawn upon our minds as each day dawns upon the world. Fresh acquisition of knowledge and power awaits us every moment of our life provided we are in a receptive mood to acquire them. Then again our heart should receive fresh impetus every day to do more and more good to all around us. So, that day is well spent on which we take proper exercise to keep the body fit and strong so that it might serve the mind well, on which we so train the mind as to acquire fresh knowledge which is power, on which we so guard our heart with pure

thoughts as to be uniformly kind in our thought, speech and action to our fellowmen and on which we can impart the largest amount of joy and cheerfulness to those with whom we come into contact.

62. Men of active habits generally have hobbies. Those who have them enjoy life. Those who have none lead a dull monotonous life; time hangs heavy on their hands; and not knowing how to engage themselves in their leisure time it is very likely that they might contract mischievous habits and propensities. The man who has a hobby to pursue not only knows not what it is to be sad and gloomy, but also keeps better health than the man who has none. If the hobby be of an out-door nature, such as gardening, snipe-shooting, training birds and dogs or collecting herbs and examining their medicinal virtues, then of course it is evident that it will have a splendid effect upon his physical health. But even if the hobby be of an in-door nature such as music, painting or collecting coins or stamps of different countries, it keeps the mind occupied and cheerful, and hence indirectly improves our physical health. Besides giving us health and education, hobbies save us from many an evil with which idleness is invariably mixed up.

63. Man thinks before he acts. He also thinks after he acts in order to judge of the consequences of his action. So thought precedes and follows our action and thus our thinking power is developed. The more we think, the more we learn to think correctly and effectively, and the wiser we grow for our thinking. But there is a type of men who are so lacking in initiative and so deficient in will-power that they cannot shape their action according to their thought. Some of these men are even good thinkers, and the thoughts they give expression to are lofty and inspiring; but if you examine their lives, you will find no consistency between their thoughts and actions. Good thoughts are undoubtedly a necessary step to good actions, but of what use are such good thoughts as are never translated into action? Barren thoughts, however lofty, are of little value in the uplifting of individual and national character. The world needs for its betterment not idle dreamers but men of action characterized by strong will and determined action.

64. An ideal village is that in which the houses are not situated

so close to each other as to obstruct free ventilation of air from all sides ; in which the roads and the drains are clean, their levels being so adjusted as not to allow of any accumulation of water within the village area ; in which the tanks and wells supply pure and undefiled drinking water ; in which a large pasture land is reserved for the cattle ; in which there is a charitable dispensary maintained by public subscription ; in which there are primary schools for boys and girls ; in which there is an arbitration court for the decision of all civil and criminal quarrels at a minimum cost ; in which there is a co-operative bank for advancing loan to needy cultivators ; in which there is a co-operative store of all those necessities of life which are not produced in the village itself, and in which there are night schools for adults and elderly people where the political, social, economic and agricultural developments in the advanced countries are discussed and the principles thereof are taught by experts. An ideal village in short, is one in which the people can combine to decide upon all matters affecting the common welfare of the village, and in which there is cordial relation between the landlord and the tenant.

65. Military training should be a part of our education. Just as education should be compulsory in every country, so also compulsory military training should be given to every able-bodied citizen of every land. Considering the present state of civilization, it is idle to expect peace and good-will among the nations of the world. Military training is therefore a necessary safeguard against foreign aggression. If every citizen in a country is compelled to pass through a course of military training, the regular army in that country need not be very large ; and the money thus saved by the state might be devoted to the welfare of the peaceful arts and industries. Besides being useful for purpose of offence and defence, military training makes a nation healthy, manly and self-sacrificing. Discipline which is the most striking and essential feature of military education has a very great influence on the formation of character. Military training develops our national consciousness, and makes us feel that an individual does not live for himself but for the nation. So the moral aspect of military training alone is enough for its justification. It not only makes us healthy in body and well-disciplined in character, but also teaches

us to sacrifice our lives for the safety, welfare and honour of the country.

66. The western section of Harrison Road in Calcutta is the busiest street I have seen. It is lined on both sides by huge buildings most of which are five-storied, and the rooms of the ground floors of these buildings are shops owned mostly by Marwaris. The cloth market, the gold and silver market, the hardware market, etc. are all situated either on this road or in the lanes issuing from either side of this road. The hubbub and the rattling noise of vehicular traffic commence early in the morning, rise to the highest pitch during mid-day, and last till mid-night. The foot-paths on either side are lined with a continuous stream of pedestrians, while the road itself in the middle is fully congested with moving vehicles,—tram-cars and motor buses motor cars and lorries, horse-drawn carriages and bullock-carts, cycles and rickshaws, all vying with each other for space to move along. In the shops and firms themselves immense sums of money are changing hands every five minutes and the fortunes of thousands are either made or marred every hour of the day. While standing in this market-place of Calcutta one cannot but be struck by the ugliness of this noisy struggle and this mad rush for wealth. But all this is a necessary adjunct to modern civilization, and we must therefore give it a good name and call it economic progress.

67. Good manners are the result of good education, breeding and culture. Manners are learnt in good society. If your companion are gentlemen and men of fine character you unconsciously imbibe their good manners. If on the other hand, you mix with low and ill-bred people, you are bound to be wanting in good manners. A man of good manners talks gently and politely to all, keeps his word and is punctual in his engagements. He honours everybody he comes in contact with, irrespective of rank or position in life. Good manners are only the outward expression of the goodness of the soul within. Good manners spring from a broad and catholic spirit of charity. It is impossible to learn really good manners without being sympathetic at heart towards the feelings of others. If some people be naturally so rude as to lack good manners, I would even advise them to assume good manners externally with an effort; for by continual assumption of



a good habit, we succeed in the long run in acquiring the virtue we assume. Thus good manners not only point to the goodness of a man but also make a good man.

68. Fortune never comes to the idle. Those who have acquired fortune in business, have been invariably men of very active habits, so that the right use of time has always been associated with the making of money. In the commercial world therefore, time is rightly considered to be equivalent to money. If you miss an opportunity through idleness and fail to put in your appearance at a certain place you might lose a fortune. If you do not reply to letters or inquiries promptly you may lose good business. The greater the despatch with which you attend to your clients' orders and wishes the greater is the chance of your winning their confidence. If you are punctual in your payments to your creditors you create credit in the market which is so often the secret of success in trade.

69. There are, indeed, occasions on which a man should by all means face danger bravely and make a display of all the strength and courage he possesses. But a man of true valour will never make an unnecessary display of it when the occasion does not demand it. Valour to be successfully displayed requires to be tempered by good judgement. A man of judgement or discretion will therefore sometimes avoid danger instead of courting it, simply because by avoiding it he would avert sure ruin. Valour is not recklessness.

### EXERCISE

Expand the idea contained in the following :—

1. A stitch in time saves nine.
2. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
3. While you do not serve men, how can you serve God ?
4. A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.
5. An empty vessel sounds much.
6. Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
7. The more haste ever the worst speed.
8. Procrastination is the thief of time.

9. The less you speak of your greatness, the more I think of it.
10. The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer.
11. Hatred makes ugly the most beautiful face ; love beautifies the most homely countenance.
12. What the superior man seeks is in himself ; what the small man seeks is in others.
13. There are more things in heaven and earth than the mind of man is capable of understanding.
14. The diminutive chain of habit is scarcely heavy enough to be felt till it grows too strong to be broken.
15. Ideas and not Krupp guns rule the world.
16. What sculpture is to a block of marble education is to a human soul.
17. There are three tests of wise work—that it must be honest, cheerful and useful.
18. Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance.
19. We should continually examine ourselves whether we are arguing for the sake of truth or triumph.
20. Straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.
21. Let us not love the Lord in tongue but in deed and in truth.
22. An excuse is worse than a life ; for it is a life guarded.
23. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct cleverness without goodness, are powers in their own way, but they may be powers only for mischief.
24. No man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when yesterday's burden is added to the burden of today that the weight is more than a man can bear.
25. Self-control and healthy habits can be acquired by attention to the small things of life. Each act is like a single brick in a wall.
26. So long as one has firm faith in, and profound veneration for, God, it is immaterial how he worships or prays God.



27. We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not in breaths.  
He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest and acts the best.
28. Never fancy you could be something if only you had a different  
lot and sphere assigned to you. The very thing you most deprecate  
as fatal limitations or obstructions are probably what you most want.
29. Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise them-  
selves to it. Liberty must be earned before it can be enjoyed.
30. Religion converts despair which destroys into resignation-  
which submits.
31. He jests at scars who never felt a wound.
32. Justice gives sentence many times  
On one man for another's crimes.
33. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.  
Man never is, but always to be blest.
34. We call this world a school; for every day  
We something learn till we are called away.
35. Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
36. In beauty faults conspicuous grow.  
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
37. But poverty with most who whimper forth  
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe.
38. For this of old be sure  
That change of toil is toil's sufficient cure.
39. This mournful truth is everywhere confessed;  
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.
40. There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.
41. Envy not greatness; for thou makest thereby  
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
42. Gaiety is the soul's health,  
Sadness is its poison.

43. Empires and nations flourish and decay,  
By turns command, and in their turns obey.
44. How often the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes deed ill done.
45. The rank is but the guinea stamp  
The man is the gowd for all that.
46. Honour and shame from no condition rise,  
Act well your part. there all the honour lies.
47. Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;  
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,  
and trifles life.
48. Heaven's gates are not so highly arched  
As prince's palaces ! They that enter there  
Must go upon their knees.
49. Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.
50. Tact clinches the bargain  
Tact wins in the fight,  
Gets the vote in the Senate  
Spite of Gladstone and Bright.
51. Passions are likened best to flood and streams.  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb ;  
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems  
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
52. O brother man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there :  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
53. No endeavour is in vain :  
Its reward is in the doing,  
And the rapture of pursuing  
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

54. For the sorriest woe that a soul can know  
Is to think what it might have done.

*Elucidate the idea or the central idea or moral contained in the following passages :*

55. "Tell me whom you admire," said St. Beauve, "and I will tell you what you are, at least as regards your talents and character."

56. That boy was well trained who, when he asked why he did not pocket some pears, for nobody was there to see, replied, Yes, there was, I was there to see myself."

57. Passage No. 28 (page 31) : No. 76 (page 57) : No. 92 (page 65) : No. 610 (Lahiri's Select Poems, page 78).

*Write a paragraph of about 20 lines on each of the following :*

58. The life of a soldier.
59. Dress, Indian and European.
60. Failures.
61. The Holi Festival.
62. The right use of money.
63. The village post office.
64. The importance of little things.
65. The evils of cramming.
66. Your conception of God.

*Write a paragraph of about 25 lines on the following :*

67. To err is human, to forgive is divine.
68. Every man is the architect of his fortune.
69. Nothing venture, nothing have.
70. Which would you prefer—animal food or vegetable food ?
71. Which would you prefer—trade or agriculture ?
72. All that glitters is not gold.
73. Any brave deed you have witnessed.
74. A lie which is half a lie is the blackest of lies.

## APPENDIX I

75. Example is better than precept.

76. Let not your left hand know what the right hand giveth.

77. The widow's mite counts for as much as the rich man's gold.

*Expand each of the following outlines into a story, adding a moral to each.*

78. A lion is disturbed in his sleep by a mouse running over him, the mouse craves mercy ; the lion spares his life ; the same lion caught in a net is set free by the same mouse.

79. A fox falls into a well ; a thirsty goat comes up to it ; they talk together, and the goat jumps into the well. The fox suggests a plan for their common escape the goat puts his fore-foot upon the wall, and the fox runs up his back and escapes. The goat accuses him of breach of faith.

80. A hare jeers at a tortoise for its slow pace ; the tortoise challenges him to a race , the hare sleeps on the way , the tortoise wins the race.

81. The frogs in a pond pray Jupiter for a king ; a log is thrown in the pond ; the splash alarms the frogs ; the log is found to be stupid ; the frogs again pray for an abler king. He sends them a stork who shows great activity by gobbling them up.

82. Ram offers to sell a gold watch to Shyam. Shyam suspects it is a stolen property. Ram denies at first, then confesses. Shyam asks him to put it back in the pocket of his neighbour from which it was stolen. Ram dares not do it. Shyam undertakes to do it ; is detected and made over to the police. Ram appears in court and speaks the truth. The trying magistrate discharges them both.

83. Ram sees a bottle in his father's bed room ; he thinks it is full of syrup. When his father is out, he climbs on a chair, takes down the bottle and partakes of the contents. The bottle contains medicine and Ram is ill for several days.—*C. U. Intermediate, 1909.*

84. An oak-tree says one day to a reed. "Nature has been unkind to you. for the slightest breeze forces you to bend your head, whereas can resist the greatest storms." The reed replied that she has less to fear than the oak, for she could bend without breaking. At this

time a violent storm arose; the oak was uprooted, the reed escaped unhurt.—The same.

85. Ram holds out a piece of bread to his dog; as the dog jumps forward to take it, Ram beats him with his stick. At this moment Ram's uncle arrives holding a present for his nephew.—*C. U. Intermediate, 1910.*

86. A mouse made friends with a frog...the frog bent upon mischief one day tied the foot of the mouse with his own...and gradually led him into a pool and enjoyed the fun. But the mouse died and floated about on the surface of the water. A hawk carried it aloft, and with it the frog too, and ate both.

87. On a summer day a lion and a boar come to a pool to drink. Who would first...? they quarrel and fight. Stopping for a moment to take breath they see vultures hovering overhead. They make up their quarrel saying...

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## APPENDIX II

### PARAPHRASING

1. The crown and glory of life is character. It is the noblest possession of a man. constituting a rank in itself, and an estate in the general good-will ; dignifying every station, and exalting every position in society. It exercises a greater power than wealth, and secures all the honour without the jealousies of fame.

2. When a regiment is under orders, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand be not instantly, steadily and regularly despatched other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once and no human brain can stand the confusion.

3. There are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this which refuses to settle upon any determination is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

4. Rip Van Winkle was one of those happy mortals of foolish well-oiled disposition, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown whichever can be got with the least thought or trouble and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment ; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness and carelessness and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

5. When the vice of drinking has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners ; everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who begin life with the brightest prospects before them but close it without one ray of comfort and consolation !

6. I have observed universally that the quarrels of friends, in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. A wound in the friendship of young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion and rancour, towards the latter part of life.

7. Arguments should never be maintained by heart or clamour, though we believe or know ourselves to be in the right. We should give our opinion modestly and coolly, and if that will not do, endeavour to change the conversation by saying, "We shall not be able to convince one another nor is it necessary that we should, so let us talk of something else."

8. The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence they habitually ascribed every event to the will of God, for whose power nothing was too vast and for whose inspection nothing was too minute.

9. \*But Cordelia disgusted with the flattery of her sisters whose hearts, she knew, were far from their lips, and seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime, made no other reply but this that she loved his Majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.—*Punj. Uvir. Matric. 1917.*

10. 'Tis morning, and the sun with ruddy orb  
Ascending, fires the horizon ; while the clouds  
That crowd away before the driving wind,  
More ardent as the disc emerges more.  
Resemble most some city in a blaze,  
Seen through the leafless wood.

11. Hark, how the surges o'erleap the deck !  
Hark ! how the pitiless tempest raves !  
Ah ! day-light will look upon many a wreck  
Drifting over the desert waves.



Yet courage, brothers, we trust wave,  
With God above us, our guiding chart :  
So whether to harbour or to ocean grave,  
Be it still with a cheery heart.

12. When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe  
And led me up to man.  
Through hidden dangers, toils and death  
It gently cleared my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice  
More to be feared than they.
13. But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage  
And froze the genial current of the soul.
14. Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content ;  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;  
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;  
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown ;  
Such thought of happiness, such peace and bliss  
Beggars enjoy, which princes oft do miss.
15. All is best though we often doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.
16. It is a common proof  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face :  
But when he once attains the topmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.
17. God of my life, and Author of my days !  
Permit my feeble voice to lisp Thy praise ;

And trembling take upon a mortal tongue  
That hallowed Name to harps of seraphs sung ;  
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more  
Than hide their faces, tremble and adore.

18. There is mercy in every place,  
And mercy, encouraging thought !  
Gives even affliction a grace  
And reconciles man to his lot.—*Punj. Univ., 1918.*

19. In the older days of art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care,  
Each minute and unseen part ;  
For the gods see everywhere.—*Punj. Univ., 1918.*

20. The deep affections of breast  
That Heaven to living things imparts,  
Are not exclusively possessed  
By human hearts.—*P. U., 1918.*

21. \*So may the outward shows be least themselves ;  
The world is still deceived with ornament,  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
(Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,  
What damned error but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts ;  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all false  
As stairs of sand wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars !

—*Mad. Univ., 1918.*

22. A king, grown old in glory and renown,  
With wisdom wished his happy reign to crown,  
Failing years turn white upon his head,  
He thought upon his end, and thus he said—  
“Three sons I have, strong types of sturdy youth,  
Bred in all honour, manliness and truth,

Honest and brave are they, I know it well ;  
 But traits there are in all that none can tell,  
 I'll test them therefore, for I fain would know  
 Which one shall rule the best when I must go."

—*Punj. Univ., 1913.*

23. 'Tis the streamer of England—it floats o'er the brave.  
 'Tis the fairest unfurled o'er the land or the wave.  
 But though brightest in story, matchless in fight,  
 'Tis the herald of mercy as well as of Might.  
 In the case of wronged may it ever be first,  
 When the tyrants are humbled and fetters are burst.  
 Be "Justice" the war shout, and dastard is he,  
 Who would scruple to die 'neath the Flag of the Free.

—*Punj. Univ., 1915.*

24. Earth hath not anything to show more fair :  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty :  
 The city now doth, like a garment wear  
 The beauty of morning ; silent bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air ;  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,  
 In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill ;  
 Never saw I, never felt a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
 Dear God ! The very houses seem asleep.

—*C. U. Intermediate, 1914.*

25. Since without Thee we do no good,  
 And with Thee we do no ill,  
 Abide with us in weal and woe,  
 In action and in will :  
 In weal,—that while our lives confess  
 The Lord who gives, we may  
 Remember, with an humble thought  
 The Lord who takes away ;

In woe,—that while to drowning fears  
 Our hearts their joys resign,  
 We may remember who can turn  
 Such water into wine.

—*C. U. Intermediate, 1923.*

26. Here, while the tide of conquest rolls,  
 Against the distant golden shore,  
 The starved and stunted human souls  
 Are with us more and more.  
 Vain is your Science, vain your art,  
 Your triumphs and glories vain,  
 To feed the hunger of their heart  
 And famine of their brain.  
 Your savage deserts howling near,  
 Your wastes of ignorance, vice and shame—  
 Is there no room for victories here,  
 No fields for deeds of fame ?  
 Arise and conquer while ye can  
 The foe that in your midst resides,  
 And build within the mind of Man  
 The Empire that abides.

—*C. U. Intermediate, 1924.*

27. One silent eve I wander'd late  
 And heard the voice of love ;  
 The turtle thus addressed her mate,  
 And soothed the listening dove :  
 Our mutual bond of faith and truth  
 No time shall disengage,  
 Those blessings of our early youth  
 Shall cheer our latest age ;  
 While innocence without disguise,  
 And constancy sincere,  
 Shall fill the circles of these eyes,  
 And mine can read them there ;  
 Those ills, that wait on all below,  
 Shall ne'er be felt by me,

Or gently felt, and only so  
As being shared with thee.  
When lightnings flash among the trees,  
Or kites are hovering near,  
I fear lest thee alone they seize,  
And know no other fear.  
Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,  
Soft as the passing wind :  
And I recorded what I heard  
A lesson for mankind.

28. Come to me, O ye children,  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the questions that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.  
In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,  
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,  
But mine is the wind of autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.  
Ah, what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more ?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.  
Come to me, O ye children,  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.  
For what are all our contrivings  
And the wisdom of our books  
When compared with your caresses  
And the gladness of your looks ?  
You are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said ;  
For ye are living poems  
And all the rest are dead.

29. \*As slow our ship her foamy track  
 Against the wind was cleaving,  
 Her trembling pennant still looked back  
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving,  
 So loth we part from all we love,  
 From all the links that bind us :  
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
 To those we've left behind us !
30. \*Don't look for the flaws as you go through life ;  
 And even when you find them,  
 It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,  
 And look for the white behind them ;  
 For the cloudiest night has a hint of light  
 Somewhere in its shadows hiding :  
 It's better by far to hunt for a star,  
 Than the spots on the sun abiding.  
 The current of life runs ever away  
 To the bosom of God's great ocean ;  
 Don't set your force against the river's course,  
 And think to alter its motion.  
 Don't waste a curse on the universe,  
 Remember it lived before you ;  
 Don't butt at the storm with your puny form  
 But bend and let it go o'er you.  
 The world will never adjust itself  
 To suit your whims to the letter,  
 Some things must go wrong your whole life long,  
 And the sooner you know it the better.  
 It is folly to fight with the infinite,  
 And go under at last in the wrestle.  
 The wiser man shapes into God's plan,  
 As water shapes into a vessel.

—*Bomb. Univ. S.L.C., 1923.*

31. Beneath the hedge, near the stream,  
 A worm is known to stray.  
 That shows by night a lucid beam  
 Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,  
 From whence his rays proceed ;  
 Some give that honour to his tail,  
 And others to his head.  
 But this is sure—the hand of might  
 That kindles up the skies,  
 Gives him a modicum of light  
 Proportioned to his size.  
 Perhaps indulgent Nature meant  
 By such a lamp bestowed,  
 To bid the traveller as he went,  
 Be careful where he trod :  
 Nor crush a worm whose useful light,  
 Might serve' however small,  
 To show a stumbling stone by night  
 And save him from a fall.

—*Bomb. Univ. S.L.C., 1924.*

32. \*If you can dream—and not make dreams your master ;  
 If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim ;  
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
 And treat these two imposters just the same,  
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
 And stoop and build' em up with worn-out tools ;  
 If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
 And never breathe a word about loss ;  
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
 Except the Will which says to them : ' Hold on !'  
 If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
 Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch ;  
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you ;  
 If all men count with you, but none too much ;



If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run ;  
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
And (which is more) you'll be a man, my son.

—*Bomb. Univ. S. L. C., 1925.*

### ANSWERS

1. It is character that confers the greatest good and the highest honour upon a man. Character is of greater value than all earthly possessions. It gives its possessor a high position in society and contributes largely to the stock of human happiness. It invests even the lowest position and rank of life with a dignity all its own. Its influence over men's minds is greater than that of wealth, and it receives honour and fame without exciting in others a spirit of jealous rivalry.

2. When a regiment is ordered to march, much disorder prevails in the rear, if the advancing columns do not move with a uniform speed. So also in business. If we fail to be prompt and up-to-date in disposing of the work in hand and allow it to fall into arrears, the result will be disastrous, for a time will soon be reached when the pending work will become too heavy to be manageable by any human being.

3. There are certain matters in which our judgement should be held in abeyance, neither leaning to this side nor to that. Such an attitude of indecision which forbids us to commit ourselves to an expression of opinion is the mark of a calm and truth-loving mind that is ever watchful against errors and prejudices. If in a matter that does not directly concern us, the pros and cons seem to be equally weighty, we should observe perfect silence and neutrality.

4. Rip Van Winkle was one of those foolish easy-going people of a cheerful vein of mind who are contented under all circumstances ; he was not particular about anything, not even about his food, and would prefer starvation in idleness to earning a livelihood by labour. If left to himself, he would gladly whistle life away in a vacant holi-

day mood of mind ; but his wife gave him trouble by incessantly scolding him for his ruining the family through idleness and indifference.

5. When a man becomes a confirmed drunkard he loses his power to work and his inclination to strive after self-amelioration ; he neglects his proper duties, feels uneasy in the company of good men and his manners lack refinement. In short he sacrifices all that is good and noble in him to his insatiable and vulgar craving for drink. Many are the unfortunate wretches who begin life as promising young men with a bright future before them but end it in utter desolation.

6. I have found it true that when two friends of mature age fall out, there is little chance of their forgiving each other. When two young friends however are estranged from each other, they soon make up their quarrel, as a cut in the bark of a young tree is soon healed up. But no such thing in the case of old persons and full-grown trees. The reason of this is perhaps to be sought in the fact that with the advance of age people cease to be sociable and forgiving and grow irritable, distrustful and malevolent.

7. When arguing on a subject we should never try to carry our point by using hot words or becoming noisy, although we may be certain that we are speaking the truth. Opinions should be preferred with calmness and without arrogance ; and if they be unavailing, we should at once realise the impossibility of carrying conviction to each other's mind, and wisely turn to some other topic ; for it is not necessary for several people in a company to be always of the same opinion.

8. The Puritans were men of a peculiar earnestness of character which might be traced to their habit of daily meditating the ultimate truths of life's philosophy. The all-pervading omnipotence of God's will was to them not a vague and abstract idea but a reality to which they attributed every event, from the greatest to the smallest ; for nothing can be so great as not to yield to His power, or so small as to escape His notice.

9. She dwelt upon the blessings of mercy saying that like rain it descended from above downward, that is to say, from the high to

the low, pointing out how the blessings of mercy were twofold, doing good to its giver and receiver. Then she said that mercy being a divine attribute adorned a king more fittingly than a crown, and that the more he had of it, the nearer to God he ranked in power.

10. It is morning now, and the slowly rising disc of the sun tinges the horizon with a bright red glow. The clouds, as they are propelled by the morning wind one after another, are coloured with a redder hue as the sun rises higher and look much like a city in flames seen through a wood with scanty foliage.

11. See how the deck is overflowed by the roaring waves, and listen how furiously the angry tempest is howling. The ship may founder tonight, and at daybreak its mighty wreck will probably be seen floating on the desolate sea. But take heart. O my comrades, let us take our chance, and trusting God as our only guide meet death or deliverance with equal cheerfulness.

12. O God, while I rushed recklessly through the dangerous paths of youth, Thy unseen hand protected me from its indiscretions and excesses, and conducted me safely to manhood. It was Thy mercy then that warned me against pitfalls and saved me not only from misery and death, but also from still more dangerous things, *viz.*, the alluring baits of vice.

13. These simple and rustic peasants were not fortunate enough to find entrance into the vast store-house of knowledge, and taste of the accumulated wisdom of the past. The benumbing influence of poverty cooled down the fire of their zeal, and rendered them worthless by checking the flow of natural cheerfulness that ennobles the soul.

14. There is real joy in the calm thoughts that proceed out of a contented mind. Peace of mind is to be prized more than a kingdom. The poor man is a happy man for he enjoys sound sleep by night and knows not the ills attendant upon riches. Such blessed contentment, peace of mind, sound sleep and perfect happiness as are the lot of poor people to enjoy are sought in vain by those that possess immense wealth.

15. Whatever is, is for the best. We often fail to see the truth

of this in all that God in the plenitude of His wisdom causes to happen, owing to his dispensations being shrouded in mystery ; but that every event is for the best is discovered by those who can watch its result till the end.

16. It is a common experience of man that the young aspirer after high position in life often resorts to humility only as a stepping stone. He continues to be meek as long as he is on his way to eminence. But when once the goal of his ambition is reached, his meekness of spirit leaves him, and he begins to look down with scorn upon the men and means that contributed to his success.

17. O God, my creator and the giver of my life, infinite and incomprehensible as Thou art, pardon me when I try to open my unworthy lips to sing Thy glory, and being conscious of my own littleness, venture, with a faltering voice, to utter Thy Holy name which angels take delight in singing to the accompaniment of harps. But I pray to Thee with one consolation at least, *viz.*, that even the highest angels are as unfit as my humble self to offer up a prayer that would even be faintly expressive of Thy glory.

18. There is God's mercy everywhere in nature to bless us. Oh ! the very thought of mercy inspires me with hope. This mercy lends a charm even to our sufferings and makes us contentedly submit to our fate.

19. In ages gone by, the builders of the edifice of life knew their art perfectly well and built it with elaborate workmanship. Even such minute details of life as usually go undetected, received their utmost attention ; for they believed that nothing could escape the eyes of the ever watchful gods.

20. The deep feelings and emotions which stir our hearts are not peculiar to man alone. God has also implanted similar feelings and notions in the hearts of animals of a lower order.

21. Outward appearances are in themselves of no import. Men are always deceived by the splendour of outward show. In law, any ignoble and vicious cause may be covered up with a decent exterior if only it is backed up by specious arguments gracefully delivered. In religion every wretched falsehood receives the seal and sanction of

piety if only one can gravely quote a verse from Scripture and so twist it in its defence as to hide its baseness with an array of beautiful words. And every vice, however patent, can easily be made to wear marks of virtue and look decent in its outward garb. There is many a coward on earth whose heart is as treacherous as stairs made of sand, but who passes for a hero by simulating brave looks and uttering brave words.

22. A great king grew old, and was happy to have performed mighty deeds of valour and fame during his long reign which he wished to crown with an act of wisdom. He felt the weight of years upon his grey head, and he saw that the end was near ; so he expressed his last wish in these words ; I have three sons, and they are fine specimens of robust youth. I have so trained them that they have grown up to be honourable, courageous and truthful. I know well that they are all honest and brave ; but none can yet say what other special qualities lie latent in their character. I will therefore test their respective merits. I would be glad to know which one of them would make the ablest ruler in my absence.

23. This is the flag of England. Under this flag stand brave men to fight her battles. It is the fairest flag I have ever seen. Though it has won the greatest glory in history by virtue of its invincibility, yet it is not merely the emblem of power ; it is also the messenger of Mercy. May it ever be the pioneer in the defence of the weak against the tyrant in order that the former may be freed and the latter crushed. Let "Justice" be England's war-cry, and let none but cowards shrink from fighting battles under her flag of freedom.

24. There is no scene on earth so beautiful as this. That man must have a very callous mind who is not moved by the impressive grandeur of its beauty. The city of London is now clothed in a splendid apparel made of the golden tints of the morning sun. The ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples stand in perfect silence, reaching out their heads to the cloudless sky and opening out their wings to the fogless fields. Now that the day has just dawned and no smoke has yet risen from chimney-tops, the hills and valleys are all bathed in such unparalleled glory of the sun's first rays as has never been seen before ; nor have I ever felt such profound calm as now pervades the whole scene. The Thames, undisturbed by traffic, moves

gently on his listless course. Lo! the very houses seem to share the sleep which is being enjoyed by their inmates.

**25.** O God, we cannot do what is right when we do not remember Thee, and we are saved from sinful ways while we look up to Thee for help and guidance. Do not forsake us in our good days and in our bad days.

Do not forsake us in our good days, because then it is easy to be grateful to Thee for the good we enjoy but difficult to remain humbly prepared to leave them when it pleases Thee to take them away.

And do not forsake us in our bad days, because then in the midst of suffering and despair, we might learn to pin our faith on Thy mercy which alone can "give affliction a grace" or bring back better days.

**26.** We are steadily pushing forth our conquests into distant lands, and as we are growing richer every day with the spoils of war, our souls are getting poorer and leaner for want of proper nourishment.

Of what use are Science and Art, if in despite of their brilliant achievements, they cannot save the heart and the brain from death caused by sheer inanition?

The mind of humanity spreads out like a vast wilderness with its worst passions howling like wild beasts, and ignorance and vice and shame are prowling in every shade. Are no victories possible in this vast and dreadful tract, no deeds of glory worth doing in this field of battle?

So (abhor the conquest of matter and) gird up your loins to fight and kill the enemies that have inclosed and famished the souls within us; and reclaim this jungle, and build on it a Kingdom which (not being made of destructible matter) will endure for ever.

**27.** Late in the evening one day, while there was silence all around, I was walking about when I heard a turtle speaking words of love to his mate which pleased her much, and to which she listened with an equally loving heart. Says the turtle:

Time shall never dissolve the tie of mutual love and faith that binds us together, and the joys of our early youth shall continue to cheer us up in our old age.



Transparent innocence and true constancy shall continue, in old age, to find expression in those eyes of yours, even as sweetly as they now do.

The sufferings that are the common lot of all created beings here on earth shall never be mine ; or, I shall feel them only lightly since you will share them with me.

When I see the flash of lightning in the forest or when kites hover close by in quest of prey, I tremble with fear lest they should seize you alone, leaving me here to bear the pangs of separation. This is the only thing I fear.

Thus sang the turtle to his sweet-heart in the privacy of their secluded nest, and the softness of his tune was as sweet and soothing as the refreshing breeze. I preserved the song in writing as I heard it, so that man may learn herein a lesson on love and fidelity.

28. O little children, come to me ; for when I hear your merry voices as you play about, all doubts and perplexities vanish altogether from my mind, and I know better the philosophy of the happiness of life.

The joys of nature, such as are given us by the songs of birds, and the glow of sunshine, are truly reflected on your spotless minds. The flow of pure thoughts that well out from your innocent hearts is as transparent as the crystal waters of the babbling brooklets. But my life is on its decline, the first sufferings of old age have begun, and my mind is already cheerless.

How dreary would the world be to us, old men if there were no children to fill our hearts with the joys of childhood. Without the joys of childhood our past would be as dismal as the gloom of the uncertain future.

So come to me, O children ; give me a glimpse of the blissful world in which you live (since mine is so joyless) ; and give me a share of the joys which you feel when you listen to the music of the birds and the harmony of the winds.

All human contrivances for happiness and all the words of wisdom our sages have recorded in the books can never give us the happiness



which we feel when we embrace a child or look at his eyes sparkling with the joy that resides within.

All that you think and feel and do are as musical as the songs that any bard has sung. Nay, you are living poems, and as such, are sweeter far than those that are recorded on dead paper.

29. On leaving the shores our ship was sailing against the wind and was slowly ploughing the waves leaving a foamy wake behind. It was sailing away from our dear native island, but its flag fluttering with emotion as it were, looked back with a steady gaze on the land it was leaving. Similarly we also separate unwillingly from our dear ones and also from the many bonds of attachment that tie us to our native soil. As we wander from home, our hearts yearn for those we have left behind us.

30. In your dealings with othermen as you meet them from day to day, do not be fault-finding. Even if you do find their faults, it is both wise and charitable to overlook them and try to find the good traits that lie hidden behind their faults.

For there is no evil in this world, however great it might be, which is not mixed up with some good lying hidden in its inmost recess. It is much more creditable to look for the bright aspect of a seemingly hopeless thing than to make an effort to find out and enlarge upon the seemingly gloomy aspect of a bright thing.

The broad current of human life ever moves on towards some great good, and in the long run merges into the infinitude of divine goodness. So do not exert yourself in the opposite direction emphasizing the evil aspects of things; for it is foolish to try to change the course of this great current.

Do not idly curse God's good plan underlying the universe. Know that it had been in existence when you were not. Do not knock your little head against the mighty storm, but bend before it and let it pass lightly over your head.

The world will not always move according to your wishes. It must sometimes go against you throughout your life: the sooner you recognize this fact the better for you and for your peace of mind.

It is foolish to quarrel with the eternal dispensation of Providence. You will surely be vanquished in the end in a fight like this. The man who knows better adjusts himself to His plan (and makes life easy) just as water takes exactly the shape of the vessel in which it is put.

31. We all know that the glow worm moves about beneath a hedge or by the side of a river. This worm emits at night a bright light which is not to be seen by day.

From which part of its body comes this light has been, and is still, a matter of controversy. Some say that this distinction belongs to its tail while others award it to its head.

But one thing is certain, and it is this that the same God who imparts radiance to the shining orbs in the firmament, bestows upon this worm its own share of light according to its size.

Perhaps Nature has kindly granted light to this worm with the object of teaching travellers to be wary as they bend their steps, lest through carelessness they should kill under their feet a worm whose light, however small, serves them the useful purpose of saving them from a fall caused by stumbling against a stone.

32. If you can cherish ideals and yet be not so far carried away by them as to be impractical; if you can think high thoughts and yet do not make them the end of your life; if you can take victory and defeat with equal coolness and regard these two delusions with the same indifference which they deserve; if you are not disturbed when designing people distort the truths you have uttered with a view to deceive and misguide fools; if on seeing the result of your life-long endeavours destroyed, you do not lose heart but bend your energies towards the rebuilding of it with your over-used tools; if you can stake all the achievements of your life and after losing them all in the hazard, begin your labours afresh without a murmur; if, when your energies are well-nigh spent up and there is nothing left in you but your will, you can still plod on and bend your will to do your bidding; if you can move on with the masses to secure their common weal and yet do not lose your head but retain your virtue; or if you move in the society of kings and nobles assisting them in shaping their principles and policies and yet do not

principles and policies, and yet do not lose touch with the weal and woe of the common herd ; if neither friends nor foes can do you any injury, if you are considerate to all men but partial to none ; if you can fully satisfy the demand of exacting time and fill in each second in a minute with something useful done ;—if you can do all this, then, my son, to you belong all the good things of the earth that are worth having, and what is more valuable than all these, you will become a man in the truest sense of the term.

*Exercises on paraphrasing may be set from passages in the previous Sections.*

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## APPENDIX III

### MODEL ANSWERS

1. A little girl was once struck by her elder brother who sat beside her in school. She was about to strike her back when she was stopped by the teacher who asked her to kiss her brother in return. She was puzzled for a moment, but the teacher's kind looks and sweet words moved her, and she forgot the injury and embraced her brother and kissed him. She thus taught him how love conquer anger.

2. *To shift for himself*—to manage the situation as best as he could, without any body's help. *Talks big*—talks boastfully.

Two friends travelling together through a forest pledged themselves to help each other in case they were attacked by wild beasts. But, presently, on seeing a bear, one of them managed to climb up a tree. The other, not being able to do so, fell flat on the ground, holding his breath and feigning to be dead. The bear took him for a dead man and left him. His friend then descended from the tree and inquired, "What did the bear whisper into your ear?" He replied, "The bear told me never to travel with a false friend like you."

3. *Cheer*—entertainment; feast; dishes prepared for a feast; e.g., the table was loaded with good cheer. *Without ceremony*—i.e. roughly; the idea is repeated in 'bundled'; *bundled him* means, 'threw him hurriedly and roughly.'

4. Try to use the following hints in your answer : was put to heavy losses.....would often damage his tools and materials by trying..... on his absence.....was too much for.....who at last hit upon a clever device to put an end to his pranks for ever. One day, while being watched.....

Do not try to change the word 'pretended.'

5. *George Washington* : born 1732 ; became first President of the United States of America, 1789, died 1799. He showed great ability as

commander-in-chief in the War of American Independence, and was noted for his lofty character, self-command and sense of justice.

6. Vidyasagar once met a famine-stricken boy in Burdwan who begged for a pice. He first offered the boy one anna, then two annas and then four annas, inquiring of him each time what he would do with the promised amount. The boy replied, with tears in his eyes, that with one anna or two annas, he would provide himself and his mother with food for a day or two, but that with four annas he would buy mangoes to sell them at a profit, and thus earn a living. Vidyasagar gave him a rupee. Two years afterwards, Vidyasagar was saluted and accosted by a cheery young shop-keeper who with tears of gratitude in his eyes, reminded his benefactor of his former act of charity. How joyous was their greeting and how full were their hearts as they talked to each other !

8. A *latch* is a catch which holds a door when closed, though it be not bolted. Do not try to replace it by a synonym or substitute. *The broth.... over*—the broth had run over the top of the vessel.

9. A poor young girl lived in utter destitution with her widowed mother. While going one day to sell her clothes, she met the Emperor but knew not who he was. She looked sad and the Emperor inquired into the cause of her trouble. She expressed great anxiety for her starving mother, and also related how her father, who had long served the Emperor, died in poverty without being fully rewarded for his services. The Emperor sent immediate help to her mother, granted her a pension and took steps to educate her daughter.

10. *Hints* : A pedlar's ass ; slipped over a bridge across...(or lost its footing and, etc. ; or lost its balance, and etc.) ; returned to the sea-shore ; deliberately ; the pedlar was not to be deceived this time ; repeated the same mischievous trick, etc.

*Panniers*—baskets carried usually in pairs by beasts of burden. Do not try to change this word. *Recoiled*—reacted.

15. When Queen Victoria was a little girl, she had a governess who trained her in habits of economy. With her she went one day to the market at Turnbridge Wells, and with her pocket money, bought

certain things to be given as presents to her friends and relatives. When all the money was spent, she thought of another cousin to whom she would like to present a box labelled half-a-crown. She could have easily bought it on credit ; but her governess would not allow her to spend more than her fixed allowance. So she had to wait till she got her next pocket money.

16. *In his sleeve*—slyly and secretly,

17. The great patriot Ram Mohan Roy and his worthy and thoughtful friend, David Hare, the watchmaker, first conceived the idea of doing good to India by the spread of English education. The Hindu College founded in 1817 owes its existence to their initiative : and since then education has been gaining ground all over India.

19. Retain *excise officer* and *smuggler*. *An excise officer* is one who collects duty on wines and other intoxicating drugs and prevents infringement of excise laws. *A smuggler* is one who imports or exports goods without payment of customs duties.

20. A boy once told his father that he saw five hundred dogs in the street. On his father's refusing to believe him, he reduced the number, first to one hundred and then to ten. But as his father would not believe him still he was much disappointed and admitted that he saw only two. In reporting a case many people take delight in overstating the truth simply to entertain their hearers with something wonderful.

21. Sir Sydney was a noble soul and an intrepid general. At Zutphen he was fatally wounded in the thick of the fight. He bled profusely, and his throat was parched with thirst. But when water was brought to him, he did not drink it ; he passed it on to a wounded and thirsty soldier who was gazing at it with longing looks saying, "Brother, thy need is greater than mine !"

22. Now-a-days soldiers fight with the rifle and the artillery and have seldom to fight hand to hand. Their generals lead them from a safe distance in the rear. But in ancient times people fought with swords and lances, and their leaders who were strong and brave men fought in the front of the battle. Robert Bruce, for example, risked

## MODEL ANSWERS

his life in many an encounter but it was his physical prowess that saved him every time.

29. On getting married George Stephenson spent his spare time in study or in the practice of some humble craft, mainly that of making and mending shoes. It was by accident that he learnt the art of repairing clocks. Once his house took fire and his neighbours in trying to put it out damaged the eight-day clock. Stephenson tried his hand at it, and succeeded in putting it again into working order. The fame of his achievement set him up as a clock-repairer and increased his income.

34. *Turbot*—a kind of large fish.

36. *Conjurer*—বাজীকর *ler. Calling*—occupation.

40. *The Beduins* are a class of nomadic Arabs who are scattered over Arabia, Syria and northern Africa.

44. In 1790, Mr. Ostervald, a rich banker died in Paris for want of a little soup. Not that he had not the money to pay for a dish of soup, but he could not reconcile himself to the idea of buying a few pounds of meat which he could not eat. Remonstrances were of no avail; so the tight-fisted wretch died for want of proper nutrition, leaving behind him French currency notes to the value of £125, 000.

48. *Picket*—a small body of troops doing the duty of watchmen in order to guard an army from surprise. *On picket*—who were posted as camp-guards.

49. Shylock the Jew was a rich man of Venice, and a money-lender of the worst type, who relentlessly persecuted his debtors. Antonio, a large-hearted Venetian merchant, who lent money to needy people without interest, often scoffed at him for his cruelties. So there was much bad blood between him and the Jew who put up with his insults apparently unoffended, but inwardly thought of revenge.

50. Prince Siddhartha was once driving to a park. On the way he met a wretched old man, bearing on his person every mark of extreme old age. He was so much emaciated and reduced to such a state of utter helplessness that he was literally tottering as he leant



on his stick, and could hardly utter a word distinctly. The prince having never seen so much misery before, inquired of his coachman how he had come to such plight. The coachman in reply explained to him how old age and its concomitant sufferings overtake all men without exception.

53. Perfect happiness is rare in this world. Those who have health and strength have perhaps to pine in poverty. Those who are rich are doomed perhaps to life-long illness and suffering. Even health and wealth cannot give happiness to many; death perhaps breaks their hearts by wrenching from them their dear ones; lost health and wealth may sometimes be regained, but the dead can never be restored to the living.

55. Charles XII was an indefatigable horseman, and was fond of riding to an excess. His attendants could not keep pace with him. Once he tired his horse to death, and being all alone, had to walk with the harness and pistols on his back to the nearest inn. There, finding a good horse, he mounted on its back and was about to decamp when its owner came up and demanded his horse. They were about to fight each other when the king's guard turned up and averted bloodshed by revealing the identity of his master.

56. Presence of mind consists in our being calm in danger and trying coolly and watchfully to find out a means of deliverance. Those who are frightened out of their wits only aggravate the situation. Once a peasant accidentally made a gash in his own arm and cut open an artery. He was bleeding copiously. While the by-standers stood bewildered, a bright sprightly girl ran up, tied up his arm with her garter, stopped the bleeding till medical help could be got, and saved his life.

62. *Farriers*—horseshoers.

63. *Antiquary*—Student of ancient history and collector of ancient relics.

69. *To cruise about* is to sail to and fro, for (1) pleasure or (2) plunder or (3) for the protection of commerce in times of war; (2) is meant here.

70. There lived a farmer named Cresin in Italy. His farm

prospered wonderfully, while his neighbours' lands yielded but poor crops. So, people thought that he was a wizard, and brought him before the judges. Cresin, in his defence, produced before the court his strong and healthy daughter his stout oxen and his excellent tools, and told the judges about the great care he took to manage every detail of his farming business. The judges were convinced of his accusers' worthlessness, praised his industry, and acquitted him.

**72. Scaffolding**—Do not try to change this word. It means a temporary structure of poles and planks, providing workmen with platforms to stand on while building or repairing a house, etc.  
**Chastise**—punish.

**73.** After a few days' sojourn in Ceylon, I accompanied one of the Governor's brothers on a hunting excursion. He was a strong, built man, and as he was inured to the excessive heat of Ceylon, I could not keep pace with him. Thus left behind all alone, I encountered a lion near a large sheet of water. I got frightened and almost despaired of life, as my only rifle was loaded with a very weak kind of powder and shot. But I took heart, and hoped to scare him away by the report or at least to wound him.

**74. Hints :** degraded ; reform : make them useful members of society : decline , poverty ; hardship ; etc.

**75.** Once a bridge over the Adige was being fast swept away by flood. The inmates of the house still standing on it were given up for lost. Count Spolverini promised to give a hundred louis to any one who would save them. A young peasant rushed forth from the crowd standing on the shore sailed up in a boat and did save their lives. But his noble heart loathed to accept the reward. He advised the Count to make it over to the distressed family.

**76.** Fitzgerald's experiments in diet convinced him of the superior efficacy to vegetable diet. He lived mainly on fruits, bread and butter and gained in buoyancy of spirit. But as he did not like to be singled out as an exception to the common rule he ate meat at other houses and supplied it to his guests at his own board.

**78.** Ferocious animals dread the light of day and sight of men. In the torrid Zone they keep to their dens all day, avoid the heat

of the sun, and come out in quest of prey at night. The forest is calm and quiet all day, when innocent animals roam about to feed on herbs ; but at nightfall terrible howlings announce the reign of terror. And there is no place in the world more dreadful than an African forest.

80. Supplying his family with every possible comfort, Reynolds gave away his surplus money in charity. His spare time also was spent in serving others. He would even steal his hours of sleep to nurse the sick. Once he sought his friend's advice as to how he could best spend a year's savings and, at the latter's suggestion, released a number of persons imprisoned for small debts. He concealed his charities from the public. Once being asked to give out his name, so that a little orphan boy helped by him might afterwards be grateful to him, he replied that the boy should be taught to thank God whose money he held in trust and spent in charity.

81. *Regency*—i.e. governor's office. *Court of Chancery*—High Court of Justice. *Depending*—pending ; under trial. *Conciliating*—making peace between. *Difference*—quarrel. *Archives*—records. [Note that the meanings given in this Section may not actually be used in your answer, although they may help you to grasp the sense of the passage.]

85. Nothing is worth having which is not got by hard labour. Life is only a series of struggles against difficulties, and our happiness consists in overcoming them. The keener the fight, the keener the joy, no matter whether we win or lose.

87. *Efficacious*—curative. *Chip box*—box made of light and thin chips of wood. *Galen and his tribe*—doctors.

89. Philip, king of Macedon, was very magnanimous. Being once told that he was defamed by some orators, he simply said that he would try, by his life and actions, to belie their aspersions. Being advised again to banish another man who reviled him, he inquired into the matter and found that the man had got no reward for his having done some services in the past. Philip at once rewarded him.

90. The duke of Wellington once called in an ear specialist to cure him of his deafness. The doctor treated his diseased ear with a strong solution of silver nitrate with the result that a severe inflammation threatened to affect his brain and prove fatal. The danger was however, promptly overcome by his family doctor, but that ear

became totally deaf. When the aurist heard of it, he hastened to the Duke's residence to offer apologies, the Duke assured him that he deserved no blame for he had only done his best. But the aurist, wishing to save his reputation and avoid the ruin of his business, requested the Duke to permit him to attend him as usual. The Duke, though as kind to the aurist as before, firmly replied that he would be guilty of acting a lie if he granted him that favour.

91. Nature has furnished beasts of prey with a great power of endurance : with all their might they have to go without food for days and weeks together : for the animals they prey upon often succeed in eluding their grasp.

92. *Tippling-houses* — shops where customers buy and drink liquors.

97. The latent powers of many a boy do not find expression for want of opportunities and proper training. A little boy was once seen climbing up the lightning rod of a large building to the astonishment of a vast crowd gaping at him with bated breath. Reaching the top he stood upon the weather-cock, and kept his balance, turning round with the wind as it shook his foothold. There were people to fine him for setting a bad example to other boys, but nobody cared to train the great powers of his dauntless spirit.

98. *The Institute* — The Institute of France for the promotion of scientific learning. *Cuvier* ( कुवियर ) — French naturalist (1769-1832). *Natural history* — natural science as a whole, including botany, zoology, geology etc. *The embers* ..... *fire* — the smouldering remains of a fire.

99. Giotto, the famous painter from Nature showed signs of his budding genius even in his boyhood. But his father had no means to send him to school, and besides, required his services in taking out his goats to graze in the fields of their native village. He was a great believer in the beauty of the mother earth, and wished that his son too might earn his bread by tilling the soil. The boy too liked his father's choice, because he preferred contemplating the beauties of nature to being shut up in school.

102. Arkwright was the youngest of thirteen children born of very poor parents. He was never schooled and was only able in old age

to write with difficulty. He began life as a barber in Bolton and plied a successful trade by reducing his rates. He then wound up his business in Bolton and travelled from place to place dealing in hair which was then much in demand for making wigs.

105. Wigs having gone out of fashion, Arkwright turned a mechanic ; and, like other enterprising mechanics of the day, set his heart upon the invention of the spinning wheel. He spent all his time and money in the pursuit of his hobby, and lived from hand to mouth. His wife one day in a fit of anger broke the models with which he experimented. But Arkwright was too strong a man to be put down in this way : he manfully resented his wife's conduct by immediately separating from her.

107. Keats stayed out rather late one night and caught a bad chill. The exposure brought on a little fever, so that when he returned home he was found to be in a state of excitement, looking like one excessively drunk. He coughed slightly as he entered into his cold bed, and spat a little blood. He closely examined it for an instant, and then looking up with an expression of calmness which astonished his friend, told him that that drop of blood was his death warrant.

109. Charles Lamb when relieved from his hard labour at the India Office was overjoyed at the prospect of freedom and complete relaxation. He went so far as to say that even the performance of good deeds was not as pleasant as doing nothing. But time soon began to hang heavy on his hands and he came to see that work, even dry office work, was preferable to idleness which is only another name for misery.

110. Lysander, the great Lacedæmonian general was highly impressed with the beauty of the gardens of King Cyrus when he saw them for the first time ; but his surprise knew no bounds when Cyrus told him that many of the trees had been planted with his own hands. Evidently, Lysander was wondering how the labours of gardening could fit in with royal pomp and dignity. But Cyrus asserted that he always took some sort of physical exercise before sitting down to his meal and that he was not ashamed of humble rural work.

112. *Struck*—run aground. *Tacked*—changed their direction. *To bear down upon*—this is a nautical expression, meaning 'to attack from the windward.' Do not try to change it.

113. Carnivorous animals prey upon one another only when impelled by extreme hunger. They pursue and feed upon harmless animals such as the goat and the deer with great relish; but usually they waylay their prey near some water or at places frequented by them.

114. Socrates once saluted a man of high rank in the street, but the latter did not return the salute. whereupon his friends became indignant; but Socrates advised them to be calm, saying that good men had no more right to be angry with bad men than well-dressed people had, to be severe upon poorly clothed people. But perhaps the patience of Socrates was put to the severest test by his termagant wife. Once she tore off his cloak in the open street. His friends urged that he should certainly give her a good thrashing; but Socrates replied to them good-humouredly, saying that he was not going to give them the pleasure of witnessing and inciting such a fight.

115. During the storm that raged over England in 1658, a little boy in Lincolnshire was leaping to and fro in the open air. He leapt at one time with the wind and at another time against it, measuring the difference between the lengths covered every time. This he was doing in order to measure the force of the wind,—a queer method no doubt, but it showed the scientific turn of his young mind. This boy was none other than Newton who afterwards became the world's greatest man of science.

117. So my mind walking is enjoyable only if it can be done alone. A walk in the open country or a short journey out of town loses its charm if one has a chattering friend by one's side to interrupt one's silent companionship with nature. For, it is only in solitude that Nature yields to us the fullest enjoyment.

118. 'Man' in 1. 16 is a mis-print for 'men'. *Private men*—common sailors (ro soldiers). *Expostulated*—remonstrated; argued. *Tack about*—change the direction of the vessel.



*Expatriating*—speaking at great length. *Amanuensis*—a clerk who writes to another dictation (or a copyist). *Scribe*—amanuensis.

121. While reading you must not allow your lesson to be interrupted by talking; if you do, you will never learn it effectively. Perfect silence should prevail in the reading room. Talking should not be allowed even for the sake of removing doubts. Doubts may be best discussed with your friends only after you have gone through the lesson and done your utmost to solve them, all unaided.

122. *Literati*—literary men. *Piqued*—annoyed; offended. *Out-done*—outwitted. *Redcoat*—soldier; red-coated British soldier.

124. *Reared*—trained up. *Contemplates*—thought of (Say in what sense their sorrow was of a higher type).

127. Leopold-stadt is a suburb of Vienna with the river Danube flowing between them. The bridge that joined them, was once swept away by the melting ice that nearly blocked that part of the river. The people of the suburb were starving as no supply of food from Vienna could reach them. Emperor Francis II got a number of boats loaded with bread; but he could not induce his people to take the risk of rowing them to Leopold-stadt. Francis thought that he could not afford to lose time and he leaped into a boat and began to manipulate the oars. The effect was that the crowd instantly followed suit. Leopold-stadt was saved.

128. *Maiden speech*—the first speech by a person, especially by a new member in a public body.

130. *Toulon*—a naval station in France. *Worsted*—woolen shoulder-piece of a private's uniform. *Epaulet*—ornamental shoulder-piece of an officer's uniform. *Reconnoitre*—survey.

133. Do not suppose that to the rich alone belongs the joy of giving. The poorest man can, if he chooses, render material help to his neighbour. The merit of an act of charity consists not in the amount given away but in the depth of true sympathy with which it is given. Kindness and sympathy is surely better than gold, and good deeds prompted by sympathy are treasures which you will carry beyond the grave.



**137.** Diogenes, an old ascetic of Greece, practised austerities by way of protest against the gaieties of his polished countrymen who were growing effeminate by high living. He was noted for his bitter and caustic sayings about the vanities of men. Alexander went to see him and found him warming his body in the sun. To attract his notice he announced himself: "I am Alexander, the King." Nothing moved, Diogenes replied, "I am Diogenes, the Cynic." On his asking what he could do for him, Diogenes replied, "Simply stand out of my sunshine.

**138.** After winning the battle of Bassano, Napoleon and his staff rode over the blood-red field covered with the bodies of the dead and the dying. It was a moon-lit night, the din of battle had subsided; the deep silence of the scene was only broken by occasional moans of the dying. Napoleon looked extremely grave and sad. A dog suddenly sprang from beneath the garments of his dead master, ran up to Napoleon, and then ran back to the dead body of his master. He looked wild and distracted as he howled in a helpless and piteous manner. Napoleon was deeply moved and he exclaimed, "There, gentleman, that dog teaches us a lesson of humanity!"

**139.** *Title*—right. *Combat*—oppose.

**140.** *Whitefield*—a famous evangelical preacher (1714-70). *Warmed*—became animated *Enforced it*—made it impressive.

**141.** In editing my paper, I scrupulously avoided lampooning. People would sometimes ask me to publish a scandal but I told them plainly that I could print their libel in separate leaflets, and that, being pledged to entertain my readers with useful readable matter, I could find no way to make room for libel in my newspaper. Such people had a very low opinion of newspapers, and thought that their columns could be easily hired to print anything they chose.

**143.** While a youngman, Shakespeare had the misfortune of getting into bad company. Some of his comrades, who were given to poaching induced him to steal deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote. For this act of youthful wantonness, Sir Thomas persecuted him with a zeal worthy of better cause. The young poet had his revenge by attacking him in a poignant ballad, with the result

that Sir Thomas grew more furious and compelled him to seek refuge in London.

**147.** Of all the calamities that can befall a man, loss of health is the worst and most unbearable. A man who has riches enough to live in kingly style, and is surrounded by all sorts of luxuries, will yet envy the health of the meanest of human beings if he himself has lost it. Although his own table may be loaded with rare delicacies of food, he will yet covet the appetite of his humblest servant and gladly exchange the gold and marble of his palatial residence for his servant's thatched house, if that would give him the poor man's health.

**149.** We should certainly earn money, but not for money's sake. We eat not simply to enjoy health but to use our health in doing something better; for eating cannot certainly be the object of our life. So a doctor or a soldier is eager no doubt to earn money; but if he is a good man, the main object of his life should be to cure patients or win battles, and not make money.

**154.** Mr. Henderson was a powerful debator, but he was better known as a man of cool temper who could never be thrown off his balance even under grave provocations. A self-conceited young student of Oxford sought and obtained an interview with him with a view to beat him in a debate. Finding him invincible he threw a glass of wine on his face. Nothing moved, Henderson only said, "This, sir, is a digression; now for the argument."

**155.** It is for the sake of health, if not for anything else, that a man should avoid excess in eating and drinking. A glutton not only undermines his health by his intemperance, but also makes himself a contemptible figure in society. Ecclesiastical has laid great emphasis on moderation in eating and drinking by saying that a well-regulated diet is the only secret of sound health and long life. It is well that all men, particularly those who are young, should constantly endeavour to realise the value of this precious advice.

**160.** The world is not so much so indebted to men of exceptionally bright parts as to those really great men who were all marked by a tenacity of purpose and steady application. Genius without diligence is unavailing and is thrown into the shade by men of average intelligence and plodding habits. "Slow and steady wins the race."

**161.** Burke knew India more intimately than even those who studied Indian history and civilization in India itself. Perhaps there were others as hardworking and well-informed as he; but surely none could throw so much new light on facts and figures concerning India as his uncommon genius and broad sympathies enabled him to do.

**162.** *A potato in his head*—Potato being the staple food of Irishmen, they are often ridiculed by a reference to potato, whenever they are found to be awkward or obstinate. In your substance you may simply say that "there is always some screw loose in an Irishman's head" or something like it.

**163.** *Shambles*—slaughter-houses. *Venial*—pardonable, add therefore not very serious.

**165.** *Thesis*—discourse, especially, original discourse (গবেষণ-মূলক প্রবন্ধ) *Felicitated*—congratulated. *Withheld*—kept secret; kept to himself.

**167.** Johnson's manners were far from being polished and the reason is not far to seek. He had had enough of the bitter experience of life in the prime of his youth. Poverty and starvation could not long keep him down, but only taught him to assert his individuality against immense odds. His fighting and pushing nature did not leave him even when he stepped into the higher circles of society. His sharp but true sayings wounded the pride of the big folks. There was an air of ruggedness about him, but his rough exterior concealed a heart that was full of the milk of human kindness.

**170** Idle and weak-minded people shirk difficulties by seeking refuge in the word, 'Impossible'. Great men like Chatham and Mirabeau felt a supreme contempt for such impossibilities. Earnestness in the pursuit of some noble cause and self-confidence must give a certain amount of success. The history of the world is only the history of the wonders man has worked by his indomitable will. It is a stern world that we live in, and all but the brave and the strong must go to the wall.

**171.** *Tilly vally*—an expression of contempt, formerly used when anything said was rejected as foolish and ridiculous.

174. *Malcontents and libellers*—seditious persons and detractors. *Scurrilous*—grossly abusive.

176. *Felicitious*—fortunate; i.e., profitable. *Beethoven*—famous German musical composer (1770-1827). *Astor Baring and Rothschild* were big capitalists and bankers.

177. Swami Vivekananda related to an audience in America the story of a young man who went to a sage and expressed his longing to find God. Time and again he went to the sage and repeated the same sentiment; but the sage made no response. One morning, however the saint took him to the river for a bath. There he held him down under the water till he struggled for a breath of air. The saint then explained to him that such restlessness as he felt under the water was what constituted true longing after God, and that if he had such a longing he should verily find God.

178. *Seeing*—keen. *Boswell* was the biographer of Johnson. *Scars*—blemishes; weak points of character

181. *Abelard*—French philosopher and logician (1079—1142?).

182. *Hypothetical*—suppositional; conditional.

195. What are talents without perseverance? If we closely examine why so many people fail in their enterprises, we find that in nine cases out of ten, they fail owing to lack of perseverance, inspite of their having great talents. These people cannot take easily to the obstacles that come in their way, but by an excitable attitude of mind they multiply the difficulties to such an extent that they can no longer cope with them. Talents shine with a false glitter unless they be supplemented by the gift of continuance. There is not a rock but will wear away by the constant beating of the small wave.

200. With manhood there comes in every man a proud spirit of self-dependence. But if a man suffers from protracted illness in a strange country, his heart naturally turns for his mother; all the tenderness of feeling which he thinks he has outgrown comes back to him with all the associations of a mother's love. Of all kinds of affection, it is a mother's love that is not prompted or sustained by the expectation of any return in any shape. She will brave the greatest

danger that his son may be out of it ; and the worst ingratitude will not lessen the ardour of her love. She rejoices in his prosperity and glories in his greatness ; and if he falls on evil days and is greeted by the world with sneer and calumny, she clings to him with all the greater attachment which makes up for all his worldly losses.

**203.** When the Mughal Empire was crumbling to pieces, it was Dupleix, the great French general who first conceived the idea and plan of founding an European empire in its place. He clearly perceived the immense superiority of European military discipline and tactics to Indian, and the possibility of forming and training an army of Indians that would be second to none in the world. His policy was to become master of the situation by supporting one of the titled potentates and then making him a tool in his hands. It was, however, the lot of the English later on to give effect to his plan and policy with remarkable success.

**206.** The musk-deer lives in the most inaccessible snow-capped heights of the Himalayas, and associates with none but its own kind. It grows to the size of a young calf and is extremely agile. The musk lies in its navel. Compelled by hunger it comes down sometimes to pastures that lie at a somewhat lower level when, perchance, it is seen by man and chased sometimes by the people of a whole village. Even when killed at a distant height, it is very hard to secure it.

**208.** An ever-changing variety of charming sights and scenes is what pleases most the European travellers in the rural districts of Hindustan. One of them, who makes this statement, relates, by way of illustration, how at noon-time one day he suddenly came across a bevy of tame elephants belonging to the Company's regiments. They were halting under huge trees which, having very broad leaves, spread a thick shadow underneath. Some were eating leaves of trees, some bathing with water thrown overhead with their trunks, some playfully tossing massive branches in the air, and some engaged in other ways. The sight of about fifty such gigantic animals, coupled with the brilliant sky above and the splendid landscape below, struck the writer as being simply magnificent.

**209.** The great defect in Rip's constitution was that he had a natural antipathy to all sorts of profitable work. It is not therefore

to be inferred, however, that he was an idle man. He would spend hours together in angling without catching a single fish or in shooting a few squirrels or pigeons. He would also work hard to assist his neighbours and oblige their wives. But as to his household work or farming, he always found it impossible to attend to it.

**210.** Early in the beginning of that year, Sir George Campbell, with characteristic foresight, discovered signs of impending famine in Bengal of which he was the ruler. People looked up to the skies with the gravest concern; but for months together not a drop of rain was forthcoming. With remarkable energy Sir George set about to provide himself against the evil day by storing up grain in large quantities. Yet there were people who thought that the famine was a make believe,—a mere creation of Sir George's brain, and that the show thus run by him was kept up by Sir Richard Temple who succeeded him.

**212.** Young people naturally like to mix with companions of the same age, but they should be careful in avoiding the company of such young men as indulge in indecent talk and are fond of vulgar society. Those who, in their youth, exhibit immoral tendencies, may prosper for a time, but they can never grow up to be successful men; for the punishment comes sure though it often comes late.

**219.** Self-sacrifice in serving others is a blessing which belongs alike to the master and the servant, the king and the peasant. Service prompted by self-interest is but mean servitude. It lacks all that immense power for good wielded by self-less workers.

**225.** One brigade consists of several regiments, but the small brigade that we could spare was hardly equal to one good regiment. But, to our amazement, this handful of men charged the enemy. It was a desperate step. We admired the valour displayed by them, but only wished that it were tempered with discretion. This result was disastrous. Helplessly we saw the horrible sight as the horses and their riders were clean swept away by the enemy's balls discharged from thirty cannon.

**230.** You know how glad I am to spend an evening at your father's house. But the joy I felt last time was keener than ever



because of your return home after having achieved such a great success in the prime of life. It was a pleasure to watch how your mother's eyes beamed with maternal love and pride as they were fixed upon you, and to observe how unusually happy your father looked and how jovially he talked to us all. Their hopes in you being thus fulfilled, they were evidently inspired with still higher hopes for the future.

234. Rip Van Winkle was an easy-going and quiet sort of a man who would prefer to lead a life of poverty rather than work in order to improve his lot. But his wife would not let him live in peace. She scolded him day and night for his idleness and indifference to domestic affairs. Rip bore her hard words without uttering a single word; but his silence worsened her temper, and rip had to walk out of the house when matters grew intolerable.

235. Time, however, did not improve the relations between Rip and his wife. Her temper grew worse day by day and his life became more and more intolerable. So Rip sought relief by frequenting a club of idlers, which held its sittings every day on a bench before the village in known by a sign-board bearing the likeness of George III. Here, they passed their time in idle gossip or in telling stupid stories. The monotony of their usual talks was occasionally relieved when the learned schoolmaster read aloud the contents of an old newspaper, and the rest gravely discussed public events which had ceased to be of any interest to the world at large.

The santals are brave, cheerful, honest, and honourable in their dealings with others. In these respects they are better than civilized races. They still cling to their ancient habit of destroying jungle and game. They turn jungle into fertile soil and seem to settle down as cultivators; but their passion for forest-clearing and game-hunting soon leads them on into jungle again where their flutes fill the air with a sweeter melody and their drums vibrate with a deeper resonance. On the day of common hunt, the merriest day of annual festivity, thousands of them rush through the woods, armed with all the weapons of offence known to them, and enjoy a most exciting sport.

237. While Sir John Moore was watching on horse-back the progress of the fight at Elvina, a cannon ball threw him down from his



horse, broke his ribs ; and tore open his muscles in such a frightful way that his arm was all but severed from his shoulder. Still he sat upon the ground and kept watching his men till he saw them making headway, his face all this time showing no sign of pain. In the act of removing him from the field, the hilt of his sword entered his wound but he would not allow it to be taken off, saying that he should die like a true soldier with his sword upon him.

241. The forest which the large caravan and the party of travellers entered was extremely dense, Huge tall trees, plants of every description, thick bushes and creepers that spread a sort of network from tree to tree, mingled together with such an exuberance as to render the forest almost impenetrable. The sun's rays could not pierce through it and the hardest gale that rustled through tree-tops could find no ingress into the heart of the forest. The ground again was slippery and muddy. Through such a forest, their journey was extremely toilsome and slow. Those who carried loads on their heads had frequently to wait till a passage would be made for them by cutting down the tree.

242. The custom of Sati had by long usage, taken such a firm root in the higher strata of Hindu society that it was regarded as a point of honour and a religious dictum. If the widow therefore would sometimes revolt at the idea of committing suicide, the priests were sure to lead her to the funeral pyre by working up her religious zeal and by threats of punishment after death. Akbar only passed an order that the self-sacrifice should be entirely voluntary ; for his relations with the Rajput Princes, in whose zenana this practice most obtained, were such that he could not venture to suppress it with a high hand.

243. Poverty made me lose my independence, and I became a flatterer to a big man. I thought I had only to be courteous to a gentleman, and that it would be no disagreeable task for me to try to please him. But I soon discovered that my patron was a dunce, and found it positively painful to praise a man to whom no praise was due. So, instead of praising him, I began to correct him, with the result that I was dismissed from his service with the remark that I was a harmless and good-natured man, but that I was of no use to him.

253. As we sailed out from Calcutta in a country ship the broad

## MODEL ANSWERS

expanse of the Ganges, its majestic march through an entire continent, the splendid facilities it affords to trade, the plenty it brings in its train, the associations of the past with which it is bound up, the busy marts and populous cities by which its banks are lined, and above all, the sacredness that attaches to its waters made a deep impression on our minds. It issued from the inaccessible heights of the snow-capped Himalayas, and forces its way by overcoming many a natural obstacle through a vast country. In short, the Ganges strikes the traveller as the grandest and the most remarkable river on the face of the earth.

254. The havoc caused by Hyder's invasion of the Carnatic beggars all description. We do not know of another instance of a devastation that was more complete or a carnage that was more dreadful. Men and women, husbands and wives, nobles and priests were indiscriminately slaughtered with a ferocity to which history fails to furnish a parallel. Even those that escaped death or miserable captivity by seeking refuge in walled cities, fell victims to the ravages of famine.

261. There was a slave in fetters in a fortification in Flanders. He had only one leg, and had to work hard from sunrise to sunset. But he sang as merrily as a lark, and was the happiest man of all the garrison, finding occasion for merriment in every little thing that happened. Though apparently an idiot, his was a lot which philosophers might well envy.

263. Now that you are going to settle at school and should know a little of the world, I wish to give you some advice which, considering my ill-health, may perhaps be the last that I have to give you. If you wish to profit by my experience in life. I should warn you against your tendency to take a gloomy view of things. The school is not so bad a place to live in as you suppose. If it be not as good as home, do not make it worse by being fretful. Remember that it is a hopeful and cheerful disposition, and not pessimism, that leads a man to success in life.

264. My father was a clergyman with a small income. He spent all that he earned, for he never thought of leaving his children money which was dross, when compared to learning which was pure gold. The learning, however, which he wanted them to have, had nothing

to do with success in life. Their education was intellectual as well as moral ; but he laid so much stress on the sentimental aspect of morality that they grew up to be no better than mere machines of benevolence, looking upon the whole world as their kith and kin, and spending money freely to relieve human suffering, without being able to earn it.

265. *Imperious*—urgent and imperative. *Nerves*—labourers on canals roads, embankments, etc. *Coercing*—forcibly impelling. *The native intelligence*—the natural powers of his mind.

271. Those who are trained to observe common-place matters cannot but be deeply impressed with the profound quiet of rural scenery in England on Sundays. All activities of week days and all sounds of rural occupations are hushed. The mills stand still, the flails cease to strike, the blacksmith's hammers do not swing, the carts do not rattle. Even the dogs cease barking. The very winds are stilled, and the landscape seems to enjoy the holy repose. All nature looks tull of the spirit of reverence. Complete respite from work on this day lends such an air of calm to the scenic and social atmosphere of Christendom as fills our mind with peace and turn our thoughts naturally to God.

272. It was a touching sight to see the widow returning slowly and painfully from her son's grave. When the rich lose their dear ones, they forget the pangs of separation in the various attractions of the world. Young people too quickly forget the affliction of bereavement, for they readily adapt themselves to new surroundings, and their expanding minds soon outgrow the wound caused by the wrench. But where is the hope for a poor old widow to heal up a wound such as is inflicted on her when her only son is violently torn from her side ?

281. If you have money you may have power in the sense that it can buy many things, buy men to use their physical force or intellectual abilities in your behalf. The power which money exerts is therefore of the nature of brute force. But knowledge is power in quite another sense : its influence is immediate and direct. Money cannot buy the respect and confidence which knowledge commands. And the secret of the power of knowledge lies in industry : men do not trust people who know how to do a thing-

but people who have industry to make their knowledge useful to others.

282. When men act fearlessly, they deserve our praise. But the fearlessness of brutes deserve none; for their bravery is invariably the outcome of their natural instincts and their animal spirits. Men think and reason and judge of the merits of each occasion before they deliberately run risks to attain some noble end, whereas animals merely follow blind nature, because they are naturally ferocious.

283. The discovery of America gave new life to Europe. It was not simply the discovery of a new country, but of a new world which attracted vast number of fortune-hunters from the cities of Spain; and when these came to Europe, they brought with them tales of new animals, new plants and a new type of civilization, tales of gigantic men and masculine women and also tales of golden apples and golden sands. In these reports facts were so strangely and richly interwoven with the romance of fiction that they stirred deeply the imagination of the people of Europe and filled their minds with a spirit of adventure. It is difficult to-day to measure the extent or intensity of the impetus thus given by this new discovery and the magnitude of the effect it produced on human civilization.

284. God in his infinite wisdom has so ordained that the ferocity, bulk and strength of wild animals should bear a certain proportion to each other. If, for example, the elephant were as fierce as the tiger, or if the tiger could combine with its ferocity the strength of the elephant and the courage of the lion, the destruction caused by them would be terribly extensive. The crocodile and the shark again are as ferocious as they are bulky but then they live in water and can do but little harm to man.

285. A man will naturally seek the company of those who are like himself in taste and temperament. Thus drunkards associate with drunkards, thieves with thieves, the pious with the pious, and so forth. But there is a class of light-hearted people who meet together habitually with no other object than to indulge in indecent talk. Their conduct is still more blamable because they are not irreclaimable. Such evil company is the most dangerous thing a

man should guard against ; and young men especially should choose friends very cautiously.

286. We read many a passage of real merit and rare beauty in the course of our study, but quickly forget it just as we admire and then forget a sweet song or charming sight. We neglect to enrich ourselves by making a little effort to store them in our memory. such a passage and the wealth of inspiration and joy which it means, is far better than a whole library. It saves us from our selfish thoughts, our day-dreams and our sordid cares ; and, like a good friend, it brings comfort to us even in the midst of the worry and bustle of daily life under modern conditions.

287. A traveller cursed the Will-o-the-Wisp bitterly as his horse was going down into the morass and he himself was going to be buried alive. The man thought that it was a treacherous light that dragged people into the jaws of death, but the Willo-o-the-Wisp thought otherwise, and blamed the man for not heeding his friendly light of warning. The moral of the story is that dangerous vices shine with a glitter that allures people to destruction, but it is the unnaturalness of this glitter that serves as a warning to the wise, although foolish and reckless people are lured by it into danger and destruction.

288. How charming is the beauty of nature in the country ! With what unspeakable joy would I stroll in the woods ! The rosy dawn, the dew-drops sparkling on the green foliage, the fragrant breeze that softly murmured among the trees and the merry voices of birds ravished my heart. The enchantment, however, was complete when, standing upon the Peak, I looked down upon the wide expanse of the thick verdure below, relieved here and there by shaggy rocks, dark forests and foaming torrents.

289. Hannibal in his boyhood, was pledged to his dying father to invade and devastate Italy. He felt that he was commissioned by the gods to punish his father's enemies, and this was the only thought that revolved in his mind day and night. One night he dreamt that he stood before the council of all the gods, and received a mandate to attack Italy, and that one of them led him and his army to that country. This heavenly guide asked him not to look back as he went ;

but on suddenly looking behind, he saw a hideous monster whose body was bristling with serpents. As the monster moved on, everything fell crashing before it,—an indication of the imminent desolation of Italy. At the age of 27, Hannibal made good his early pledge and overran Italy.

**290.** Most people do not think independently, but simply fall in with the prevailing fashion of being guided by certain catchwords that temporarily seize the popular mind. One such word is *cramming* which, by itself is considered to be an irresistible argument against a whole system of education. But cramming even in its worst form develops our memory considerably, and to some extent at least, imperceptibly adds to the store of our knowledge. Besides helping us in our examination, it furnishes our mind with such information as may in later life be developed into real knowledge.

**291.** War means the most horrible destruction of human life and property, the burning of cities, and the turning of fair fields into dreary deserts ; it means famine, the multiplication of widows and orphans and of a lot of other forms of human suffering. Even granting that it is a necessity, where is the justification for associating it with glory ? If we revere philanthropists, and honour scientists who heal and save, where is the consistency in covering this horrible business with glory ?

**292.** If a man has a taste for reading and finds means to provide himself with books, he enjoys the privilege of associating with the best minds of all ages and climes. He identifies himself with the culture of all nations, past and present, and his views and sympathies thus acquire a broad outlook. By this constant touch with a class of men superior to the ordinary run of humanity, he imbibes their character and refinements.

**293.** What is talent without courage ? If you have not the courage to make the first efforts, your talents will be of no use either to yourself or to the world. To wait till we grow old standing on the threshold of an enterprise, scheming and consulting, doubting and hesitating calculating and cogitating,—this has been the ruin of many a man who would otherwise have gained some distinction at last in his own line of talent.



294. As we neared the Azores, we were naturally reminded of that famous fight that had taken place there. In that action Sir Richard Grenville, with a single ship held his own against a whole Spanish fleet of fifty one sail. Shot through body and through head, he was carried at last to a Spanish ship, and died there. His last words were memorable ; for they showed that he died peacefully for having like a true soldier, done his duty by his country, queen and religion.

296. Men are guided either by reason or by passion ; and woe to those who are guided by the latter ; for, the path of passion is the surest path to ruin. Self-control, on the other hand, is the secret of success and power. Power over one's own mind is the only way to power over others. He who cannot control himself must be controlled by others. It is a great thing to keep one's temper. When man is in the right, the strength of his conscience should surely help him to keep it ; and when he is in the wrong, how dares he lose it ? The wicked world can do us no harm, if we can conquer the wickedness that threatens us from within.

297. The feeling of perfect relaxation when we go to bed is indescribably sweet. After the day's labour the body delights in a posture of repose and the mind desires to be relieved of the weight of consciousness. The very transition from wakefulness to forgetfulness, the slow vanishing away of sensibility acts like a soothing balm over the bruised and worried mind. What a blessing sleep is !

298. With the invention of printing the present day reading public enjoy infinitely greater advantages than those in the sixteenth century. Knowledge in all its branches has largely increased to-day, and is accessible to men of all shades of culture. Light literature, though it has increased considerably, has not, I think, done so at the cost of the serious branches of study. So the ingratitude of those who regret the invention of printing is unpardonable.

299. The man who is engaged all day in hard physical work can do no better than read an interesting book for the sake of recreation. It gives him relief from the monotony of home life and the cares and worries of the moment. And, if the book gives him food for thought, his thoughts also will make the next day's work lighter. A refined taste for reading is, to my mind, the best thing one can wish for. It



will not only make us happy under all circumstances, but also broaden our sympathies for humanity by bringing us into contact with the best minds of all ages and climes.

**300.** The daisy is a selfish herb which by the luxuriance of its growth does not allow any other plant to grow by its side. The oak, on the other hand, is emblematic of unselfishness, offering shelter to thousands of creatures on its branches and inviting many a plant and flower to grow under its charitable shade. We should not, like the daisy, live a selfish life and make our neighbours cheerless and unhappy; but like the oak, we should render kindly help to all around us, widening our sympathies and therefore our scope of usefulness also as we grow older and older.

**302.** The best thing a young man can do to become good, and probably great also, is to read the lives of good and great men. No amount of preaching or exhortation can give the same inspiration as the life-story of a great man. All men of course, cannot become great but every man can follow the ideal of a great man's life in his own humble sphere of work. And as regards heroism or virtue, every man can show as much of it in his own line of work as those who are great men.

**303.** The mighty oak towers its head aloft in the air like a giant. It resists with pride the first strokes of the wood cutters and looks invincible. But soon it begins to shake from head to foot until its firmness gives way to the steel of the wood-cutter's axe, when with dramatic suddenness its trunk reels and comes down with a crash, like a giant giving up its mighty ghost with a yell. The whole forest reverberates in lamentation, as it were, at the fall of its leader. Then follows the silence of deep grief; and the enemies themselves who felled it cannot contemplate the scene unmoved.

**306.** Some people seem to think that the fruits of our labour very often come to us too late, meaning thereby that the rewards that come to us after life-long perseverance are of little value, for we cannot enjoy them long enough. But the proper attitude is to know that rewards never come too late even if they come on the last day of our life. Even then, the satisfaction that sooner or

later they do come is worth all that we can wish for. Besides, such rewards are a source of encouragement to others.

307. Man is the worshipper of customs and usages. He is by nature conservative. He follows in the wake of the past and dreads innovations. All his institutions seem to combine to kill his individuality and demand of him complete subservience to set formulas, so that he must not make any attempt at reform or try to think independently lest society should denounce him as a heretic. His reason, his conscience, and his spiritual aspirations, must all be sacrificed at the altar of superstition. Thus many would face misery rather than incur the displeasure of the world and cease to be respectable in society,

308. Two distinctly opposite tendencies have always marked the character of the Englishman, the one holds him back and the other urges him forward. The resultant of these two forces determine the life and shape of the institutions of the English nation. Those who stick to the traditions of the past have deep faith in the wisdom of their forefathers, and those who impatiently march forward to make new conquests in the world of thought, pin their faith on the glories to be achieved in the future. Both are right ; for each is complementary to the other. To improve upon the past is quite consistent with deep faith in the wisdom of our forefathers.

318. The present age is pre-eminently the age of progress. We in modern times are moving forward to the millennium that is to come. The discoveries of modern science extend from the starry heavens above to the inmost bowels of the earth below, and cover every department of life and thought ; so that life at present is full of interest and full of hopes for the future, which were denied to our ancestors in the past, who had no faith in the future and knew nothing better than to look back with a sigh of regret to the good old days of a still remoter past, the goodness of which was more imaginary than real.

325. Success in life depends upon decision of character and firmness of resolve to act up to the decision arrived at. The faculty of decision depends upon two things ; first, on the strength of will which helps us to resist temptations, and secondly, on clearness of

thought which dispels doubts and perplexities. Decision is a necessity when different courses of action appeal to our intellect with equal force, or when a struggle goes on between our conscience on one side and inclination on the other. This faculty saves a man of action from painful vacillation and prolonged suspense.

**328.** The features of his countenance had both the elegance and the majesty of a powerful personality. He was a great orator no doubt, but he won the heart of the audience even before he spoke: and as he spoke, every word and gesture elicited admiration. The greatness of his soul was truly reflected in his face. In his private life he was strictly polite to all, being as respectful to the rich as he was sweetly condescending to the poor.

**330.** *Casual*—accidental. *Occasion*—requirement; necessity; motive of self-interest. *Such a friend*....*life*—A true friend is the most soothing anodyne for all the ills of life; a true friend is the most comforting balm for all the ills of life; a true friend is the only solace in the midst of life's trials and tribulations.

**332.** *Valitudinarians*—weak or sickly people.

**333.** How admirable is the spirit of adventure with which explorers penetrate into new tracts and scale heights yet untrodden by the feet of man. The martyrs of science are no less heroic than those of religion. Even ordinary travellers discover new things at least for themselves, if not for all; and their discoveries, however small, are as dear to them as America was to Columbus.

**335.** *Denominated*—named; *Fortuitous*—accidental; casual

**336.** *Recondite*—hidden from view; secret.

**337.** Benjamin Franklin is regarded as the greatest of self-educated men. He ranked among the foremost writers and thinkers of his time. We know in every detail the methods he used in giving himself the education that raised him from extreme poverty to high position and prosperity. Without tutors and the customary aids to education he became master of literature and science with a thoroughness that not only brought him fame but was also the chief source of his happiness in life.

**339.** *Virgil*—he was born in 70 B. C. and was only five years older than *Horace*.

**340.** A good worker makes a judicious use of his time. He does not pass it in idleness. He has therefore no need of any haste in doing a thing at the last moment, and he does not miss his well-earned hour of rest. Whatever an idle man of irregular habits does, he does in a hurry; he frets and worries, and does it ill. He may return to sense when it is perhaps too late to mend, just as a spend-thrift grows wise after having run through his fortune. But misuse of time is worse than misuse of money and of the other good things of life; for lost wealth and health, etc., are sometimes regained, but lost time, never.

**354.** If on reading a book you find that it has incited you to rebel against authority or deviate from the path of rectitude and self-control which is the only path to happiness in life, if it has inflamed your pride or your passions or made you more selfish and less responsive to all that is good and great, or if it has filled your mind with pictures that are sinful and hateful, or if in any way the effect or the intended effect upon your mind is found to be bad, I charge you to destroy that book even if it should have been the work of a great author or the gift of a dear friend.

**356.** The stars are worlds. All of them are thousands or millions of times bigger than our world, and what appear only as shining dots are in reality systems like our solar system, moving round one another in the infinity of space. Perhaps in these stars live beings in whose superior mode of life we may find a sure remedy for the ills of this world. But our science cannot dream of reaching them or knowing them. They are at such an immense distance from us that the greatest events and catastrophes of this world and the loudest reports here from do not make the slightest impression on the nearest of them.

**357.** No man is perfect. Mistakes and failures are the lot of all men. But how we take them is an important matter that rests entirely with us. A wise man will not suffer them to interfere with the smooth tenour of his present or future life. But a fool, by letting his mind dwell moodily on them, will destroy the peace and harmony that according to God's will, should regulate the life of every man. If

we review our past life, we cannot but laugh at the little that caused us so much worry. But if the past should be forgotten, its lessons should always be remembered with gratitude to God and the greatest thing the past teaches us is that worry only means want of faith in the goodness of His dispensation.

**358.** When a young man is about to enter the world, he should thoroughly examine his tastes and talents, in order that he might make no mistake in choosing his profession, for a young man generally misjudges his own powers and often makes a wrong choice too. Then again, he should not fail to take stock of his weaknesses ; for every man has his own limitations which, however much he might chafe and fret, he cannot overcome. The best way to fight them is to know them well and to fight shy of situations that, by bringing those limitations into full play, might probably ruin his career for ever. So the danger lies not in outward circumstances, but within the mind—in our want of foresight to avoid temptations and risks.

**360.** Desire for fame, with all our philosophical contempt for it, is something from which the greatest minds are not free. If you feel within your breast the fluttering of ambition, try, by all means, to soar as high as your wings can carry you, and perchance you may reach one day the very highest pinnacle of fame and glory. If, however, your aspiration is nothing better than the ordinary desire for fame, and if also in trials of strength with your compeers you are continually found wanting, you should wisely and cheerfully reconcile yourself to the position God has assigned you, and thus save yourself and others a lot of irritation and annoyance.

**362.** Do not despise small beginnings, nor be disheartened by them ; for every great work was begun in an humble way. A little acorn grows to a huge tree. Rome was not built in a day.

**363.** A vain, idle and self-seeking man is the worst type of human being that, like a lower animal, lives his term, dies, and is soon forgotten by the world.

**364.** Health and peace of mind are all the wealth I care to possess. I am free from envy and flattery and deceit. The world would be a far better place if all men lived as good a life as I.

**365.** Great is the force of example in elevating our character. When we hear of a golden deed or a noble utterance, our heart leaps up in admiration, and we feel the stimulus of a noble resolve within our own breast.

**367.** All labour is sacred and dignified. The humblest labourer or artisan has a noble mission in life, and has nothing to be ashamed of, if he is true to himself.

**368.** It is little atoms that make the wondrous world, and eternity itself is but the aggregate of little moments. Those who despise little things or do not make the best use of their little opportunities are sure to come to grief.

**370.** Learn even while you are a boy to make the best use of your time and to be thorough in your work. The path of knowledge is long and difficult, and your progress must needs be slow. But by patient application you may become master of the accumulated wisdom of the ages and acquire power to do good to your fellow-men.

**372.** We should not steal the property of others. Those who hope to gain by robbing and swindling are fools for ill-gotten money surely brings on misery.

**377.** Blessed are the meek and the humble, for they shall not fall. With divine aid they shall find a place in heaven, for they know no pride and are contented under all circumstances.

**378.** How beautiful is a garden of flowers that is free from weeds, and gives joy to us by its sweet fragrance. Like such a garden shall, I make my life beautiful. root out evil thoughts from my heart, and give joy to all by kind words, thoughts and deeds.

**386.** Blessed are they who are wise in their youth, for they always speak the truth. Liars, on the other hand, are wretches who are not trusted even when they speak the truth. Besides, lying only aggravates the guilt it seeks to hide.

**390.** Let us press on and on, treading the steep path that leads to glory, and earn immortal fame by being ever ready to serve our country; and in so serving her let us be equally happy whether we win or we lose.



**391.** Let us be ever busy in acquiring knowledge—knowledge derived from education and knowledge gathered from the observation of Nature. This knowledge again is inexhaustible, and is far more precious than the best things which wealth and rank can confer.

**399.** Calmly submit to sorrow and misfortune. Never mind appearances that are ever changing. Know God who is ever the same and all other things shall be added unto you.

**406.** Great men die, but their lives continue to inspire us with a desire to ennoble our lives, and leave behind us examples that would reclaim despairing souls that have long strayed away from the path of duty.

**410.** When a man recovers health after being long confined to bed, and begins to walk out again in the open air, he is transported with joy at the sight of the commonest things of natural scenery. Our joys are enhanced by contrast.

**412.** A miser was sleeping in his room. He suddenly sprang from his bed at the sound of a window being moved by the wind. He closely examined his room and opening his chest found his treasure safe. The sight of his hoarded wealth at once turned his fears into an ecstasy of joy.

**414.** I once noticed a boy standing before a book-stall and consulting a book so intently that it seemed he would devour its contents. The stall-keeper rudely asked him not to touch his books as he would never buy one. The poor boy sighed and went away wishing that he had never been taught to read.

**415.** Winter is gone. There is no rain now, and the sky is clear. With the advent of spring, the snow has melted away. Nature looks gay again, and the ploughboy is merrily shouting as he drives his team on.

**416.** There is no treasure on earth as valuable as contentment. A poor man will not agree to change his contentment for the crown of a king.

**417.** At night the cavalry stood impatient, and even the horses chafed to begin a deadly contest. Then raged the battle in all its fury, and the roar of cannon was so loud that it seemed to mock the thunder in the skies.



**418** I do not care for wealth which ceases to please us when too much of it is enjoyed too long, nor do I aspire after the dangerous heights of worldly ambition. For, I know that they rob us of our peace of mind and are ever attended with toil and trouble.

**421.** In these days, Might has got the better of Right, and Love and Justice seem to have disappeared from the world, giving place to tyranny and bloodshed. But the poet, by watching the signs of the times, is delighted to announce to mankind the coming of the millennium, when brute force shall yield to spiritual power and all this scramble for temporal power shall cease.

**424.** There lived in India a brave and lawlese hill-tribe, who preferred death to loss of freedom. A peculiar custom was in vogue among these brave bandits: when one of them would fall fighting, his comrades would not bury him, but simply take off his blood-red clothes and leave him with a green or crimson thread entwined round his wrist.

**426.** Life is worth living as long as there is scope for fighting against the forces of tyranny, and for making our fellow-men happy by converting their wrinkles of sadness into smiles of joy. To fight for Victoria and her glorious line and also for the honour of the English flag is, again, another charm that makes life worth living.

**429.** We love, admire and adore heroes—heroes who, by their dauntless courage and unswerving love of truth and duty, win the brightest laurels of victory in the battle of life.

**431.** There is no end of the wonders of Science. Since the very dawn of civilization wonder has been heaped upon wonder in every department of our life and thought. The history of our race is only a series of startling revelations and wild surprises. If somebody could foretell some of the new things that are to come in future, they would simply stagger our belief. We know more than our ancestors and our children will know more than we. Our duty is to so use our present knowledge as to assist in the making of a brighter future for our children.

**434.** We cannot achieve greatness all of a sudden by some miracle as it were, but must tread, step by step, the long and arduous path that leads to it.

436. It was not by accident that great men reached and maintained their eminent positions:—they had to labour silently and incessantly while their fellowmen were leading a life of ease and idleness.

438. Persevere in your work. If you fail in your lifetime, somebody else will take it up and bring it to a successful issue. You may not have the reward of success, but your toil can never go unrecompensed.

440. Faith is content with an undying hope for the greatest bliss in future. Love deems her end achieved as soon as she offers herself up to the object of her adoration. Each good thought or act of yours, whether it brings immediate result to you or not, carries with it its own reward in the elevating influence it immediately exerts upon the whole world.

441. In a quiet village lived a farmer who spent his days in honest and cheerful labour. Envy, avarice and ambition could not sully the purity of his spotless mind. He was looked upon as a sage, and revered for his old age and wisdom by the people around him.

442. The true knight who has taken a vow to uphold the cause of truth and justice, is the right sort of a patriot. He is a hero of indomitable will, ever ready to risk his life and popularity by waging war against all that threatens to ruin his country.

445. I fell on evil days. My so-called friends turned their backs upon me. But I did not yield to despair. I looked up to God and pinned my faith on my own exertions. Thus I stood again upon my own legs, and realised the power of divine grace and the value of self-help.

453. Some are so very fond of playing first fiddle in low company that they are ill at ease in a company of their equals or betters. So mean is their ambition and so vitiated their taste that they seek to gratify their vanity by taking the lead in a company of fools, and take delight in wasting their time in drinking, smoking and joking.

454. God judges us by the sincerity of our heart's attitude

to wards Him. Pretensions to piety may impress us, men, but cannot deceive God.

457. A little child, that knows not what heaven is, is apt to identify it with the loveliest spot on earth where beauty and plenty dwell side by side. He knows not that beyond death and beyond all that is of this earth, there lies a region of eternal bliss and that the man with the liveliest imagination fails to get even a glimpse of the joys thereof.

481. Knowledge means only a store of information retained in the memory, and is with many a useless unprofitable burden. Wisdom means introspection and the application of truth in our inner life. It teaches us right rules of conduct and helps us to live a life of rectitude. A pedant may know a truth but a wise man lives it. So wisdom is knowledge plus experience gained and used in practical life. Many drunkards know that drinking is a vicious habit; but the wise not only know it to be such, but also *abstain from drinking in life.*

483. It is feeling that gives charity its real value. A man falls in want; and a rich man gives him money simply out of a desire to be regarded as charitable. The man thrives again, and pays back the money the rich man had given him before in a cold unsympathetic manner. Suppose this man is again penniless and afflicted with illness. A poor man gives him bread and makes him comfortable by ceaseless nursing. Money can be repaid, but not kindness such as this.

485. An open enemy is better than a false friend. We are always forewarned and forearmed against the former; but dark and insidious are the movements of the latter. A false friend wins our confidence, studies our weak points, and comes upon us all unawares like a bolt from the blue.

493. Our life on earth, being only a single chapter of a long story, must needs seem incomplete and inconsistent. The perfect wisdom and justice of God's plan may become apparent only if we can follow life's narrative beyond the grave.

495. A sinful man leads a miserable life, for he is a constant

prey to fear, and suspects danger in every bush. The virtuous are happy; having nothing to fear, they can look the whole world in the face.

**497.** Greatness and fame do not always go together. Many men of genius are not known to fame for want of a favourable opportunity to enter public life.

**499.** Contentment is not to be sought in the pomp and splendour of high rank or in hoards of riches. Explorers scale the perilous heights of mountains and plough the storm-tossed waves, but they do not find it there. Contentment resides in the mind.

**501.** Do not think too highly of yourself. Pride surely comes to grief; for it expects too much from the world and gets too little. It is wise to be humble and accommodating and to respect the feelings of others.

**503.** High lineage and all the pomp and power that attaches to it are things that do not endure. We stick to wealth and worldly power with leech-like tenacity and mean to possess them for ever. Death soon breaks the illusion and brings down the high and the low to one level..

**505.** Life means activity. As in nature so in man. See how the wind breathes life into the waves and trees. In man also, activity is the vital principle that gives him health, beauty and happiness. So we should shake off idleness which is only another name for misery.

**507.** God's subtle presence moves, guides and shapes everything in nature, animate and inanimate. Every phenomenon in nature, big and small, is fraught with infinite significance and endless designs. Things are infinitely more than what they seem to be; and how little we know of the inscrutable ways of Providence.

**509.** You cannot surely pass for a good man by virtue of your high birth or the wealth you have inherited from your ancestors. Goodness and learning are achieved by individual exertion. If you are born of worthy parents, the greater will be your disgrace if you do not follow their noble example.

**511.** The happy tenaciously cling to life, and dread death lest

they should come to the end of their joys. But the wretched, who are friendless and helpless, court death with a feeling of relief, for they hope to find therein the end of their sufferings.

**513.** Vice scores but a brief success and surely ends in ruin. It is true that good men have sometimes to quaff the bitter cup but they do it with a good grace. Misfortune gives a free scope to the nobler instincts of a good man, which would otherwise remain undeveloped and unappreciated.

**515.** See Introduction.

**516A.** Cowards do not dare to stand up in defence of helpless minorities oppressed by the overwhelming forces of tyranny; they have not the courage of conviction to speak out the truth in the teeth of opposition and ridicule. Cowardice is slavery.

**518.** How often do we make up our minds not to yield to vice, and yet how often we fall a prey to it. When we resolve seriously to put down vice with a strong hand, we feel strong enough to vanquish it for all time to come: but so fickle and infirm is our mind that we allow it, all unawares, to get the better of us again and again.

**520.** As in the world of matter, so in the world of thought, nothing is indestructible. A tree dies and seems to be lost in the earth from whence it sprang; but in reality its decomposed parts reappear as fresh vegetation of far greater magnitude. Similarly our thoughts and deeds, though they seem abortive and are soon forgotten, invisibly produce results that are far-reaching in their good or evil consequences.

**522.** We know of an Indian tree that grows up to great height and spreads very wide; but its branches descend to take root into the soil that grew and nourished them. In like manner, my heart, though filled with the highest of ambitions and occupied with many other things, really yearns for my dear mother.

**523.** In ancient times, a certain ruler of Turkey, in a moment of holy inspiration, realised God, and suddenly renounced the world. While leaving his palace he made one of the gates of the city bear the inscription, *Only God is great*. That city is now in ruins, and nobody knows the Pasha's name; but the time-worn gate with its

holy inscription still stands, and, like an angel, reminds all that enter it of God and His glory.

**525.** I saw a giant of huge dimensions that looked horrible and struck terror into my heart. But I mustered courage and looked him in the face, and lo, he grew pale and small, and melted away by degrees. Dangers and difficulties that confront us in life are as unreal as this giant of smoke, provided we meet them boldly and with a clean conscience.

**540.** It was winter. The Czar of Russia was walking through a crowded street of Moscow, when he saw a very shabby coffin drawn with some difficulty by one single man. The Czar inquired who the deceased was. The soldier replied, "Only a soldier," The Czar was mightily moved. The reply, "Only a soldier," touched a very tender cord of the patriotic Emperor's heart. "Thus friendless and unhonoured goes a *soldier* to his grave?" thought he. He saluted the coffin and followed it. The motely crowd instantly followed suit. The imposing spectacle of the funeral procession and the burial ceremony was a sight for the gods to see.

**541.** This poem describes a beautiful little incident about a feeble old woman and a noble boy. The woman, weary with her journey, one cold winter's day was standing by the side of a street, unable to get across by herself. The boy who, with his companions, was returning from school, saw her difficulty, and helped her across the snow-covered street. He thought that the old woman was somebody's mother, and felt for her as much as he would feel for his own mother. And that night the old woman prayed for the boy to God as earnestly as she would pray for her own son.

**542.** Once upon a time there was a little boy named Tom in a school. He was a quiet sort of a boy, and appeared to be more honest than the rest. His comrades one day asked him to join them in a raid upon their neighbour's garden. Tom was naturally shocked at this proposal; he protested against their wicked plan, and pleaded the poor man's case whose pears they proposed to steal. He told them that the orchard was the only means of their neighbour's livelihood, and that to rob his orchard would mean the starvation of his little children. His friends, however simply laughed at his



honest scruples, and told him plainly that they were bent on having his pears and apples. Tom then began to ponder and hesitate. Though naturally of good disposition, he was not strong enough to resist the temptation, and at last joined his friends in the plunder. In this world there are many people like Tom who feel for the poor and pity them in their misfortune, but have not sufficient strength of mind to forego their own interests in doing them a good turn.

543. The wife of a farmer felt very uneasy one morning at the thought of the heavy domestic duties she had to perform during the day. The washing of the clothes, the cooking of the meal, and that too with wet fuel, the baking of the loaf and various other duties of the day seemed too heavy for her : and she envied the life of a maiden. But as she set about her work, her solicitude for the comforts of her husband and children soon dispelled the gloom of her mind ; and the heavy work she had dreaded proved light and even pleasing. Her love for her dear ones lightened her labour, and she thought she was happier than maidens.

544. One wintry night an old infirm begger, shivering with cold, knocked gently at the door of a farmer who was sitting with his children around the hearth. In a feeble voice he begged for shelter and hospitality. His feet were trembling and he could no longer drag his weary body in the chilly weather of the night. His tattered clothes could hardly afford him protection against the fury of the snow. The farmer opened his door and his children ran to comfort him. They warmed his frozen limbs, gave him food and did all they could to cheer him up. The beggar was moved to tears. In the midst of their sorrow for the misery of that man, the farmer's children felt that night a joy they had never felt in their happiest days.

545. Animal growth or long life does not constitute a beautiful life. Beauty and symmetry are best perceived in things of small size. Huge things seldom look beautiful ; so a short life of virtue and usefulness is better than a long and useless life.

546. Our soul rises highest in glory when it sinks lowest in humbleness. The greater the saint, the deeper his humility. The gates of heaven open only to those who are meek in spirit. In fact, humility covers the whole of religion.



**547-48.** If in the race of life you find some that are lagging behind, do help them to come forward, but do it without reproach. If again, others go ahead, do try to overtake them by all means, but do it without envy. In this wide world, there is room for all of us, and there is occasion for sympathy and good wishes under all circumstances.

**549.** One need not fly from the cares and anxieties of this world to acquire true knowledge. It is by boldly facing toil and trouble, sorrow and suffering, that we gain mastery over our thought-forces. This perfect self-control is the secret of true knowledge which is sovereign power.

**555.** I am fully convinced of one thing, and Truth herself has taught it to me. It is this that if God deprives me of one good thing. He invariably replaces it by another. Not knowing this law in my earlier years, I gave way to sorrow and despair, whenever I lost a treasure; but following each loss came a new joy in an unexpected manner to cheer up my languishing heart. I thought at first that this sequence was only accidental; but my faith now in this great and merciful law is so firm that I no longer worry, but wait in peace till I find the compensation that follows a loss.

**557.** It is by shaking off fear that we can achieve greatness in this world. It is a noble privilege to be able to suffer fearlessly. Suffering alone gives us strength; and it is impossible to be great without being strong,

**558.** The poet finds lesson in the smallest and the meanest thing in nature. He finds food for thought in the commonest incidents of human life. What is common-place and useless to others is beautiful and instructive to his thoughtful and imaginative mind.

**560.** Vice hides its real nature from our view and appears before us in an alluring garb. We rely on the sweet hopes of happiness it holds out, and almost instinctively yield to its charms. Sufficient familiarity, however, reveals it in its true colours, and teaches us to shun it with abhorrence. But vice once indulged in leaves for ever a scar on our conscience and a painful recollection in the memory.

**567.** King Edward I of England beat the Scots at Falkirk and forced them to submit to English rule. Robert Bruce, tried to regain

Scottish independence. His small army repeatedly defeated by the English, he took refuge in the woods and mountains. For eight long years he tried again and again, but failed every time. At last, when his courage almost failed him, he noticed a little spider trying again and again to get at its cobweb fixed to the ceiling of his room. Nine times it failed, but it reached the cobweb at the tenth attempt. This incident taught him to take heart and persevere. He made another attempt and did succeed in setting his country free by defeating the superior forces of Edward II near Bannockburn in 1314.

**568.** Lucy Gray was a sweet little child who had nothing in common with other children. She did not seem to belong to this earth, and had no companion. She loved to wander in solitude, and she seemed lost in thoughts of the next world. One night, she left home with a lantern to show light to her mother on her way back from town. The storm came unexpectedly and she lost her way. The wretched parents wandered long in quest of her. Her mother saw her footprints on the snow but could not trace them beyond a wooden bridge. The poet cannot believe that such an innocent thing can die. Was she translated bodily to heaven? Or is she proceeding still on her heavenward journey to God?

**569.** The poet put into the mouth of a little child a great truth about the immortality of the human soul. In spite of all that the poet said the child persistently refused to believe that her deceased brothers and sisters *had really ceased to exist*. It was with her a happy instinct that death is not the end of our existence. Little children sometimes, quite unwittingly, speak great truths and utter words of wisdom which old people are astonished to hear.

**570.** The Miller of the Dee was an honest, independent and cheery man. From morn till night he worked at his mill which was turned by the current of the river Dee; and he sang as he worked, the burden of his song being that he envied none and that nobody envied him. King Henry VIII happened to meet him one day, and he stopped to speak to him as he heard him singing. The king envied his happy lot and told him that the burden of his song was not true. The Miller told the king that the secret of his happiness lay in three things: first, he earned his bread by hard labour: secondly, he loved

his wife and children and friends ; thirdly, he did not owe a single penny to any man. The king sighed as he said 'good-by' to him and wished he could change his lot with the Miller's.

**571.** The scene of the poem is in Scotland. At harvest time, in a deep vally, the poet came across a solitary Highland girl reaping corn and singing by herself. Being all alone (as she thought), she poured her whole heart into her song. The sweet melody of her voice filled the whole valley, and thrilled the poet's heart with an ecstasy of delight. The poet, unfortunately could not understand the language of her song, but its sad tune made a deep, lasting impression on his mind. The enchanting sweetness of her voice lingered in his ear long after he has actually heard it.

**572.** Simon Lee, the merriest and boldest huntsman and the swiftest runner in the country, had passed his youth in the employ of a squire in the shire of Cardigan, and cared little for husbandry. But how sad was the change that came upon him in old age ! He was feeble and sick ; his ankles were swollen ; his master, friends and kinsmen were all dead. He had a small patch of land, but he could not till it. With the help of his old wife, he earned his livelihood with extreme difficulty. The poet found him one day striving hard to uproot the stem of an old tree. It was an impossible task for him ; the poet took the axe from his hands, and struck the tree down at one blow. While saying his thanks, Simon could not help shedding tears. The poet, too was much moved, for it is gratitude, and not the want of it, that touches the tenderest cords of our heart.

**580.** How affectionate is a mother to her children and how equal in love is she to all of them although she is at times stern to them ! With what unfailing solicitude does she look to their individual needs ! Even thus does God love us all, and help us according to our individual needs ! Even when He denies us a boon. He does so either to make us pray for it or to give us a greater boon instead.

**581.** The village preacher was a man of moderate circumstances, but he considered himself well off, for his needs were not many. His house stood covered with shrubs. The bustle of town life had no charm for him. He did not aspire after worldly power, and did not

know how to flatter and temporize. His only ambition was to do good to his fellowmen.

**582.** Do not lose your present time in idly planning for the future or brooding over the past. An aimless life is a tedious life. So decide at once what you want to do, and set to work seriously this very moment. Earnestness and self-confidence can work wonders

**585.** See the latter part of answer to 572 and make it a little more elaborate.

**586.** Do not neglect the humble duties of daily life. The man who seeks glory in high enterprises is often a sinner in this respect, for he looks down upon the small obligations of daily life.

**595.** The butterfly that sucks honey from flowers will sometimes be observed to lie on a rough rock all alone for hours together. Although accustomed to the soft bed of flowers, it takes to its bed of stone without a murmur; and in so doing teaches us a lesson of patience, contentment and cheerfulness in the hour of trial. We often come across brave men who, by their cheerful endurance of the inevitable, not only make themselves happy amid gloomy surroundings, but also send forth the message of cheerfulness to all around them. Shakespeare has it in one of his songs that "a merry heart goes all the day, the sad tires in a mile." The peasant who whistles as he works in the field can work much harder and longer than another who, while he labours, broods over real or imaginary evils. If you will throw but half the energy which you spend in brooding over your misfortune into the effort of bearing your present burden, it will grow much lighter for you to carry it.

**597.** A brave and noble warrior died fighting. His body was brought home to his wife. Her grief was too deep for tears. She neither moved, nor spoke, nor wept. All felt that she must either weep or she would die. Some praised her lord, some uncovered his face, but she could not be moved to tears. A very old woman who new better, placed her child upon her knee; and she burst into tears, and lived for the sake of her child.

**599.** Here is a paraphrase of the passage. The student is required to write its substance by reducing the size of this paraphrase.

A great king grew old, and was happy to have performed mighty deeds of valour and fame during his long reign which he wished to crown with an act of wisdom. He felt the weight of years upon his grey head, and he saw that the end was near: So he expressed his last wish in these words: I have three sons, and they are fine specimens of robust youth. I have so trained them that they have grown up to be honourable, courageous and truthful. I know well that they are all honest and brave: but none can yet say what other special qualities lie latent in their character. I will therefore test their respective merits, for I would be glad to know which one of them would make the ablest ruler in my absence.

**604.** When a good mother sends forth her son to war, she does not yield to grief. Although the separation is intensely painful for her, yet her grim determination to defend her mother-land sustains her in her grief. Not that she knows not the horrors of war: she hears the cannon's roar and the heart-rending cries of the wounded who are brought home. And she laments not and parts with her son and would part with all the pleasures of the world and the last penny in her purse, most willingly for the sake of liberty which is the dearest of all earthly possessions. The sacrifice she makes is great. But she knows that she makes it for a right and righteous cause.

**618.** How vast is this world of ours and how wonderfully it is surrounded by water! How small and insignificant do I look when I think of the vastness, the beauty and the grandeur of it! But a voice within me says that I am not so small as I look, for I have within me a soul which is greater than the world, since I can think, love and pray; and the world cannot.

**619.** We can do but little good by helping a poor beggar with a little money. It can only give him temporary relief, and also encourages him to lead an idle life. The best way to help him is to infuse in him a sense of self-respect by reminding him of his divine origin and of the great powers that lie hidden in his soul. Such help awakens him from slumber, cheers up his spirits, and makes him worthy of receiving God's blessings in many ways.

**620.** Innumerable ships sailing on the ever-rolling waves of the



sea cannot make any impression on it. Man is the lord of the earth which he covers with ruins ; but he cannot tyrannize over the sea. The sea, on the other hand, destroys his life and property ruthlessly. When a man falls into the sea, he is so small that he drops into it like a drop of rain. There his last groans send forth bubbles to its surface ; and he meets with a watery grave without the presence of a friend to know where he lies.

**621.** Life is a mystery. I know not the time, place or manner in which life in me first began. All that I know that it will leave me one day. I have seen enough of its joys and sorrows. Separation will now be painful, since my attachment to it is rather strong. When it must leave me, I wish it might pass away without causing me any suffering ; and I also wish that this temporary separation might be followed by deatpless union in heaven or in some better region.

**622.** When death comes, I shall gladly part with this fragile body in which I have lived for these seventy years. I shall not, at the time of quitting this life, try to cling to it. nor shall I wish to live over again the life of this world. On the contrary, the prospect of life eternal beyond the grave will make me review with satisfaction the storms and rough weather which have caused wrinkleless on this withered face of mine, and cast off, in peace, this mortal coil.

**625,** How delightful and bracing is the morning breeze of early spring. The verdure of the meadows covered with the soft blades of newly-grown grass, bedecked with pearly dew, is pleasing to the eye. Even the cows feel the change from the biting cold of winter to the life-giving warmth of spring. Song-birds fill the air with sweet melodies. The skylark is in transports of joy. Nature, all green and gay, fills its whole being with the spirit of her own joy : So great is the buoyancy of this inspiration that it seems to be able to fly without the help of its wings. To me Nature is infinitely grander than art. Even marshes filled with foul water and dreary woodlands are, better than our best parks and gardens, I would rather enjoy Nature all by myself than seek the company of fashionable people.

**627.** One day a little boy, Horatio by name, fancies that he is a great hero. He is so far carried away by his childish fancy as to

perform great deeds of valour by brandishing his father's cane in the air. Now he poses as Achilles, now as Hector, and now as the Black Prince, striking decisive blows on the enemy. But alas ! his soft, white hand soon strikes against a nail on the wall, and it begins to bleed. At the sight of his blood, his courage is gone and his ambition shattered. His visions of glory melt away, and he goes to bed, weeping and whining.

**628.** A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent and sought his protection. His name was Ibrahim. His life was in danger for his having committed a murder. Yussouf was a devout Arab. He not only gave him food and shelter, but also offered him gold and a swift horse at daybreak, so that he might make good his escape. Yussouf's generosity moved his heart and wrought a wonderful change in his character. Torn with repentance, he confessed that it was he who had murdered Yussouf's son. Now Yussouf loved his first-born with all the fervour of an affectionate father. Though a pious Muslim, he could not resist the thought of revenge. But he conquered his evil thought and said, "Take thrice the gold ; for, it is thus that I seek to be revenged. God is just. His will be done." The story illustrates how wickedness is best conquered by goodness.

**629.** He who loves God, loves his fellowmen. Abou Ben Adhem was awakened one night by the sudden appearance of an angel in his room. His presence spread such a lustre around him that the moon-light entering the room looked brighter because of his presence ; and his eyes beamed with divine love. He was writing in a book of gold the names of those who loved God. Inquiring into the matter, Abou learnt that his name was not in the list. He then asked the angel to write down his name as one that loved his fellowmen. The angel disappeared but came again next night to tell Abou that his name topped the list.

**634.** The poet draws an animating picture of a Fire Brigade car driven along a public street with great speed. The fireman shouts at the top of his voice, asking all and sundry to keep out of his way. He is out to combat a fire and save human life, and all that he cares about is speed. His body is protected with plates of brass and his head with a brass helmet. Soon he rushes into the flames and is



seen entering the house on fire. The arches are tottering; the stair case gives way. So he hastens to climb a ladder and soon goes out of sight. And behold, he comes back—he has saved a life. Let us honour him even more than we honour a victorious general. For, is not his spoil of war nobler than what any Roman victor could ever bring home in a procession of triumph?

**635.** The rain is over. The earth looks fresh and gay. The scene fills the poet's heart with joy and inspires him with a happy thought. He leaves the town and walks into the open country to enjoy Nature's company in solitude. He sits down in a lonely place and sings a song. He sings it so loud and so sweet, pouring out his whole soul into it, that all Nature stands entranced by the effect that its melody produces. The swan, the lark, and the swallow, and even the hawk and the snake stop the movements and listen to it with ecstacy. Even the nightingale feels that it can never sing as sweetly as he; for, the poet sings of the joys of the millennium that is to come when all hate and strife shall cease, and peace and goodwill shall reign upon the earth.

**636.** [The scene of the poem was a battle field in Bavaria on the bank of the Danube, where Napoleon's armies fought the Austrians and the Hungarians.]

At nightfall the bugles announced a truce. It was a dark night. The stars shone brightly over the battle-field. The soldier slept on his bed of straw close to a fire that was lit up to keep off the wolves from the dead bodies. He then dreamt a sweet dream, and dreamt it thrice before he got up at daybreak. He seemed to wander through a lonely tract; the autumnal sun lighted up the way that led him to his distant home. There, he was surrounded by his wife and children and also by his friends. His wife burst into tears of joy and his children covered him with kisses. He was war-weary. So, he gladly consented to stay at home as his wife implored him to do. But alas, his wife's voice melted away as he woke up and faced the realities of the battle-field with the coming of daylight.

The poet depicts side by side the horrors of war and the sweetness of home-life. His object is to condemn the barbarities of war which ruthlessly destroy the happiness of many a home.

**637.** When God first created man, he being the best thing that He created, He bestowed upon him His best blessings. He collected the very best treasures that lay scattered, and poured them into him in a concentrated form as it were. Strength, beauty, wisdom, honour, pleasure were all given to him in the fullest measure. But one gift and one alone, viz. knowledge, he withheld from him; lest, knowing all, man should lose his love for God, and consequently God should lose his adoration.

**640.** It was not by accident that the great men of the world reached and maintained their eminent positions. They had to labour silently and incessantly while their fellowmen led a life of ease and indolence. One brick over another, and a mighty edifice is built; one drop after another, and a mighty torrent is the result. Slow but steady is the ascent to the heights of greatness. If we are to reach them at all, we must tread every inch of the steep way that leads to it.

**644.** The poet has preserved as a sacred relic the old arm-chair on which his mother used to sit. He loves it so dearly because it is associated with a thousand memories. It was by the side of this chair that he was first taught by her to say his prayers. It brings tears in his eyes to think how from this chair she used to speak lovingly to him and instruct him about the sacred duties of life.

**649.** Ulysses, the wise king of Ithaca, left his native land for Troy during the Trojan wars. The wars over, he sailed to distant lands and travelled extensively. After twenty years he returned to Ithaca in disguise, a poor old man. Old age and a hard life of toil and worry wrought many a wrinkle on his venerable countenance his hair turned grey, and his looks were altered to such an extent that his friends and relatives and even his wife could not recognize him. When he entered his own palace and begged something to eat, his servants, whom he had fed so lavishly in the past, treated him with contempt. He had a faithful dog who, during his absence, was not fed and housed by the inmates of the palace, like an old servant dismissed from service with ignominy, he took refuge on the bare ground outside the palace and passed his days indignantly reflecting upon the baseness of ungrateful man and eagerly expecting to see

his master once again. This dog, when he saw his master—all honour to the noble instinct of the brute—recognized him at once. He stood up, and with great effort crawled up to him. He cringed and kissed his master's feet ; but overpowered with emotion, he fell by his side, looked up to greet his master, and expired.

**661.** Little children play all day with their playthings which they break one after another in the course of their play. Their mother perceives at nightfall that they are tired, although they outwardly seem to be unwilling to leave the play. She makes them promises of better things and leads them gently to their beds. Even thus does Nature lead men to death. They follow her in a dubious state of mind, half unwilling to part with the residue of life's enjoyment, and half willing to rely on the good things that are promised us beyond death.

**669.** Pride is a weakness that characterizes the fools. It blinds our mental eye and warps our judgment. As in matter so in mind, nature abhors vacuum : light and hollow bodies swell and look big with air ; so light and worthless minds are naturally filled with pride.

**686.** It is usually the lot of the dead to enjoy fame. But it is difficult to believe how they can really enjoy it in the loneliness and gloom of their narrow tombs. For my share, I would prefer friendship to fame ; for all that is evil in me will be buried with me in the tomb, and all that is good in me will live in the memory of a true friend.

**687.** Virtue is the only bulwark which protects a man of true honesty and clear conscience. Being free from vanity and from sinful pleasures, he knows not what fear is, and his mind enjoys a peace which neither the frowns of tyranny nor the terrors of the elements can disturb.

**688.** In cricket, every player, whether batting, bowling or fielding does his part to the best of his skill and ability. In the game of life too, we should maintain the same sportsmanlike spirit, doing the different duties of our respective positions in life with a zealous and

disciplined mind. He who obeys well is as worthy as he who rules wisely ; for it is by learning to obey that we become fit to govern.

690. Six blind men of India began to describe an elephant after having gained a direct knowledge of it by touch. The first man stumbled against its side and declared that it was like a wall. The second, happening to pass his hand along its trunk, said that it was like a spear. The third felt its trunk and asserted that it was like a snake. The fourth, judging it by his knee held that it was like a tree. The fifth touched its ear and the sixth its tail, likening it respectively to a fan and a rope. So, each was both right and wrong, none being able to see the whole of it. Even thus do men of learning differ from one another ; for only a few of them are privileged to judge of the numerous aspects of the same truth and arrive at a fairly correct estimate of it.

[The reference is to the six systems of Hindu philosophy, each of which represents *only one aspect* of the same truth.]

695. Stupidity is the hall-mark of modern civilization. Greed has warped man's judgment and blinded his reason to such an extent that his moral and aesthetic faculties are mercilessly butchered for the sake of gratifying his vanities and providing himself with luxuries. *The poet sees with his own eyes* beautiful singing birds sold in the market for being killed for meat. Those who work in the cornfields to produce man's staple food are starved to death by men in power who care more for animal dainties and delicacies than the simple fare of life-giving cereals. The poet is shocked to see stupidity riding rampant everywhere. *He sees with prophetic vision* the disastrous consequences that are bound to overtake mankind in no distant future.

705. All men are not destined to attain the highest possible perfection realisable in life. Every man has his own limitations. It is foolish to overlook them and soar high in the realm of imagination. We might be following a great ideal even while engaged in some humble work. Glory lies as much in great as in small undertakings. It is no use being a visionary. Life's usefulness lies only in the practical field.

710. I do not worry about the future. I am happy that I make the best use of my present moments ; and if I die tonight whatever Fate ordains tomorrow, I am perfectly sure she cannot deprive me of the best possessions of my soul. As for riches, I know that I have plenty of them stored up in my soul. All the gold of the world and all its diamonds are nothing to me, for they come and go, and do not really belong to any man. What are they, compared with the inexhaustible store-house of my sublime, eternal soul. The soul within me lacks nothing ; it contains all that I need to make me rich with the wealth of endless happiness.

712. There was an artist who conceived the bold idea of carving such a fine image of the Virgin as would bring him fame. For this purpose he had a piece of precious oak wood brought from a distant land. He thought and thought over the ideal figure day and night, and tried his utmost to give it a *concrete* shape in his mind ; but every time he made the attempt, the ideal eluded his vision. One evening as he sat by his fire (the oak wood lying close by) in a mood of humiliation and self-reproach, he gave himself up to despair and in a moment of weariness found rest in sleep. In his dream he heard a voice commanding him to rise and shake off his despair, and set about his work. Immediately he awoke, inspired with a clear vision of his ideal. The oak wood had caught fire in the meantime. He took it up and quenched it, and shaped it into an ideal figure of the Holy Virgin.

713. Wine wields the most tremendous power for evil on earth. What an incalculable harm it has done to the rich and the powerful ! Pride and insolence, tyranny and injustice, indolence and self-indulgence,—these are some of the many vices that drinking induces in those who are highly placed in life. It has hurled down kings from their thrones and wrecked the fortunes and schemes of many a public man of wealth and ambition. Amongst the rich and the poor alike, drinking has blasted the prospects of many a promising youth. The evils that wine has brought upon mankind are infinitely greater than those caused by the combined wickednesses of all the tyrants of the world. Its antithesis is water. It descends from on high like God's blessing to quench our thirst and supply us with food, to moisten



the parched throat of sickness and give more life to health, to cool the fever of anxious brows and bring more cheer to the cheerful. It means not only joy and health and purity, but it is also the very elixir of life.

**719.** True excellence does not consist in the possession of riches, lands or rank. It is something better than these, which should possess our being and regulate our activities in such a way as to make life beautiful and grand. This something is nothing but the higher and the more refined qualities of our head and heart, coupled with some inner goodness of soul which is almost divine. This true excellence always aims at self-improvement and prompts us to love our fellow-beings and elevate them, and it consists in realising the dignity of humble work which produces food for the whole race and add to its happiness in many other ways, as distinguished from the pride and pomp of brute force which only brings on ruin and misery. The individual who aims at true nobility not only elevates his own mind, but in so doing also uplifts humanity to a higher level; for every good deed performed in this lofty spirit exerts an ennobling influence on all mankind.

**723.** When memory brings to my mind the days of childhood that have long passed away, I find myself standing by my mother's side, and almost feel how gently she checked my wicked impulses, and how in my childish ignorance I smarted under that restraint. Now that I have grown wiser by the experience of age, I know better what my needs then were and how wisely and lovingly she met them with a view to correct me. But what am I but a child still in my Father's eyes, although I have grown in years, — a child striving in the darkness of ignorance to know the meaning of what He does, and do what He likes?

*State clearly the ideas contained in the following passage :*

**724.** It is little things that go to constitute happiness or unhappiness of a man's life. What we call unhappiness is generally the outcome of our little weaknesses; and as to happiness, life is enjoyed most not in sudden transports of joy but in an habitually peaceful frame of mind. So, considering the absolute necessity of

peace and ease in making life really enjoyable, we should endeavour, not so much to do great things, to confer great blessings upon our fellowmen by great acts of munificence, as to please all by little acts of kindness. For, it does not fall to the lot of every man to serve humanity by deeds of immense political, economic or sanitary value ; but every man can surely do his bit to make his neighbour happy by doing many little things that please him and by not doing many little things that hurt him.

**725.** Do not think so highly of yourself as to run always after adventure or glory. Do not also seek to climb the giddy heights of worldly ambition. The path to wealth and power is the path of danger. The greater is a man's worldly success the greater is the envy roused in the hearts of those who are his equals or are just below him in rank or wealth. The middle path is the best path ; It has not the evils of high life nor those of poverty. But our modest aims do not forbid us to be brave. We should face danger with courage, but with the passing away of the storm, it is wisdom to settle down again to the usual peaceful tenour of a modest life.

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# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

## PROSE

- Abauzit devoted 66  
According to ancient 51  
Accustom yourself 325  
A certain Arab 16  
A certain Italian 278  
A Chinese emperor 24  
A conjurer and a 36  
A countryman was 19  
Adanson, the French 98  
A doctor, who 13  
A Dutch captain 69  
Advices, I believe 175  
A farmer was 30  
After providing for 80  
After we had 73  
A great deal of discomfort 305  
A great deal of talent 293  
Akbar was not 126  
A lad who was 68  
A large dog was 62  
A lesson is easily 121  
Alexander bent on 125  
Alfred the Great 65  
A little thought, will 280  
A London merchant 52  
A love of the 134  
A lover of his 17  
Alphonso, king of 58  
Although you usually 214  
A man gave a 3  
A man of sense 173  
A man, who had 92  
A mastiff belonging to 26  
A merchant of 57  
A merchant was 38  
"A merry heart" 197  
Among the manifold 147  
And therefore first 190  
An economical use 340  
An English poet 11  
An hour and ten 112  
An unhappy shipmaster 342  
A pedler, dealing 10  
A poor boy was 111  
A poor woman 87  
A poor young girl 9  
A proper consideration 166  
A rich nobleman 34  
A right-minded man 172  
As Canute the Great 100  
As for knowledge 154  
A shoe-maker was 4  
A Spanish traveller 35  
As they proceeded 118  
As to gaming 215  
As to judging of 169  
As to keeping out 207  
As to the attainment 247  
A strange picture 304  
As we looked out 294  
A voluminous author 120  
A young student 71  
Babar is said 116  
Beasts of prey 113

Blessings on him 297  
 Burke's knowledge 161  
 But all other 155  
 But what we call 240  
 But while homes 226

Cambyses, king of 151  
 Castle-building cannot 341  
 Certain objections 290  
 Charles XII was 55  
 Children should 132  
 Christopher Columbus 146  
 Columbus was fully 227  
 Columbus was naturally 201  
 Courage is 142  
 Courage must be 188

'Damon, a 83  
 'Detestable phantom" 287  
 Diogenes used to 137  
 Discontent is the 359  
 Dr. Johnson, though 269  
 Dr. Stukely, a 63  
 During the American 23  
 During the siege 130

Early in the beginning 210  
 England was 115  
 Even when parents 106  
 Extravagance in 220

"Father," said a 20  
 Few wild animals 78  
 For a successful 258  
 For the purpose of 332  
 Franklin rose high 224  
 Frederic, king of 101  
 Frederick the Great amused 45

Frederick the Great, king 32  
 Frederick the Great of Prussia  
     allowed 174  
 Frederick the Great of Prussia,  
     during 33  
 From the earliest 323

General George Washington 18  
 General Kosciusko 79  
 Genius is not a 346  
 Giotto the great 99  
 Give a man a 292  
 God brings good 351  
 Granting that we 246  
 Great care should 350A

Habits of idleness 295  
 Habit of some kind 266  
 Hannibal's strong 289  
 Here is a heroic 22  
 He was a distinguished 328  
 He who before the 152  
 He who deserves 331  
 How a man uses 199  
 How lovely and how 352  
 How magnanimous 165  
 Hunger is one of 268

I am strong and 53  
 I daresay you 181  
 If a book does 238  
 If the taste of a 231  
 If we wish to 316  
 I have always 315  
 In a lunatic asylum 59  
 In danger some 56  
 In December, 1790 44  
 In his early days 76

- In modern times 267
- In return for 14
- In the American 46
- In the battle of 21
- In the case of Johnson's 178
- In the case of the 245
- In the conduct of 141
- In the English nature 308
- In the present day 27
- In the reign of 77
- In this life 85
- In this sequestered 309
- In your manners 248
- I once saw a 97
- I remember a 48
- I remember to have 261
- I sit down now 128
- I think that the 358
- I was asked the 251
- Iswar Chandra 6
- It has been said that all 296
- It has been said that half 306
- It is almost a 311
- It is always a 230
- It is a fact 183
- It is a great 223
- It is a wise 284
- It is difficult 159
- It is impossible 149
- It is natural in 360
- It is not an uncommon 252
- It is not easy 283
- It is not the men 275
- It is related that 82
- It is sometimes said 133
- It is said that 319
- It is strange that 104
- It is well to be 336
- It once happened 64
- It was said of 60
- Judging from experience 260
- Keep your conversation 339
- Learn one passage 286
- Look not up 313
- Macaulay had 157
- Mahomed is said 41
- Make up your mind 320
- Many people preach 310
- Many shut themselves 307
- Meeting evils by 353
- Melik Khas was 164
- Men of business 202
- Money in itself 239
- Money is said to be 281
- Moral courage is of 189
- Much certainty 136
- Muhammad was 40
- My father, the youngest 264
- My father, you know 344
- National progress is 254
- Nature loves regularity 259
- Nelson, as a child 37
- Never be ashamed 233
- Never display 348
- Never get out of 326
- Never set up 185
- Nevertheless with 91
- No man has ever 216
- No one has a 338

- Nothing can equal 129  
 Nothing is more 303  
  
 Of all the amusements 299  
 Of Mr. Henderson 154  
 Old economists will 355  
 On one occasion 66  
 Once on a time 75  
 One arm of the 127  
 One day when the 50  
 One hears with 163  
 One night about 107  
 One of the great arts 279  
 One of the greatest 221  
 One of the pleasantest 117  
 Only the weak 170  
  
 Perseverance is a 194  
 Perseverance is the 195  
 Peter the Great 81  
 Pliny relates that 70  
 Pope who, whatever 122  
 Poverty is naturally 243  
 Prayer is the 196  
  
 Queen Caroline 84  
 Queen Victoria 15  
  
 Remerse for failures 357  
 Richard Arkwright 102  
 Rip Van Winkle 234  
  
 Samuel Johnson 167  
 Sarah Martin was 74  
 Savitri was a 1  
 Self-reliance is 187  
 Set it down as a fact 256  
  
 Set it down as an axiom 335  
 Settling down as a 29  
 Shakespeare had 143  
 Should you be so 131  
 Show me a man's 285  
 Shylock the Jew 49  
 Sir Isaac Newton 42  
 Sir Isaac Newton's 43  
 Sir James Thornhill 72  
 Sir John Herschel 103  
 Sir John while 237  
 Sir Walter Scott 54  
 Sir William Napier 28  
 Socrates, meeting a 114  
 So it is one man 95  
 Some take no 168  
 Sometimes a book 145  
 Some years ago 67  
 Study which is a 322  
 Success in politics 265  
 Suppose the captain 274  
 Swami Vivekananda 177  
  
 Take it for granted 244  
 That Sir Walter Scott 139  
 The ancients seem 318  
 The Arabians have 140  
 The *Arethusa*, an 31  
 The beauty of the 288  
 The chief business 291  
 The custom of Sati 242  
 The death of Nelson 124  
 The duty of industry 263  
 The enamel which 119  
 The English leaders 179  
 The fearlessness which 282  
 The fashion of 105

The good book of the 273  
 The good servant 219  
 The great error 209  
 The habits of 182  
 The idea of courage 213  
 The inhabitants of 191  
 The interruptions to 329  
 The large caravan 241  
 The life of Professor 211  
 The love of what 218  
 The man who first 203  
 The man who is 250  
 The mean mind 312  
 The men who have 160  
 The mistress of a 88  
 The mystery of 135  
 The monasteries of 205  
 The most effectual 204  
 The most singular 206  
 The name of Benjamin 337  
 The night after the 138  
 The person who is 217  
 The practice of setting 257  
 The principal source 208  
 The reader will be 218  
 The Santals preserve 236  
 The Spartans were a 180  
 The spread of education 314  
 The stars are worlds 356  
 The true art of 270  
 Then again there is 343  
 There are many persons 277  
 There are two kinds 193  
 There is a lesson 350  
 There is something 200  
 There is a well known 7  
 There is in the 317

There is no surer 302  
 There once lived a 47  
 There seems to be a 307  
 There was a farmer 8  
 There was once a 93  
 Those who are 271  
 Three men travelling 25  
 • Times grew worse 235  
 Timur was a 86  
 Those who are 271  
 To commemorate 222  
 To get the greatest 184  
 To men of any 186  
 To speak the truth 192  
 To work and at 158  
 Too little sleep 108  
 Two friends were 2  
 Two gardeners who 94  
 Tradition says 96  
 True happiness 143

Waterdrinkers are 144  
 We often hear a 345  
 We see no reason 176  
 We should never 349  
 Wellington being 90  
 We take no medicine 324  
 We took our passage 253  
 Whang the miller 39  
 What fine fellows 333  
 When Burke lay ill 162  
 When Charles Lamb 109  
 When Cyrus 110  
 When George Washington 5  
 When Hyder Ali 255  
 When I compare 298  
 When people get 156

When Pyrrhus, king of 123

When they talk to me 276

When we look back 301

While it has been 171

Whoever has passed 334

Wise men tell us 232

With what caution 150

Would you know whether 354

You are now going 263

You are to take 300

You must and will 330

You need not be 249

You should make 198

You will fail of 321

Young men, it is 229

Young people naturally 212

## POETRY

About Ben Adhem 629

A certain Pasha 523

• A country life is 605

A crown, golden 484

A fox was trotting 382

A good wife 543

Ah ! be kind 478

Ah ! what avail 524

A king grown old 543

Alas ! how light 615

Alas ! the world 496

A little word 381

All are not just 714

All honour then 538

Among the hills 424

An artist wished 578

And joy to him 693

A noble heart 400

A picture memory 723

Arise, for the day 389

Arise from the 392

Arise ! if the past 393

Around the fire 544

As a fond mother 661

Ask not, "How many 711

As slow our ship 612

29 (Appendix II)

As some lone 447

A stranger came 628

As Thracian winds 664

As we rush 583

As we surpass 431

A tender child 413

At summer eve 579

Away ! we know 398

A youngster at 542

Behold her single 571

Be it a witness 593

Beneath the hedge 603

Beside the sandal-tree 683

Better than gold in affliction's

490

Better than gold is a conscience

487

Better than gold is the sweet

488

Better than gold is a thinking

489

Better than grandeur 486

Better to strive 433

Beware of too 501

Bird of the wilderness 670

Bitter art thou 511

Bound on a voyage 411  
 Breathes there the 623  
 Broadest streams 653  
 But knowledge 589  
 By birth the name 509  
 By his evening fire 712  
 By torch and 417

Can storied urn 650  
 Cease wandering 577  
 Child of the Town 532  
 Children we are 614  
 Courage, brother 382A  
 ♣ Cowards die many 594

Death takes us 493  
 Deeper, deeper let 391  
 Despise not thou 586  
 Don't crowd and push 689  
 Don't look for the 720  
 Do thy work 438

Earnest words must 506

Faith shares the 440  
 Fame is a food 686  
 Far from madding 652  
 Far in a wild 482  
 Flowers are the 638  
 For gold the 423  
 Fortune favours 427  
 Friendship contracted 479  
 From life without 519  
 Full many a 437

Genius, that power 561  
 Give every man 588  
 Give thy thoughts 587

God moves in a 507  
 Good name in 480  
 Great, wide, beautiful 618

Happy the man 632  
 Have hope—though 708  
 Have ye Poverty's 430

He is a hero 463  
 He that holds fast 539  
 He that is down 377  
 He who at the 367  
 He who checks 405  
 He who lives a 363

Here in the heart 549  
 Here is an example 595  
 Higher, higher 390  
 His foe is fire 634  
 Hoist up sail 617  
 Home they brought 597  
 Horatio, of ideal 627  
 However mankind 656  
 How fond are men 453  
 How foolish they 397  
 How fraught with 624  
 How happy is he 631  
 How sweet this 625

I am not concerned 710  
 I ask not for 446  
 I cannot do much 370  
 "I can't" is a 370  
 I fell into grief 445  
 I gave a beggar 619  
 I have felt and 477  
 I hear thee speak 457  
 know my body 655  
 I know not whence 574



I know that the 575  
 I laugh not at 364  
 I lay in sorrow 483  
 I live to hail 456  
 I love it, I 644  
 I pity him who 667  
 I saw a boy 414  
 I saw with open 695  
 I see how plenty 418  
 I value more than 718  
 I walked with one 630  
 I wandered 625  
 If a lagging brother 547  
 If a man with 548  
 If I meet with 374  
 If none were sick 573  
 If thou wouldst 404  
 If you can dream 722  
 Ill fares the land 492  
 In all my wanderings 721  
 In death's kindly 517  
 In places are 401  
 In such a world 702  
 In the world's broad 369  
 Is life worth living 426  
 Is there a thought 682  
 Is true freedom 508  
 It calls for something 464  
 It is a common 709  
 It is easy enough to be  
     pleasant 425

It is easy enough to be  
     prudent 660  
 It is not for 514  
 It is not growing 545  
 It was six men 690

Just as a mother 580

Keep a watch on 373  
 King Bruce and the 567  
 Know Nature's 526  
 Knowledge and 481

- Land of my birth 684
- Laugh and the 564
- Learn, generous prince 668
- Let coward Guilt 491
- Let me today 590
- Let none presume 556
- Let not soft 675
- Let nothing disturb 399
- Let others boast 639
- Let others tell 462
- Let others scorn 697
- Life ! I know not 621
- Like an army 415
- Like my little 378
- "Little by little," said 371
- "Little by little," an 385
- Little drops of 368
- Lives of great 406
- Living friendly 458
- Look always on 565
- Lord, who's the 428
- Lose this day 582
- Love thyself last 679
- Lucy Gray 568

Men can make 448  
 Mine be a cot 566  
 My crown is in 416  
 My fairest child 443  
 "My projects thrive" 407

Never give up ! It 466  
 Never give up ! There 467  
 Never give up ! Though 468  
 Night is the time 388  
 No glory I covet 536  
 No, let us work 692  
 No mischief 485  
 Nor aim at 666  
 Nor ~~at~~ the good 613  
 Not always seek 725  
 Not a sigh, not 604  
 "Not to myself.....  
     The heavy-laden 460  
 "Not to myself.....  
     The little 459  
 "Not to myself.....  
     The streamlet 461  
 O Contentment 499  
 O Liberty ! the 654  
 O loss of sight 648  
 O mother, do hear 383  
 O mortals from you 551  
 O Sleep ! O gentle 600  
 O well for him 671  
 Of all the causes 669  
 Oh for a lodge 703  
 Oh fear not in 557  
 Oh never hold...dislike if 699  
 Oh, never hold...it cannot 698  
 Oh ! righteous doom 504  
 Oh 'tis a lovely 386  
 Old South, a witty 465  
 Once went I 500  
 One day Haroun 403  
 One lesson, Nature 694  
 One step and 366

One summer day 585  
 Our bugles sang 636  
 Our life is a game of 688  
 Our souls should be 673

Perhaps in this 651  
 Pitch thy behaviour 420  
 Prune thy thoughts 593

Respond with heart 387  
 Roll on thou deep 620

Saint Augustine 512  
 See the wretch 410  
 Seek you to train 409  
 Shun delays, they 616  
 Shun then, Achilles 663  
 Since trifles make 724  
 Since without Thee 533  
 So may the outward 658  
 So saying, the good 674  
 So when the gilded 560  
 Some high or humble 502  
 Some men with 469  
 Some murmur when 408  
 Stone walls do not 449  
 Straight through my 555  
 Suppose that some 402

Tell me not in 439  
 The boy stood on 527  
 The boy who's 530  
 The common problem 705  
 The conqueror's crown 707  
 The fairest action 610  
 The favours that 677  
 The garlands wither 470

The Germans are a 510  
 The glories of our 503  
 The heights by great 436  
 The lapse of time 601  
 The lion craves 375  
 The Lord receives 454  
 The man of life 687  
 The poet gathers 558  
 The rain had fallen 635  
 The rich man's son 473  
 The rights of women 681  
 The seas are quiet 47  
 The tree is distinguished 422  
 The tree may fall 520  
 The triumphs that 513  
 The trouble I think 576  
 The wind disturbs 505  
 The wind was high 412  
 The woman was old 541  
 The workshop must 696  
 The world never will 641  
 Then do not look 437  
 Then onward onward 394  
 Then speak no ill 531  
 There came a giant 525  
 There is an eye 396  
 There is a land 534  
 There is a power 704  
 There is a spot 643  
 There is no chance 645  
 There sat two glasses 713  
 There where a few 581  
 There's a good time  
     ...Haleful rivatives 584  
 There's a good time  
     ...The pen shall 421  
 There's many a failure 552

There's many a sorrow 609  
 There's many a trouble 608  
 There's not a tint 678  
 These things shall be 642  
 They are slaves 516A  
 They err who measure 700  
 They tell us of 522  
 Think kindly of the 521  
 Think truly and 516  
 Think not, young prince 662  
 Thou must be true 472  
 Though I am now 529  
 Though error's gloom 596  
 Though poor and 680  
 Though small store 455  
 Though vice may don 659  
 Thoughts do not need 562  
 Thus to relieve 494  
 Thy bounteous hand 537  
 'Tis a common proof 559  
 'Tis not the best 70  
 To gild refined 498  
 To each his sufferings 674  
 To miss a meal 419  
 Two buckets in an 384  
 Two principles in 715

Unarmed and 540

Victorious men of 602

We're seven 569  
 We have not wings 434, 640  
 We ignorant of 535  
 We need not be 362  
 We turn our sad 444  
 Weak and irresolute 518



## FIRST LINE INDEX

- Were half the power 515  
 What constitutes a 701  
 What doth the...Stout 474  
 What doth the...Wishes 475  
 What doth the...A patience 476  
 What if the rain 550  
 What is good 716  
 What is noble 719  
 What is the Iron 591  
 What shall I do 435  
 What though the 563  
 Whatever brawls 361  
 Whatever you are 380  
 Whatever you work 554  
 When I at last 622  
 When God at first 637  
 When in the slippery 528  
 When sad, your ills 665  
 When wise Ulysses 649  
 Whenever a noble 365  
 Where is the true 633  
 Who is born 432  
 Who is serene 717  
 Who is the honest 553  
 Who lags for dread 691  
 Who once hath 442  
 Who shall be 429  
 Whoever I am 676  
 Why do those cliffs 607  
 Why should I deprive 372  
 Will fortune never 646  
 With fire and 395  
 With proud thanksgiving 657  
 Work, work, my boy 376  
 Wouldst thou lead 450  
 Wouldst thou save 451  
 Wouldst thou truest 452  
 Yes, love is ever 672
-

